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ADDISON'S WORKS

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL. V.

GEORGE BELL & SONS

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THE WORKS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON

WITH NOTES

By RICHARD HURD, D.D.,

LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

WITH LARGE ADDITIONS, CHIEFLY UNPUBLISHED,

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THE FREEHOLDER.

No. 31. FRIDAY, APRIL 6.

Omnes homines, P. C. qui de rebus dubiis consultant, ab odio, amicitia, ira, atque misericordia vacuos esse decet. CÆSAR APUD SALLUST.

I HAVE purposely avoided, during the whole course of this paper, to speak anything concerning the treatment which is due to such persons as have been concerned in the late rebellion, because I would not seem to irritate justice against those who are under the prosecution of the law, nor incense any of my readers against unhappy though guilty men. But when we find the proceedings of our government, in this particular, traduced and misrepresented, it is the duty of every good subject to set them in their proper light.

I am the more prompted to this undertaking by a pamphlet, entitled, "An argument to prove the affections of the people of England to be the best security of the government; humbly offered to the consideration of the patrons of severity, and applied to the present juncture of affairs." Had the whole scope of the author been answerable to his title, he would have only undertaken to prove what every man in his wits is already convinced of. But the drift of the pamphlet is, to stir up our compassion towards the rebels, and our indignation against the government. The author, who knew that such a design as this could not be carried on without a great deal of artifice and sophistry, has puzzled and perplexed his cause, by throwing his thoughts together in such a studied confusion, that upon this account, if upon any, his pamphlet is, as the party have represented it, unanswerable.

The famous Monsieur Bayle compares the answering of an

immethodical author to the hunting of a duck: when you have him full in your sight, and fancy yourself within reach of him, he gives you the slip, and becomes invisible. His argument is lost in such a variety of matter, that you must catch it where you can, as it rises and disappears in the several parts of his discourse.

The writer of this pamphlet could, doubtless, have ranged his thoughts in much better order, if he had pleased; but he knew very well that error is not to be advanced by perspicuity. In order, therefore, to answer this pamphlet, I must reduce the substance of it under proper heads; and disembroil the thoughts of the author, since he did not think fit to do it himself.

In the first place I shall observe, that the terms which the author makes use of, are loose, general, and undefined, as will be shown in the sequel of this paper; and, what less becomes a fair reasoner, he puts wrong and invidious names on everything, to colour a false way of arguing. He allows that the rebels indisputably merit to be severely chastised; that they deserve it according to law; and that, if they are punished, they have none to thank but themselves. (p. 7.) How can a man, after such a concession, make use sometimes of the word "cruelty," but generally of "revenge," when he pleads against the exercise of what, according to his own notion, is at the most but rigid justice? Or why are such executions, which, according to his own opinion, are legal, so often to be called violences and slaughters? Not to mention the appellations given to those who do not agree with him in his opinions for clemency, as the blood-thirsty, the political butchers, state chirurgeons, and the like.

But I shall now speak of that point, which is the great and reigning fallacy of the pamphlet, and runs, more or less, through every paragraph. His whole argument turns upon this single consideration; Whether the king should exert mercy or justice towards those who have openly appeared in the present rebellion? By mercy, he means a general pardon; by justice, a general punishment: so that he supposes no other method practicable in this juncture, than either the forgiving all, or the executing all. Thus he puts the question; "Whether it be the interest of the prince to destroy the rebels by fire, sword, or gibbet?" (p. 4.) And, speaking of the "zealots for the government," he tells us, "they

think no remedy so good, as to make clear work; and that they declare for the utter extirpation of all who are its enemies in the most minute circumstances; as if amputation were the sole remedy these political butchers could find out for the distempers of a state; or that they thought the only way to make the top flourish, were to lop off the under branches." (p. 5.) He then speaks of the "coffee-house politicians, and the casuists in red coats; who," he tells us, "are for the utmost rigour that their laws of war, or laws of convenience, can inspire them with." (p. 5.) Again, "it is represented," says he, "that the rebels deserve the highest punishment the laws can inflict." (p. 7.) And afterwards tells us, "the question is, Whether the government shall show mercy, or take a reverend divine's advice, to slay man and woman, infant and suckling?" (p. 8.) Thus again he tells us, "the friends to severe counsels allege, that the government ought not to be moved by compassion; and that the law should have its course." (p. 9.) And in another place puts these words in their mouths, "He may still retain their affection, and yet let the laws have their course in punishing the guilty." (p. 18.) He goes upon the same supposition in the following passages: "It is impracticable, in so general a corruption, to destroy all who are infected; and, unless you destroy all, you do nothing to the purpose." (p. 10.) "Shall our rightful king show himself less the true father of his people, and afford his pardon to none of those people, who, like king Lear to his daughters, had so great a confidence in his virtue as to give him all." (p. 25.) I shall only add, that the concluding paragraph, which is worked up with so much artificial horror, goes upon a supposition answerable to the whole tenor of the pamphlet; and implies, that the impeached lords were to be executed without exception or discrimination.

Thus we see what is the author's idea of that justice against which all his arguments are levelled. If, in the next place, we consider the nature of that clemency which he recommends, we find it to be no less universal and unrestrained.

He declares for a general act of indemnity, (p. 20,) and tells us, "It is the sense of every dispassionate man of the kingdom, that the rebels may and ought to be pardoned." (p. 19.) "One popular act," says he, "would even yet retrieve all." (p. 21.) He declares himself not "over-fond of the doctrines of making examples of traitors" (ibid.); and that "the way to

prevent things from being brought to an extremity, is to deal mildly with those unfortunate gentlemen engaged in the rebellion."

The reader may now see in how fallacious a manner this writer has stated the controversy; he supposes there are but two methods of treating the rebels; that is, by cutting off every one of them to a man, or pardoning every one of them without distinction. Now, if there be a third method between these two extremes, which is on all accounts more eligible than either of them, it is certain that the whole course of his argumentation comes to nothing. Every man of the plainest understanding will easily conclude, that in the case before us, as in most others, we ought to avoid both extremes; that, to destroy every rebel, would be an excessive severity; and, to forgive every one of them, an unreasonable weakness. The proper method of proceeding is that which the author has purposely omitted; namely, to temper justice with mercy; and, according to the different circumstances that aggravate or alleviate the guilt of the offenders, to restrain the force of the laws, or to let them take their proper course. Punishments are necessary to show there is justice in a government, and pardons to show there is mercy; and both together convince the people, that our constitution, under a good administration, does not only make a difference between the guilty and the innocent, but even, among the guilty, between such as are more or less criminal.

This middle method, which has been always practised by wise and good governors, has hitherto been made use of by our sovereign. If, indeed, a stranger, and one who is altogether unacquainted with his Majesty's conduct, should read this pamphlet, he would conclude that every person engaged in the rebellion was to die by the sword, the halter, or the axe; nay, that their friends and abettors were involved in the same fate. Would it be possible for him to imagine, that of the several thousands openly taken in arms, and liable to death by the laws of their country, not above forty have yet suffered? How would he be surprised to hear, that, notwithstanding his Majesty's troops have been victorious in every engagement, more of his friends have lost their lives in this rebellion, than of his traitorous subjects; though we add to those who have died by the hand of justice those of them who fell in battle! and yet we find a more popular com-

passion endeavoured to be raised[1] for the deaths of the guilty, who have brought such calamities on their country, than for the innocent who perished in the defence of it.

This middle method of proceeding, which has been pursued by his Majesty, and is wilfully overlooked by the author, best answers the ends of government; which is to maintain the safety of the public by rewards and punishments. It is also incumbent on a governor, according to the received dictates of religion; which instructs us, "That he beareth not the sword in vain: but ought to be a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well." It is likewise in a particular manner the duty of a British king, who obliges himself by his coronation oath to execute "justice in mercy," that is, to mix them in his administration, and not to exercise either of them to the total exclusion of the other.

But if we consider the arguments which this author gives for clemency, from the good effects it would produce, we shall find, that they hold true only when applied to such a mercy as serves rather to mitigate than exclude justice. The excellence of that unlimited clemency which the author contends for, is recommended by the following arguments.

First, That it endears a prince to his people. This he descants on in several parts of his book. "Clemency will endear his person to the nation; and then they will neither have the power nor will to disturb him." (p. 8.) "Was there ever a cruel prince that was not hated by his subjects?" (p. 24.) "A merciful, good-natured disposition is of all others the most amiable quality, and in princes always attended with a popular love." (p. 18.)

It is certain, that such a popular love will always rise towards a good prince, who exercises such a mercy as I have before described, which is consistent with the safety of the constitution, and the good of his kingdom. But if it be thrown away at random, it loses its virtue, lessens the esteem and authority of a prince, and cannot long recommend him, even to the weakest of his subjects, who will find all the effects of

[1] *Compassion endeavoured to be raised.*] *Endeavour* seems to be one of those neutrals which do not admit the passive form after the auxiliary *to be*: we say, *I have endeavoured*, but not, *I am*, or *it is endeavoured*. Besides, the two participles passive, *endeavoured* to be *raised*, coming so near together, have an ill effect. He might have said --*and yet we find him endeavouring to raise a more popular compassion*, &c.

cruelty in such an ill-grounded compassion. It was a famous saying of William Rufus, and is quoted to his honour by historians: "Whosoever spares perjured men, robbers, plunderers, and traitors, deprives all good men of their peace and quietness, and lays a foundation of innumerable mischiefs to the virtuous and innocent."

Another argument for unlimited clemency is, that it shows a courageous temper: "Clemency is likewise an argument of fearlessness; whereas cruelty not only betrays a weak, abject, depraved spirit, but also is for the most part a certain sign of cowardice." (p. 19.) "He had a truly great soul, and such will always disdain the coward's virtue, which is fear; and the consequence of it, which is revenge." (p. 27.) This panegyric on clemency, when it is governed by reason, is likewise very right; but it may so happen, that the putting of laws in execution against traitors to their country, may be the argument of fearlessness, when our governors are told that they dare not do it; and such methods may be made use of to extort pardons, as would make it look like cowardice to grant them. In this last case the author should have remembered his own words, that "then only mercy is meritorious, when it is voluntary, and not extorted by the necessity of affairs." (p. 13.) Besides, the author should have considered, that another argument which he makes use of for his clemency, are the resentments that may arise from the execution of a rebel: an argument adapted to a cowardly, not a fearless temper. This he infers from the disposition of "the friends, well-wishers, or associates of the sufferers." (p. 4.) "Resentment will inflame some; in others compassion will, by degrees, rise into resentment. This will naturally beget a disposition to overturn what they dislike, and then there will want only a fair opportunity." (p. 12.) This argument, like most of the others, pleads equally for malefactors of all kinds, whom the government can never bring to justice, without disobliging their friends, well-wishers, or associates. But, I believe, if the author would converse with any friend, well-wisher, or associate of these sufferers, he would find them rather deterred from their practices by their sufferings, than disposed to rise in a new rebellion to revenge them. A government must be in a very weak and melancholy condition, that is not armed with a sufficient power for its own defence against

the resentment of its enemies, and is afraid of being overturned if it does justice on those who attempt it. But I am afraid the main reason why these friends, well-wishers, and associates, are against punishing any of the rebels is, that which must be an argument with every wise governor for doing justice upon some of them; namely, that it is a likely means to come at the bottom of this conspiracy, and to detect those who have been the private abettors of it, and who are still at work in the same design; if we give credit to the suggestions of our malecontents themselves, who labour to make us believe that there is still life in this wicked project.

I am wonderfully surprised to see another argument made use of for a general pardon, which might have been urged more properly for a general execution. The words are these: "The generality will never be brought to believe, but that those who suffer only for treason have very hard measure, nor can you, with all your severity, undeceive them of their error." If the generality of the English have such a favourable opinion of treason, nothing can so well cure them of an error so fatal to their country, as the punishment of those who are guilty of it. It is evident, that a general impunity would confirm them in such an opinion: for the vulgar will never be brought to believe that there is a crime where they see no penalty. As it is certain no error can be more destructive to the very being of government than this, a proper remedy ought to be applied to it: and I would ask this author, whether upon this occasion, "the doctrine of making examples of traitors" be not very seasonable; though he declares himself "not over-fond of it." The way to awaken men's minds to the sense of this guilt, is to let them see, by the sufferings of some who have incurred it, how heinous a crime it is in the eye of the law.

The foregoing answer may be applied, likewise, to another argument of the same nature. "If the faction be as numerous as is pretended; if the spirit has spread itself over the whole kingdom; if it has mixed with the mass of the people; then certainly all bloody measures will but whet men the more for revenge." If justice inflicted on a few of the flagrant criminals, with mercy extended to the multitude, may be called "bloody measures," they are without doubt absolutely necessary, in case the spirit of faction be thus spread among the mass of the people; who will readily con-

clude, that if open rebellion goes unpunished, every degree of faction which leads to it must be altogether innocent.

I am come now to another argument for pardoning all the rebels, which is, that it would inspire them all with gratitude, and reduce them to their allegiance. "It is truly heroic to overcome the hearts of one's enemies; and when it is compassed, the undertaking is truly politic. (p. 8.) He has now a fair opportunity of conquering more enemies by one act of clemency, than the most successful general will be able to do in many campaigns. (p. 9.) Are there not infinite numbers who would become most dutiful upon any fair invitation, upon the least appearance of grace? (p. 13.) Which of the rebels could be ungrateful enough to resist or abuse goodness exemplified in practice, as well as extolled in theory?" (p. 20.) Has not his Majesty then shown the least appearance of grace in that generous forgiveness which he has already extended to such great numbers of his rebellious subjects, who must have died by the laws of their country, had not his mercy interposed in their behalf? But if the author means (as he doth, through this whole pamphlet, by the like expressions) a universal forgiveness, no unprejudiced man can be of his opinion, that it would have had this good effect. We may see how little the conversion of rebels is to be depended on, when we observe, that several of the leaders in this rebellion were men who had been pardoned for practices of the same nature: and that most of those who have suffered, have avowed their perseverance in their rebellious principles, when they spoke their minds at the place of execution, notwithstanding their professions to the contrary, while they solicited forgiveness. Besides, were pardon extended indifferently to all, which of them would think himself under any particular obligation? Whereas, by that prudent discrimination which his Majesty has made between the offenders of different degrees, he naturally obliges those whom he has considered with so much tenderness, and distinguished as the most proper objects of mercy. In short, those who are pardoned would not have known the value of grace, if none had felt the effects of justice.

I must not omit another reason which the author makes use of against punishments: "Because," he says, "those very means, or the apprehensions of them, have brought things to the pass in which they are, and consequently will

reduce them from bad to worse." (p. 10.) And afterwards, "This growth of disaffection is in a great measure owing to the groundless jealousies men entertained of the present administration, as if they were to expect nothing but cruelty under it." If our author would have spoken out, and have applied these effects to the real cause, he could ascribe this change of affections among the people to nothing else but the change of the ministry: for we find that a great many persons lost their loyalty with their places; and that their friends have ever since made use of the most base methods to infuse those groundless discontents into the minds of the common people, which have brought so many of them to the brink of destruction, and proved so detrimental to their fellow-subjects. However, this proceeding has shown how dangerous it would have been for his Majesty to have continued in their places of trust a set of men, some of whom have since actually joined with the pretender to his crown: while others may be justly suspected never to have been faithful to him in their hearts, or, at least, whose principles are precarious, and visibly conducted by their interest. In a word, if the removal of these persons from their posts has produced such popular commotions, the continuance of them might have produced something much more fatal to their king and country, and have brought about that revolution which has now been in vain attempted. The condition of a British king would be very poor indeed, should a party of his subjects threaten him with a rebellion upon his bringing malefactors to justice, or upon his refusing to employ those whom he dares not trust.

I shall only mention another argument against the punishment of any of the rebels, whose executions he represents as very shocking to the people, because they are their countrymen. (p. 12.) And again, "The quality of the sufferers, their alliances, their characters, their being Englishmen, with a thousand other circumstances, will contribute to breed more ill blood than all the state-chirurgeons can possibly let out." (p. 12.) The impeached lords, likewise, in the last paragraph of the pamphlet, are recommended to our pity, because they are our countrymen. By this way of reasoning, no man that is a gentleman, or born within the three seas, should be subject to capital punishment. Besides, who can be guilty of rebellion that are not our countrymen? As

for the endearing name of Englishmen, which he bestows upon every one of the criminals, he should consider, that a man deservedly cuts himself off from the affections as well as the privileges of that community which he endeavours to subvert.

These are the several arguments which appear in different forms and expressions through this whole pamphlet, and under which every one that is urged in it may be reduced. There is, indeed, another set of them, derived from the example and authority of great persons, which the author produces in favour of his own scheme. These are William the Conqueror, Henry the Fourth of France, our late King William, King Solomon, and the Pretender. If a man were disposed to draw arguments for severity out of history, how many instances might one find of it among the greatest princes of every nation! but as different princes may act very laudably by different methods in different conjunctures, I cannot think this a conclusive way of reasoning. However, let us examine this set of arguments, and we shall find them no less defective than those above-mentioned.

"One of the greatest of our English monarchs, (says our author,) was William the Conqueror; and he was the greater, because he put to death only one person of quality that we read of, and him after repeated treacheries; yet he was a foreigner, had power sufficient, and did not want provocations to have been more bloody." (p. 27.) This person of quality was the Earl Waltheof, who being overtaken with wine, engaged in a conspiracy against this monarch, but repenting of it the next morning, repaired to the king, who was then in Normandy, and discovered the whole matter. Notwithstanding which, he was beheaded upon the defeat of the conspiracy, for having but thus far tampered in it. And as for the rest of the conspirators, who rose in actual rebellion, the king used them with the utmost rigour, he cut off the hands of some, put out the eyes of others, some were hanged upon gibbets, and those who fared the best were sent into banishment. There are, indeed, the most dreadful examples of severity in this reign: though it must be confessed, that, after the manner of those times, the nobility generally escaped with their lives, though[1] multitudes of

[1] This sentence is rendered awkward and involved by a double *though*—"*though* it must be confessed—*though* multitudes of them."—The

them were punished with banishment, perpetual imprisonment, forfeitures, and other great severities: while the poor people, who had been deluded by these their ringleaders, were executed with the utmost rigour. A partiality which I believe no commoner of England will ever think to be either just or reasonable.

The next instance is Henry the Fourth of France, "who (says our author) so handsomely expressed his tenderness for his people, when, at signing the treaty of Vervins, he said, that by one dash of his pen he had overcome more enemies, than he could ever be able to do with his sword." Would not an ordinary reader think that this treaty of Vervins was a treaty between Henry the Fourth and a party of his subjects? for otherwise how can it have a place in the present argument? But instead of that, it was a treaty between France and Spain; so that the speech expressed an equal tenderness to the Spaniards and French; as multitudes of either nation must have fallen in that war, had it continued longer. As for this king's treatment of conspirators, (though he is quoted thrice in the pamphlet as an example of clemency,) you have an eminent instance of it in his behaviour to the Mareschal de Biron, who had been his old faithful servant, and had contributed more than any one to his advancement to the throne. This Mareschal, upon some discontent, was entered [1] into a conspiracy against his master, and refusing to open the whole secret to the king, he was sent to the Bastile, and there beheaded, notwithstanding he sought for mercy with great importunities, and in the most moving manner. There are other instances in this king's reign, who notwithstanding was remarkable for his clemency, of rebels and conspirators who were hanged, beheaded, or broken alive on the wheel.

The late King William was not disturbed by any rebellion from those who had once submitted to him. But we know he treated the persons concerned in the assassination-plot as so horrid a conspiracy deserved. As for the saying which this author imputes to that monarch, it being a piece of secret history, one doth not know when it was spoken, or

way to reform it is, to put a full stop at *reign*, and to begin the next sentence thus: *It must be confessed*, &c.

[1] See the note on—*endeavoured*, p. 140, and the judicious remark of the author of—*A Short Introduction to English Grammar*, p. 70, 1767.

what it alluded to, unless the author had been more particular in the account of it.

The author proceeds, in the next place, to no less an authority than that of Solomon: "Among all the general observations of the wisest princes we know of, I think there is none holds more universally than, Mercy and truth preserve a king, and his throne is established in mercy." (p. 18.) If we compare the different sayings of this wise king, which relate to the conduct of princes, we cannot question but that he means by this mercy, that kind of it which is consistent with reason and government, and by which we hope to see his Majesty's throne established. But our author should consider that the same wise man has said, in another place, that "an evil man seeketh rebellion, therefore a cruel messenger shall be sent against him." Accordingly his practice was agreeable to his proverb: no prince having ever given a greater testimony of his abhorrence to undertakings of this treasonable nature. For he despatched such a cruel messenger as is here mentioned to those who had been engaged in a rebellion many years before he himself was on the throne, and even to his elder brother, upon the bare suspicion that he was projecting so wicked an enterprise.

How the example of the Pretender came into this argument, I am at a loss to find out. "The Pretender declared a general pardon to all: and shall our rightful king show himself less the true father of his people, and afford his pardon to none," &c. (p. 25.) The Pretender's general pardon was to a people who were not in his power; and had he ever reduced them under it, it was only promised to such as immediately joined with him for the recovery of what he called his right. It was such a general pardon as would have been consistent with the execution of more than nine parts in ten of the kingdom.

There is but one more historical argument, which is drawn from King Philip's treatment of the Catalans. "I think it would not be unseasonable for some men to recollect what their own notions were of the treatment of the Catalans; how many declamations were made on the barbarity used towards them by King Philip," &c. (p. 29.) If the author remembers, these declamations, as he calls them, were not made so much on the barbarity used towards them by King Philip, as on the barbarity used towards them by the

English government. King Philip might have some colour for treating them as rebels, but we ought to have regarded them as allies; and were obliged, by all the ties of honour, conscience, and public faith, to have sheltered them from those sufferings, which were brought upon them by a firm and inviolable adherence to our interest. However, none can draw into a parallel the cruelties which have been inflicted on that unhappy people, with those few instances of severity which our government has been obliged to exert towards the British rebels. I say, no man would make such a parallel, unless his mind be so blinded with passion and prejudice, as to assert, in the language of this pamphlet, "That no instances can be produced of the least lenity under the present administration, from the hour it commenced to this day," (p. 20,) with other astonishing reflections of the same nature, which are contradicted by such innumerable matters of fact, that it would be an affront to a reader's understanding to endeavour to[1] confute them. But to return to the Catalans: "During the whole course of the war, (says the author,) whichever of them submitted to discretion, were received to mercy." (p. 22.) This is so far from being truly related, that in the beginning of the war they were executed without mercy. But when, in conjunction with their allies, they became superior to King Philip's party in strength, and extended their conquests up to the very gates of Madrid, it cannot be supposed the Spanish court would be so infatuated as to persist in their first severities against an enemy that could make such terrible reprisals. However, when this reason of state ceased, how dreadful was the havoc made among this brave but unhappy people! The whole kingdom, without any distinction to[2] the many thousands of its innocent inhabitants, was stript of its immunities, and reduced to a state of slavery. Barcelona was filled with executions; and all the patriots of their ancient liberties either beheaded, stowed in dungeons, or condemned to work in the mines of America.

God be thanked, we have a king who punishes with reluctancy, and is averse to such cruelties as were used among the Catalans, as much as to those practised on the persons

[1] *To endeavour to*—To avoid the two infinitives he might have said—*should I endeavour to confute them.*

[2] *Distinction to*—rather—*distinction of.*

concerned in Monmouth's rebellion. Our author, indeed, condemns these western assizes in King James's reign. (p. 26.) And it would be well if all those who still adhere to the cause of that unfortunate king, and are clamorous at the proceedings of his present Majesty, would remember, that notwithstanding that rebellion fell very much short of this both in the number and strength of the rebels, and had no tendency either to destroy the national religion, to introduce an arbitrary government, or to subject us to a foreign power; not only the chief of the rebels was beheaded, but even a lady, who had only harboured one of the offenders in her house, was in her extreme old age put to the same kind of death; that about two hundred and thirty were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their limbs dispersed through several parts of the country, and set up as spectacles of terror to their fellow-subjects. It would be too tedious a work to run through the numberless fines, imprisonments, corporal punishments, and transportations, which were then likewise practised as wholesome severities.

We have now seen how fallaciously the author has stated the cause he has undertaken, by supposing that nothing but unlimited mercy, or unlimited punishment, are the methods that can be made use of in our present treatment of the rebels; that he has omitted the middle way of proceeding between these two extremes; that this middle way is the method in which his Majesty, like all other wise and good kings, has chosen to proceed; that it is agreeable to the nature of government, religion, and our British constitution; and that every argument which the author has produced from reason and example, would have been a true one, had it been urged for that restrained clemency which his Majesty has exercised; but is a false one, when applied to such a general, undistinguishing mercy as the author would recommend.

Having thus answered that which is the main drift and design of this pamphlet, I shall touch upon those other parts of it, which are interwoven with the arguments to put men out of humour with the present government.

And here we may observe, that it is our author's method to suppose matters of fact which are not in being, and afterwards to descant upon them. As he is very sensible that the cause will not bear the test of reason, he has indeed

everywhere chosen rather topics for declamation than argument. Thus he entertains us with a laboured invective against a standing army. But what has this to do in the present case? I suppose he would not advise his Majesty to disband his forces while there is an army of rebels in his dominions. I cannot imagine he would think the affections of the people of England a security of the government in such a juncture, were it not at the time defended with a sufficient body of troops. No prince has ever given a greater instance of his inclinations to rule without a standing army, if we consider, that upon the very first news of the defeat of the rebels, he declared to both Houses of parliament, that he had put an immediate stop to the levies which he had begun to raise at their request, and that he would not make use of the power which they had intrusted him with, unless any new preparations of the enemy should make it necessary for our defence. This speech was received with the greatest gratitude by both Houses; and it is said, that in the House of Commons a very candid and honourable gentleman (who generally votes with the minority) declared, that he had not heard so gracious a speech from the throne for many years last past.

In another place, he supposes that the government has not endeavoured to gain the applause of the vulgar, by doing something for the church; and very gravely makes excuses for this their pretended neglect. What greater instances could his Majesty have given of his love to the church of England, than those he has exhibited by his most solemn declarations; by his daily example; and by his promotions of the most eminent among the clergy to such vacancies as have happened in his reign? To which we must add, for the honour of his government in this particular, that it has done more for the advantage of the clergy, than those who are the most zealous for their interest, could have expected in so short a time; which will further appear, if we reflect upon the valuable and royal donative to one of our universities, and the provision made for those who are to officiate in the fifty new churches. His Majesty is, indeed, a prince of too much magnanimity and truth, to make use of the name of the church for drawing his people into anything that may be prejudicial to them; for what our author says to this

purpose, redounds as much to the honour of the present administration, as to the disgrace of others. "Nay, I wish with all my soul they had stooped a little *ad captum vulgi*, to take in those shallow fluttering hearts, which are to be caught by anything baited with the name of church." (p. 11.)

Again; the author asks, "Whether terror is to become the only national principle?" with other questions of the same nature; and in several parts of his book, harangues very plentifully against such a notion. Where he talks in generals upon this topic, there is no question but every Whig and Tory in the kingdom perfectly agrees with him in what he says. But if he would insinuate, as he seems to do in several places, that there should be no impressions of awe upon the mind of a subject, and that a government should not create terror in those who are disposed to do ill, as well as encourage those that do their duty; in short, if he is for an entire exclusion of that principle of fear which is supposed to have some influence in every law, he opposes himself to the form of every government in the world, and to the common sense of mankind.

The artifice of this author in starting objections to the friends of the government, and the foolish answers which he supposes they return to them, is so very visible, that every one sees they are designed rather to divert his reader, than to instruct him.

I have now examined this whole pamphlet, which, indeed, is written with a great deal of art, and as much argument as the cause would bear: and after having stated the true notion of clemency, mercy, compassion, good nature, humanity, or whatever else it may be called, so far as it is consistent with wisdom, and the good of mankind, or, in other words, so far as it is a moral virtue, I shall readily concur with the author in the highest panegyrics that he has bestowed upon it. As, likewise, I heartily join with him in everything he has said against justice, if it includes, as his pamphlet supposes, the extirpation of every criminal, and is not exercised with a much greater mixture of clemency than rigour. Mercy, in the true sense of the word, is that virtue by which a prince approaches nearest to Him whom he represents; and whilst he is neither remiss nor extreme to animadvert

upon those who offend him, that logic will hold true of him which is applied to the great Judge of all the earth; "With thee there is mercy, therefore shalt thou be feared."[1]

No. 32. MONDAY, APRIL 9.

Heu miseræ cives! non hostem, inimicaque castra
Argivum; vestras spes uritis— VIRG.

I QUESTION not but the British ladies are very well pleased with the compliment I have paid them in the course of my papers, by regarding them, not only as the most amiable, but as the most important part of our community. They ought, indeed, to resent the treatment they have met with from other authors, who have never troubled their heads about them, but addressed all their arguments to the male half of their fellow-subjects, and taken it for granted, that if they could bring these into their measures, the females would of course follow their political mates. The arguments they have made use of, are like Hudibras's spur, which he applied to one side of his horse, as not doubting but the other would keep pace with it. These writers seem to have regarded the fair sex but as the garniture of a nation; and when they consider them as parts of the commonwealth, it is only as they are of use to the consumption of our manufacture. "Could we persuade our British women (says one of our eminent merchants, in a letter to his friend in the country upon the subjects of commerce) to clothe themselves in the comely apparel which might be made out of the wool of their own country; and instead of coffee, tea, and chocolate, to delight in those wholesome and palatable liquors which may be extracted from our British simples; they would be of great advantage to trade, and therein to the public weal."

It is now, however, become necessary to treat our women as members of the body politic; since it is visible, that great numbers of them have of late eloped from their allegiance, and that they do not believe themselves obliged to draw with us, as yoke-fellows in the constitution. They will judge for themselves; look into the state of the nation with their own

[1] The reasoning, in this long paper, is close and solid; and the expression, generally, what it ought to be, pure and perspicuous, but unadorned.

eyes; and be no longer led blindfold by a male legislature. A friend of mine was lately complaining to me, that his wife had turned off one of the best cook-maids in England, because the wench had said something to her fellow-servants, which seemed to favour the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act.

When errors and prejudices are thus spread among the sex, it is the hardest thing in the world to root them out. Arguments, which are the only proper means for it, are of little use: they have a very short answer to all reasonings that turn against them, "make us believe that, if you can;" which is in Latin, if I may upon this occasion be allowed the pedantry of a quotation, *non persuadebis, etiamsi persuaseris.* I could not but smile at a young university disputant, who was complaining the other day of the unreasonableness of a lady with whom he was engaged in a point of controversy. Being left alone with her, he took the opportunity of pursuing an argument which had been before started in discourse, and put it to her in a syllogism: upon which, as he informed us with some heat, she granted him both the major and the minor, but denied him the conclusion.

The best method, therefore, that can be made use of with these polemical ladies, who are much more easy to be refuted than silenced, is to show them the ridiculous side of their cause, and to make them laugh at their own politics. It is a kind of ill manners to offer objections to a fine woman; and a man would be out of countenance that should gain the superiority in such a contest. A coquette logician may be rallied, but not contradicted. Those who would make use of solid arguments and strong reasonings to a reader or hearer of so delicate a turn, would be like that foolish people whom Ælian speaks of, that worshipped a fly, and sacrificed an ox to it.

The truth of it is, a man must be of a very disputatious temper, that enters into state-controversies with any of the fair sex. If the malignant be not beautiful, she cannot do much mischief; and if she is, her arguments will be so enforced by the charms of her person, that her antagonist may be in danger of betraying his own cause. Milton puts this confession into the mouth of our father Adam; who, though he asserts his superiority of reason in his debates with the mother of mankind, adds,

—Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete; so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait—

If there is such a native loveliness in the sex, as to make them victorious even when they are in the wrong, how resistless is their power when they are on the side of truth! And, indeed, it is a peculiar good fortune to the government, that our fair malecontents are so much over-matched in beauty, as well as number, by those who are loyal to their king, and friends to their country.

Every paper, which I have hitherto addressed to our beautiful incendiaries, hath been filled with considerations of a different kind; by which means I have taken care that those who are enemies to the sex, or to myself, may not accuse me of tautology, or pretend that I attack them with their own weapon. For this reason I shall here lay together a new set of remarks, and observe the several artifices by which the enemies to our establishment do raise such unaccountable passions and prejudices in the minds of our discontented females.

In the first place, it is usual among the most cunning of our adversaries, to represent all the rebels as very handsome men. If the name of a traitor be mentioned, they are very particular in describing his person; and when they are not able to extenuate his treason, commend his shape. This has so good an effect in one of our female audiences, that they represent to themselves a thousand poor, tall, innocent, fresh-coloured young gentlemen, who are dispersed among the several prisons of Great Britain; and extend their generous compassion towards a multitude of agreeable fellows that never were in being.

Another artifice is, to instil jealousies into their minds, of designs upon the anvil to retrench the privileges of the sex. Some represent the Whigs as enemies to Flanders' lace: others had spread a report, that in the late act of parliament for four shillings in the pound upon land, there would be inserted a clause for raising a tax upon pin-money. That the

ladies may be the better upon their guard against suggestions of this nature, I shall beg leave to put them in mind of the story of Papirius, the son of a Roman senator. This young gentleman, after having been present in public debates, was usually teased by his mother to inform her of what had passed. In order to deliver himself from this importunity, he told her one day, upon his return from the senate-house, that there had been a motion made for a decree to allow every man two wives. The good lady said nothing; but managed matters so well among the Roman matrons, that the next day they met together in a body before the senate-house, and presented a petition to the Fathers against so unreasonable a law. This groundless credulity raised so much raillery upon the petitioners, that we do not find the ladies offered to direct the lawgivers of their country ever after.

There has been another method lately made use of, which has been practised with extraordinary success; I mean the spreading abroad reports of prodigies, which has wonderfully gratified the curiosity, as well as the hopes, of our fair malignants. Their managers turn water into blood for them; frighten them with sea-monsters; make them see armies in the air; and give them their word, the more to ingratiate themselves with them, that they signify nothing less than future slaughter and desolation. The disloyal part of the sex immediately hug themselves at the news of the bloody fountain; look upon these fish as their friends; have great expectations from the clouds; and are very angry with you if you think they do not all portend ruin to their country.

Secret history and scandal have always had their allurements; and I have in other discourses shown the great advantage that is made of them in the present ferment among the fair ones.

But the master engine, to overturn the minds of the female world, is the "danger of the church." I am not so uncharitable as to think there is anything in an observation made by several of the Whigs, that there is scarce a woman in England who is troubled with the vapours, but is more or less affected with his cry: or to remark, with others, that it is not uttered in any part of the nation with so much bitterness of tongue and heart, as in the districts of Drury-lane. On the contrary, I believe there are many devout and hon-

ourable women who are deluded in this point by the artifice of designing men. To these, therefore, I would apply myself, in a more serious manner, and desire them to consider how that laudable piety, which is natural to the sex, is apt to degenerate into a groundless and furious zeal, when it is not kept within the bounds of charity and reason. Female zeal, though proceeding from so good a principle, has been infinitely detrimental to society, and to religion itself. If we may believe the French historians, it often put a stop to the proceedings of their kings, which might have ended in a reformation. For, upon their breaking with the Pope, the queens frequently interposed, and by their importunities reconciled them to the usurpations of the church of Rome. Nay, it was this vicious zeal which gave a remarkable check to the first progress of Christianity, as we find it recorded by a sacred historian in the following passage, which I shall leave to the consideration of my female readers. "But the Jews stirred up the devout and honourable women, and the chief men of the city, and raised a persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them out of their coasts."

No. 33. FRIDAY, APRIL 13.

Nulli adversus magistratus ac reges gratiores sunt; nec immerito; nullis enim plus præstant quam quibus frui tranquillo otio licet. Itaque hi quibus ad propositum bene vivendi confert securitas publica, necesse est auctorem hujus boni ut parentem colant. SENEC. EP. 73.

WE find by our public papers, the university of Dublin have lately presented to the Prince of Wales, in a most humble and dutiful manner, their diploma for constituting his Royal Highness chancellor of that learned body; and that the prince received this their offer with the goodness and condescension which is natural to his illustrious house. As the college of Dublin have been long famous for their great learning, they have now given us an instance of their good sense; and it is with pleasure that we find such a disposition in this famous nursery of letters to propagate sound principles, and to act, in its proper sphere, for the honour and dignity of the royal family. We hope that such an example will have its influence on other societies of the same

nature; and cannot but rejoice to see the heir of Great Britain vouchsafing to patronize, in so peculiar a manner, that noble seminary, which is, perhaps, at this time training up such persons as may hereafter be ornaments to his reign.

When men of learning are acted thus by a knowledge of the world as well as of books, and show that their studies naturally inspire them with a love to their king and country; they give a reputation to literature, and convince the world of its usefulness. But when arts and sciences are so perverted, as to dispose men to act in contradiction to the rest of the community, and to set up for a kind of separate republic among themselves, they draw upon them the indignation of the wise, and the contempt of the ignorant.

It has, indeed, been observed, that persons who are very much esteemed for their knowledge and ingenuity in their private characters, have acted like strangers to mankind, and to the dictates of right reason, when joined together in a body. Like several chemical waters, that are each of them clear and transparent when separate, but ferment into a thick troubled liquor when they are mixed in the same vial.

There is a piece of mythology which bears very hard upon learned men, and which I shall here relate, rather for the delicacy of the satire, than for the justness of the moral. When the city of Athens was finished, we are told that Neptune and Minerva presented themselves as candidates for the guardianship of the place. The Athenians, after a full debate upon the matter, came to an election, and made choice of Minerva. Upon which Neptune, who very much resented the indignity, upbraided them with their stupidity and ignorance, that a maritime town should reject the patronage of him who was the god of the seas, and could defend them against all the attacks of their enemies. He concluded with a curse upon the inhabitants, which was to stick to them and their posterity; namely, "that they should be all fools." When Minerva, their tutelary goddess, who presides over arts and sciences, came among them to receive the honour they had conferred upon her, they made heavy complaints of the curse which Neptune had laid upon the city, and begged her, if possible, to take it off. But she told them it was not in her power, for that one deity could not reverse the act of another. "However," said she, "I may alleviate the curse which I cannot remove: it is not possible for me

to hinder you from being fools, but I will take care that you shall be learned."

There is nothing which bodies of learned men should be more careful of, than by all due methods to cultivate the favour of the great and powerful. The indulgence of a prince is absolutely necessary to the propagation, the defence, the honour, and support of learning. It naturally creates in men's minds an ambition to distinguish themselves by letters, and multiplies the number of those who are dedicated to the pursuits of knowledge. It protects them against the violence of brutal men; and gives them opportunities to pursue their studies in a state of peace and tranquillity. It puts the learned in countenance, and gives them a place among the fashionable part of mankind. It distributes rewards, and encourages speculative persons, who have neither opportunity nor a turn of mind to increase their own fortunes, with all the incentives of place, profit, and preferment. On the contrary, nothing is in itself so pernicious to communities of learned men, nor more apprehended by those that wish them well, than the displeasure of their prince, which those may justly expect to feel, who would make use of his favour to his own prejudice, and put in practice all the methods that lie within their power to vilify his person, and distress his government. In both these cases, a learned body is in a more particular manner exposed to the influence of their king, as described by the wisest of men, "The wrath of a king is as the roaring of a lion; but his favour is as the dew upon the grass."

We find in our English histories, that the Empress Matilda (who was the great ancestor of his present Majesty, and whose grand-daughter of the same name has a place upon several of the Hanover medals) was particularly favoured by the university of Oxford, and defended in that place, when most parts of the kingdom had revolted against her. Nor is it to be questioned, but an university so famous for learning and sound knowledge, will show the same zeal for her illustrious descendant, as they will every day discern his Majesty's royal virtues, through those prejudices which have been raised in their minds by artful and designing men. It is with much pleasure we see this great fountain of learning already beginning to run clear, and recovering its natural purity and brightness. None can imagine that a community

which is taxed by the worst of its enemies, only for overstraining the notions of loyalty even to bad princes, will fall short of a due allegiance to the best.

When this happy temper of mind is fully established among them, we may justly hope to see the largest share of his Majesty's favours fall upon that university which is the greatest, and upon all accounts the most considerable, not only in his dominions, but in all Europe.

I shall conclude this paper with a quotation out of Cambden's History of Queen Elizabeth, who, after having described that queen's reception at Oxford, gives an account of the speech which she made to them at her departure; concluding with a piece of advice to that university. Her counsel was, "That they would first serve God, not after the curiosity of some, but according to the laws of God and the land; that they would not go before the laws, but follow them; nor dispute whether better might be prescribed, but keep those prescribed already; obey their superiors; and, lastly, embrace one another in brotherly piety and concord."

No. 34. MONDAY, APRIL 16.

—sævus apertam
In rabiem cæpit verti jocus— HOR.

IT is very justly as well as frequently observed, that if our nation be ever ruined, it must be by itself. The parties and divisions which reign among us may several ways bring destruction upon our country, at the same time that our united force would be sufficient to secure us against all the attempts of a foreign enemy. Whatever expedients, therefore, can be found to allay those heats and animosities which break us into different factions and interests, cannot but be useful to the public, and highly tend to its safety, strength, and reputation.

This dangerous dissension among us discovers itself in all the most indifferent circumstances of life. We keep it up, and cherish it, with as much pains as if it were a kind of national blessing. It insinuates itself into all our discourses, mixes in our parties of pleasure, has a share in our diver-

sions, and is an ingredient in most of our public entertainments.

I was, not long ago, at the play called Sir Courtly Nice, where, to the eternal reproach of good sense, I found the whole audience had very gravely ranged themselves into two parties, under Hot-head and Testimony. Hot-head was the applauded hero of the Tories, and Testimony no less the favourite of the Whigs. Each party followed their champion. It was wonderful to see so polite an assembly distinguishing themselves by such extraordinary representatives, and avowing their principles as conformable either to the zeal of Hot-head, or the moderation of Testimony. Thus the two parts which were designed to expose the faults of both sides, and were accordingly received by our ancestors in King Charles the Second's reign, meet with a kind of sanction from the applauses which are respectively bestowed on them by their wise posterity. We seem to imagine that they were written as patterns for imitation, not as objects of ridicule.

This humour runs so far, that most of our late comedies owe their success to it. The audience listens after nothing else. I have seen little Dicky place himself, with great approbation, at the head of the Tories, for five acts together, and Pinky espouse the interest of the Whigs with no less success. I do not find that either party has yet thrown themselves under the patronage of Scaramouch, or that Harlequin has violated that neutrality, which, upon his late arrival in Great Britain, he professed to both parties, and which it is thought he will punctually observe, being allowed on all sides to be a man of honour. It is true, that upon his first appearance, a violent Whig tradesman, in the pit, begun to compliment him with a clap, as overjoyed to see him mount a ladder, and fancying him to be dressed in a highland plaid.

I question not but my readers will be surprised to find me animadverting on a practice that has been always favourable to the cause which now prevails. The British theatre was Whig even in the worst of times; and in the last reign did not scruple to testify its zeal for the good of our country, by many magnanimous claps in its lower regions, answered with loud huzzas from the upper gallery. This good disposition is so much heightened of late, that the whole

neighbourhood of the Drury-lane theatre very often shakes with the loyalty of the audience. It is said that a young author, who very much relies on this prevailing humour, is now writing a farce, to be called, A Match out of Newgate, in allusion to the title of a comedy called, A Match in Newgate; and that his chief person is a round-shouldered man, with a pretty large nose, and a wide mouth, making his addresses to a lovely black woman, that passes for a peeress of Great Britain. In short, the whole play is built upon the late escape of General Forster, who is supposed, upon the road, to fall in love with my Lord Lithisdale, whom the ingenious author imagines to be still in his riding-hood.

But notwithstanding the good principles of a British audience in this one particular, it were to be wished that everything should be banished the stage which has a tendency to exasperate men's minds, and inflame that party rage which makes us such a miserable and divided people. And that, in the first place, because such a proceeding as this disappoints the very design of all public diversions and entertainments. The institution of sports and shows was intended, by all governments, to turn off the thoughts of the people from busying themselves in matters of state, which did not belong to them; to reconcile them to one another by the common participations of mirth and pleasure; and to wear out of their minds that rancour which they might have contracted by the interfering views of interest and ambition. It would therefore be for the benefit of every society that is disturbed by contending factions, to encourage such innocent amusements as may thus disembitter the minds of men, and make them mutually rejoice in the same agreeable satisfactions. When people are accustomed to sit together with pleasure, it is a step towards reconciliation; but, as we manage matters, our politest assemblies are like boisterous clubs, that meet over a glass of wine, and, before they have done, throw bottles at one another's heads. Instead of multiplying those desirable opportunities, where we may agree in points that are indifferent, we let the spirit of contention into those very methods that are not only foreign to it, but should in their nature dispose us to be friends. This our anger in our mirth is like poison in a perfume, which taints the spirits instead of cheering and refreshing them.

Another manifest inconvenience which arises from this

abuse of public entertainments is, that it naturally destroys the taste of an audience. I do not deny, but that several performances have been justly applauded for their wit, which have been written with an eye to this predominant humour of the town; but it is visible even in these, that it is not the excellence, but the application of the sentiment, that has raised applause. An author is very much disappointed to find the best parts of his productions received with indifference, and to see the audience discovering beauties which he never intended. The actors, in the midst of an innocent old play, are often startled with unexpected claps or hisses; and do not know whether they have been talking like good subjects, or have spoken treason. In short, we seem to have such a relish for faction, as to have lost that of wit; and are so used to the bitterness of party rage, that we cannot be gratified with the highest entertainment that has not this kind of seasoning in it. But as no work must expect to live long which draws all its beauty from the colour of the times; so neither can that pleasure be of greater continuance, which arises from the prejudice or malice of its hearers.

To conclude; since the present hatred and violence of parties is so unspeakably pernicious to the community, and none can do a better service to their country than those who use their utmost endeavours to extinguish it, we may reasonably hope, that the more elegant part of the nation will give a good example to the rest; and put an end to so absurd and foolish a practice, which makes our most refined diversions detrimental to the public, and, in a particular manner, destructive of all politeness.

No. 35. FRIDAY, APRIL 20.

Atheniensium res gestæ, sicut ego existumo, satis amplæ magnificæque fuere, verum aliquanto minores tamen quam fama feruntur: sed, quia provenere ibi magna scriptorum ingenia, per terrarum orbem Atheniensium facta pro maxumis celebrantur. Ita eorum, qui ea fecere, virtus tanta habetur, quantum verbis ea potuere extollere præclara ingenia.

SALLUST.

GRATIAN, among his maxims for raising a man to the most consummate character of greatness, advises, first, to perform extraordinary actions; and, in the next place, to secure a

good historian. Without the last, he considers the first as thrown away; as, indeed, they are, in a great measure, by such illustrious persons as make fame and reputation the end of their undertakings. The most shining merit goes down to posterity with disadvantage, when it is not placed by writers in its proper light.

The misfortune is, that there are more instances of men who deserve this kind of immortality, than of authors who are able to bestow it. Our country, which has produced writers of the first figure in every other kind of work, has been very barren in good historians. We have had several who have been able to compile matters of fact, but very few who have been able to digest them with that purity and elegance of style, that nicety and strength of reflection, that subtlety and discernment in the unravelling of a character, and that choice of circumstances for enlivening the whole narration, which we so justly admire in the ancient historians of Greece and Rome, and in some authors of our neighbouring nations.

Those who have succeeded best in works of this kind, are such, who, besides their natural good sense and learning, have themselves been versed in public business, and thereby acquired a thorough knowledge of men and things. It was the advice of the great Duke of Schomberg to an eminent historian of his acquaintance, who was an ecclesiastic, that he should avoid being too particular in the drawing up of an army, and other circumstances of the day of battle; for that he had always observed most notorious blunders and absurdities committed on that occasion, by such writers as were not conversant in the art of war. We may reasonably expect the like mistakes in every other kind of public matters, recorded by those who have only a distant theory of such affairs. Besides, it is not very probable that men, who have passed all their time in a low and vulgar life, should have a suitable idea of the several beauties and blemishes in the actions or characters of great men. For this reason I find an old law, quoted by the famous Monsieur Bayle, that no person below the dignity of a Roman knight should presume to write an history.

In England there is scarce any one, who has had a tincture of reading or study, that is not apt to fancy himself equal to so great a task; though it is plain, that many of

our countrymen, who have tampered in history, frequently show that they do not understand the very nature of those transactions which they recount. Nay, nothing is more usual than to see every man, who is versed in any particular way of business, finding fault with several of these authors, so far as they treat of matters within his sphere.

There is a race of men lately sprung up among this sort of writers, whom one cannot reflect upon without indignation as well as contempt. These are Grub-street biographers, who watch for the death of a great man, like so many undertakers, on purpose to make a penny of him. He is no sooner laid in his grave, but he falls into the hands of an historian; who, to swell a volume, ascribes to him works which he never wrote, and actions which he never performed; celebrates virtues which he was never famous for, and excuses faults which he was never guilty of. They fetch their only authentic records out of Doctors' Commons; and when they have got a copy of his last will and testament, they fancy themselves furnished with sufficient materials for his history. This might, indeed, enable them in some measure to write the history of his death; but what can we expect from an author that undertakes to write the life of a great man, who is furnished with no other matters of fact besides legacies; and instead of being able to tell us what he did, can only tell us what he bequeathed? This manner of exposing the private concerns of families, and sacrificing the secrets of the dead to the curiosity of the living, is one of those licentious practices which might well deserve the animadversion of our government, when it has time to contrive expedients for remedying the many crying abuses of the press. In the mean while, what a poor idea must strangers conceive of those persons who have been famous among us in their generation, should they form their notions of them from the writings of these our historiographers! What would our posterity think of their illustrious forefathers, should they only see them in such weak and disadvantageous lights! But, to our comfort, works of this nature are so short-lived, that they cannot possibly diminish the memory of those patriots which they are not able to preserve.

The truth of it is, as the lives of great men cannot be written with any tolerable degree of elegance or exactness, within a short space after their decease; so neither is it fit that the

history of a person, who has acted among us in a public character, should appear, till envy and friendship are laid asleep, and the prejudice both of his antagonists and adherents be, in some degree, softened and subdued. There is no question but there are several eminent persons in each party, however they may represent one another at present, who will have the same admirers among posterity, and be equally celebrated by those whose minds will not be distempered by interest, passion, or partiality. It were happy for us, could we prevail upon ourselves to imagine, that one who differs from us in opinion, may possibly be an honest man; and that we might do the same justice to one another, which will be done us hereafter by those who shall make their appearance in the world, when this generation is no more. But in our present miserable and divided condition, how just soever a man's pretensions may be to a great or blameless reputation, he must expect his share of obloquy and reproach; and, even with regard to his posthumous character, content himself with such a kind of consideration, as induced the famous Sir Francis Bacon, after having bequeathed his soul to God, and his body to the earth, to leave his fame to foreign nations, and, after some years, to his own country.

No. 36. MONDAY, APRIL 23.

—Illa se jactet in aula. VIRG.

AMONG all the paradoxes in politics which have been advanced by some among us, there is none so absurd and shocking to the most ordinary understanding, as that it is possible for Great Britain to be quietly governed by a Popish sovereign. King Henry the Fourth found it impracticable for a Protestant to reign even in France, notwithstanding the reformed religion does not engage a prince to the persecution of any other; and notwithstanding the authority of the sovereign in that country is more able to support itself, and command the obedience of the people, than in any other European monarchy. We are convinced by the experience of our own times, that our constitution is not able to bear a Popish prince at the head of it. King James the Second

was endowed with many royal virtues, and might have made a nation of Roman Catholics happy under his administration. The grievances we suffered in his reign proceeded purely from his religion; but they were such as made the whole body of the nobility, clergy, and commonalty rise up as one man against him, and oblige him to quit the throne of his ancestors. The truth of it is, we have only the vices of a Protestant prince to fear, and may be made happy by his virtues; but in a Popish prince we have no chance for our prosperity; his very piety obliges him to our destruction; and in proportion as he is more religious, he becomes more insupportable. One would wonder, therefore, to find many, who call themselves Protestants, favouring the pretensions of a person who has been bred up in the utmost bitterness and bigotry of the church of Rome; and who, in all probability, within less than a twelvemonth, would be opposed by those very men that are industrious to set him upon the throne, were it possible for so wicked and unnatural an attempt to succeed.

I was some months ago in a company, that diverted themselves with the Declaration which he had then published, and particularly with the date of it, "In the fourteenth year of our reign." The company was surprised to find there was a king in Europe who had reigned so long and made such a secret of it. This gave occasion to one of them, who is now in France, to inquire into the history of this remarkable reign, which he has digested into annals, and lately transmitted hither for the perusal of his friends. I have suppressed such personal reflections as are mixed in this short chronicle, as not being to the purpose; and find that the whole history of his regal conduct and exploits may be comprised in the remaining part of this half-sheet.

The history of the Pretender's fourteen years' reign digested into annals.

Anno Regni 1°. He made choice of his ministry, the first of whom was his confessor. This was a person recommended by the society of Jesuits, who represented him as one very proper to guide the conscience of a king that hoped to rule over an island which is not within the pale of the church.

He then proceeded to name the president of his council, his secretaries of state, and gave away a very honourable sinecure to his principal favourite, by constituting him his lord high-treasurer. He likewise signed a dormant commission for another to be his high-admiral, with orders to produce it whenever he had sea-room for his employment.

Anno Regni 2°. He perfected himself in the minuet step.

Anno Regni 3°. He grew half a foot.

Anno Regni 4°. He wrote a letter to the pope, desiring him to be as kind to him as his predecessor had been, who was his godfather. In the same year he ordered the lord high-treasurer to pay off the debts of the crown, which had been contracted since his accession to the throne; particularly, a milk-score of three years standing.

Anno Regni 5°. He very much improved himself in all princely learning, having read over the legends of the saints, with the history of those several martyrs in England who had attempted to blow up a whole parliament of heretics.

Anno Regni 6°. He applied himself to the arts of government with more than ordinary diligence; took a plan of the Bastile with his own hand; visited the galleys; and studied the edicts of his great patron Louis XIV.

Anno Regni 7°. Being now grown up to years of maturity, he resolved to seek adventures; but was very much divided in his mind, whether he should make an expedition to Scotland, or pilgrimage to Loretto; being taught to look upon the latter, in a religious sense, as the place of his nativity. At length he resolved upon his Scotch expedition; and, as the first exertion of that royal authority which he was going to assume, he knighted himself. After a short piece of errantry upon the seas, he got safe to Dunkirk, where he paid his devotions to St. Anthony, for having delivered him from the dangers of the seas, and Sir George Byng.

Anno Regni 8°. He made a campaign in Flanders, where, by the help of a telescope, he saw the battle of Oudenarde, and the Prince of Hanover's horse shot under him: being posted on a high tower with two French princes of the blood.

Anno Regni 9°. He made a second campaign in Flanders; and, upon his return to the French court, gained a great reputation by his performance in a rigadoon.

Anno Regni 10°. The pope, having heard the fame of these

his military achievements, made him the offer of a cardinal's cap; which he was advised not to accept by some of his friends in England.

Anno Regni 11°. He retired to Lorrain, where every morning he made great havoc among the wild-fowl, by the advice and with the assistance of his privy-council. He is said, this summer, to have shot with his own hands fifty brace of pheasants, and one wild pig; to have set thirty coveys of partridges; and to have hunted down forty brace of hares; to which he might have added as many foxes, had not most of them made their escape, by running out of his friend's dominions, before his dogs could finish the chase. He was particularly animated to these diversions by his ministry, who thought they would not a little recommend him to the good opinion and kind offices of several British fox-hunters.

Anno Regni 12°. He made a visit to the Duke d'Aumont, and passed for a French marquis in a masquerade.

Anno Regni 13°. He visited several convents, and gathered subscriptions from all the well-disposed monks and nuns, to whom he communicated his design of an attempt upon Great Britain.

Anno Regni 14°. He now made great preparations for the invasion of England, and got together vast stores of ammunition, consisting of reliques, gun-powder, and cannon-ball. He received from the pope a very large contribution, one moiety in money, and the other in indulgences. An Irish priest brought him an authentic tooth of St. Thomas a Becket, and, it is thought, was to have for his reward the archbishopric of Canterbury. Every monastery contributed something; one gave him a thousand pounds; and another as many masses.

This year, containing further the battles which he fought in Scotland, and the towns which he took, is so fresh in every one's memory, that we shall say no more of it.

No. 37. FRIDAY, APRIL 27.

—quod si
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses;
Quo te cælestis sapientia duceret, ires.
Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari. HOR.

IT is a melancholy reflection, that our country, which in times of Popery was called the nation of saints, should now have less appearance of religion in it than any other neighbouring state or kingdom; whether they be such as continue still immersed in the errors of the church of Rome, or such as are recovered out of them. This is a truth that is obvious to every one who has been conversant in foreign parts. It was formerly thought dangerous for a young man to travel, lest he should return an atheist to his native country; but at present it is certain, that an Englishman, who has any tolerable degree of reflection, cannot be better awakened to a sense of religion in general, than by observing how the minds of all mankind are set upon this important point; how every nation is serious and attentive to the great business of their being; and that in other countries a man is not out of the fashion, who is bold and open in the profession and practice of all Christian duties.

This decay of piety is by no means to be imputed to the Reformation, which in its first establishment produced its proper fruits, and distinguished the whole age with shining instances of virtue and morality. If we would trace out the original of that flagrant and avowed impiety which has prevailed among us for some years, we should find that it owes its rise to that opposite extreme of cant and hypocrisy, which had taken possession of the people's minds in the times of the great rebellion, and of the usurpation that succeeded it. The practices of these men, under the covert of a feigned zeal, made even the appearance of sincere devotion ridiculous and unpopular. The raillery of the wits and courtiers, in King Charles the Second's reign, upon everything which they then called precise, was carried to so great an extravagance, that it almost put Christianity out of countenance. The ridicule grew so strong and licentious, that from this time we may date that remarkable turn in the behaviour of our fashion-

able Englishmen, that makes them shame-faced in the exercise of those duties which they were sent into the world to perform.

The late cry of the church has been an artifice of the same kind with that made use of by the hypocrites of the last age, and has had as fatal an influence upon religion. If a man would but seriously consider how much greater comfort he would receive in the last moments of his life from a reflection that he has made one virtuous man, than that he has made a thousand Tories, we should not see the zeal of so many good men turned off from its proper end, and employed in making such a kind of converts. What satisfaction will it be to an immoral man, at such a time, to think he is a good Whig? or to one that is conscious of sedition, perjury, or rebellion, that he dies with the reputation of a high churchman?

But to consider how this cry of the church has corrupted the morals of both parties. Those who are the loudest in it, regard themselves rather as a political than a religious communion; and are held together rather by state-notions, than by articles of faith. This fills the minds of weak men, who fall into the snare, with groundless fears and apprehensions, unspeakable rage towards their fellow-subjects, wrong ideas of persons whom they are not acquainted with, and uncharitable interpretations of those actions of which they are not competent judges. It instils into their minds the utmost virulence and bitterness, instead of that charity which is the perfection and ornament of religion, and the most indispensable and necessary means for attaining the end of it. In a word, among these mistaken zealots, it sanctifies cruelty and injustice, riots and treason.

The effects which this cry of the church has had on the other party, are no less manifest and deplorable. They see themselves unjustly aspersed by it, and vindicate themselves in terms no less opprobrious than those by which they are attacked. Their indignation and resentment rises in proportion to the malice of their adversaries. The unthinking part of them are apt to contract an unreasonable aversion even to that ecclesiastical constitution to which they are represented as enemies; and not only to particular persons, but to that order of men in general, which will be always

held sacred and honourable, so long as there is reason and religion in the world.

I might mention many other corruptions common to both parties, which naturally flow from this source; and might easily show, upon a full display of them, that this clamour which pretends to be raised[1] for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it; and rendered us not only the most divided, but the most immoral, people upon the face of the earth.

When our nation is overflowed with such a deluge of impiety, it must be a great pleasure to find any expedient take place, that has a tendency to recover it out of so dismal a condition. This is one great reason why an honest man may rejoice to see an act so near taking effect, for making elections of members to serve in parliament less frequent. I find myself prevented by other writings (which have considered the act now depending, in this particular light) from expatiating upon this subject. I shall only mention two short pieces which I have been just now reading, under the following titles, "Arguments about the alteration of the triennial elections of Parliament;" and, "The alteration in the Triennial Act considered."

The reasons for this law, as it is necessary for settling his Majesty in his throne; for extinguishing the spirit of rebellion; for procuring foreign alliances; and other advantages of the like nature; carry a great weight with them. But I am particularly pleased with it, as it may compose our unnatural feuds and animosities, revive an honest spirit of industry in the nation, and cut off frequent occasions of brutal rage and intemperance. In short, as it will make us not only a more safe, a more flourishing, and a more happy, but also a more virtuous people.

[1] *Pretends to be raised.*] When we speak of anything as *pretending*, it is *to do something*, not *to be acted upon*. The impropriety might have been avoided, by saying—*pretends to respect the safety of religion*—or some such thing.

No. 38. MONDAY, APRIL 30.

—Longum, formosa, vale— VIRG.

IT is the ambition of the male part of the world to make themselves esteemed, and of the female to make themselves beloved. As this is the last paper which I shall address to my fair readers, I cannot perhaps oblige them more, than by leaving them, as a kind of legacy, a certain secret which seldom fails of procuring this affection, which they are naturally formed both to desire and to obtain. This nostrum is comprised in the following sentence of Seneca, which I shall translate for the service of my country-women. *Ego tibi monstrabo amatorium sine medicamento, sine herbâ, sine ullius veneficæ carmine: si vis amari, ama.* "I will discover to you a philter that has neither drug, nor simple, nor enchantment in it: love, if you would raise love." If there be any truth in this discovery, and this be such a specific as the author pretends, there is nothing which makes the sex more unamiable than party rage. The finest woman, in a transport of fury, loses the use of her face. Instead of charming her beholders, she frights both friend and foe. The latter can never be smitten by so bitter an enemy, nor the former captivated by a nymph who, upon occasion, can be so very angry. The most endearing of our beautiful fellow-subjects, are those whose minds are the least imbittered with the passions and prejudices of either side; and who discover the native sweetness of the sex in every part of their conversation and behaviour. A lovely woman, who thus flourishes[1] in her innocence and good humour, amidst that mutual spite and rancour which prevails among her exasperated sisterhood, appears more amiable by the singularity of her character; and may be compared, with Solomon's bride, to "a lily among thorns."

A stateswoman is as ridiculous a creature as a cotquean. Each of the sexes should keep within its particular bounds, and content themselves to excel within their respective districts. When Venus complained to Jupiter of the wound which she had received in battle, the father of the gods

[1] *Flourishes* in her innocence—*exasperated* sisterhood. These finely chosen words introduce, very happily, the quotation from Solomon.

smiled upon her, and put her in mind, that instead of mixing in a war, which was not her business, she should have been officiating in her proper ministry, and carrying on the delights of marriage. The delicacy of several modern critics has been offended with Homer's Billingsgate warriors; but a scolding hero is, at the worst, a more tolerable character than a bully in petticoats. To which we may add, that the keenest satirist among the ancients looked upon nothing as a more proper subject of raillery and invective, than a female gladiator.

I am the more disposed to take into consideration these ladies of fire and politics, because it would be very monstrous to see feuds and animosities kept up among the soft sex, when they are in so hopeful a way of being composed, among the men, by the Septennial Bill, which is now ready for the royal assent. As this is likely to produce a cessation of arms, till the expiration of the present parliament, among one half of our island, it is very reasonable that the more beautiful moiety of his Majesty's subjects should establish a truce among themselves for the same term of years. Or rather it were to be wished, that they would summon together a kind of senate, or parliament, of the fairest and wisest of our sister subjects, in order to enact a perpetual neutrality among the sex. They might at least appoint something like a committee, chosen from among the ladies residing in London and Westminster, in order to prepare a bill to be laid before the assembly upon the first opportunity of their meeting. The regulation might be as follows:

"That a committee of toasts be forthwith appointed; to consider the present state of the sex in the British nation.

"That this committee do meet at the house of every respective member of it on her visiting-day; and that every one who comes to it shall have a vote, and a dish of tea.

"That the committee be empowered to send for billet-doux, libels, lampoons, lists of toasts, or any other the like papers and records.

"That it be an instruction to the said committee, to consider of proper ways and methods to reclaim the obstinately opprobrious and virulent; and how to make the ducking-stool more useful."

Being always willing to contribute my assistances to my country-women, I would propose a preamble, setting forth,

"That the late civil war among the sex has tended very much to the lessening of that ancient and undoubted authority, which they have claimed over the male part of the island; to the ruin of good housewifery, and to the betraying of many important secrets: that it has produced much bitterness of speech, many sharp and violent contests, and a great effusion of citron-water: that it has raised animosities in their hearts, and heats in their faces, that it has broke out in their ribbons, and caused unspeakable confusions in their dress: and, above all, that it has introduced a certain frown into the features, and a sourness into the air, of our British ladies, to the great damage of their charms and visible decay of the national beauty."

As for the enacting part of the bill, it may consist of many particulars which will naturally arise from the debates of the tea-table: and must, therefore, be left to the discretion and experience of the committee. Perhaps it might not be amiss to enact, among other things,

"That the discoursing on politics shall be looked upon as dull as[1] talking on the weather.

"That if any man troubles a female assembly with parliament-news, he shall be marked out as a blockhead, or an incendiary.

"That no woman shall henceforth presume to stick a patch upon her forehead, unless it be in the very middle, that is, in the neutral part of it.

"That all fans and snuff-boxes, of what principles soever, shall be called in: and that orders be given to Motteux and Mathers to deliver out, in exchange for them, such as have no tincture of party in them.

"That when any lady bespeaks a play, she shall take effectual care that the audience be pretty equally chequered with Whigs and Tories.

"That no woman, of any party, presume to influence the legislature.

"That there be a general amnesty and oblivion of all former hostilities and distinctions, all public and private failings on either side: and that every one who comes into this neutrality within the space of weeks, shall be al-

[1] *Looked upon as dull.*]—Elliptically expressed to avoid the repetition of *as*. The sentence, if drawn out at length, would be, *looked upon as being as dull as.*

lowed an ell extraordinary, above the present standard, in the circumference of her petticoat.

"Provided always, nevertheless, That nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to any person or persons inhabiting and practising within the hundreds of Drury, or to any other of that society in what part soever of the nation in like manner practising and residing; who are still at liberty to rail, calumniate, scold, frown, and pout, as in afore-times, anything in this act to the contrary notwithstanding."

No. 39. FRIDAY, MAY 4.

Prodesse quam conspici.

It often happens, that extirpating the love of glory, which is observed to take the deepest root in noble minds, tears up several virtues with it; and that suppressing the desire of fame, is apt to reduce men to a state of indolence and supineness. But when, without any incentive of vanity, a person of great abilities is zealous for the good of mankind; and as solicitous for the concealment as the performance of illustrious actions; we may be sure that he has something more than ordinary in his composition, and has a heart filled with goodness and magnanimity.

There is not perhaps, in all history, a greater instance of this temper of mind, than what appeared in that excellent person, whose motto I have placed at the head of this paper. He had worn himself out in his application to such studies as made him useful or ornamental to the world, in concerting schemes for the welfare of his country, and in prosecuting such measures as were necessary for making those schemes effectual: but all this was done with a view to the public good that should rise out of these generous endeavours, and not to the fame which should accrue to himself. Let the reputation of the action fall where it would; so[1] his country reaped the benefit of it, he was satisfied. As his turn of mind threw off, in a great measure, the oppositions of envy and competition, it enabled him to gain the most

[1] *So*, is here used, as it often is in our language, in the sense of, *provided that*.

vain and impracticable into his designs, and to bring about several great events for the safety and advantage of the public, which must have died in their birth, had he been as desirous of appearing beneficial to mankind, as of being so.

As he was admitted into the secret and most retired thoughts and councils of his royal master, King William, a great share in the plan of the Protestant succession is universally ascribed to him. And if he did not entirely project the union of the two kingdoms, and the bill of regency, which seem to have been the only methods, in human policy, for securing to us so inestimable a blessing, there is none who will deny him to have been the chief conductor in both these glorious works. For posterity are obliged to allow him that praise after his death, which he industriously declined while he was living. His life, indeed, seems[1] to have been prolonged beyond its natural term, under those indispositions which hung upon the latter part of it, that he might have the satisfaction of seeing the happy settlement take place, which he had proposed to himself as the principal end of all his public labours. Nor was it a small addition to his happiness, that by this means he saw those who had been always his most intimate friends, and who had concerted with him such measures for the guarantee of the Protestant succession as drew upon them the displeasure of men who were averse to it, advanced to the highest posts of trust and honour under his present Majesty. I believe there are none of these patriots, who will think it a derogation from their merit to have it said, that they received many lights and advantages from their intimacy with my Lord Somers; who had such a general knowledge of affairs, and so tender a concern for his friends, that whatever station they were in, they usually applied to him for his advice in every perplexity of business, and in affairs of the greatest difficulty.

His life was, in every part of it, set off with that graceful modesty and reserve, which made his virtues more beautiful, the more they were cast in such agreeable shades.

His religion was sincere, not ostentatious; and such as inspired him with an universal benevolence towards all his fellow-subjects, not with bitterness against any part of them.

[1] *His life, indeed, seems,* &c.] A natural reflection, in a panegyric on Lord Somers, and in a paper written professedly in honour of the *happy settlement.*

He showed his firm adherence to it as modelled by our national constitution, and was constant to his offices of devotion, both in public and his family. He appeared a champion for it, with great reputation, in the cause of the seven bishops, at a time when the church was really in danger. To which we may add, that he held a strict friendship and correspondence with the great Archbishop Tillotson, being acted by[1] the same spirit of candour and moderation; and moved rather with pity than indignation towards the persons of those who differed from him in the unessential parts of Christianity.

His great humanity appeared in the minutest circumstances of his conversation. You found it in the benevolence of his aspect, the complacency of his behaviour, and the tone of his voice. His great application to the severer studies of the law, had not infected his temper with anything positive or litigious. He did not know what it was to wrangle on indifferent points, to triumph in the superiority of his understanding, or to be supercilious on the side of truth. He joined the greatest delicacy of good-breeding to the greatest strength of reason. By approving the sentiments of a person with whom he conversed, in such particulars as were just, he won him over from those points in which he was mistaken; and had so agreeable a way of conveying knowledge, that whoever conferred with him grew the wiser, without perceiving that he had been instructed. We may probably ascribe to this masterly and engaging manner of conversation, the great esteem which he had gained with the late queen, while she pursued those measures which had carried the British nation to the highest pitch of glory; notwithstanding she had entertained many unreasonable prejudices against him, before she was acquainted with his personal worth and behaviour.

As in his political capacity we have before seen how much he contributed to the establishment of the Protestant interest, and the good of his native country, he was always true to these great ends. His character was uniform and consistent with itself, and his whole conduct of a piece. His principles were founded in reason, and supported by virtue;

[1] *Being acted by.*] We should now say, *being actuated with.* Besides, I doubt whether it be right to give to the neutral verb, *act*, a passive signification.

and therefore did not lie at the mercy of ambition, avarice, or resentment. His notions were no less steady and unshaken, than just and upright. In a word, he concluded his course among the same well-chosen friendships and alliances with which he began it.

This great man was not more conspicuous as a patriot and a statesman, than as a person of universal knowledge and learning. As by dividing his time between the public scenes of business, and the private retirements of life, he took care to keep up both the great and good man; so by the same means he accomplished himself not only in the knowledge of men and things, but in the skill of the most refined arts and sciences. That unwearied diligence, which followed him through all the stages of his life, gave him such a thorough insight into the laws of the land, that he passed for one of the greatest masters of his profession, at his first appearance in it. Though he made a regular progress through the several honours of the long robe, he was always looked upon as one who deserved a superior station to that he was possessed of; till he arrived at the highest dignity to which those studies could advance him.

He enjoyed in the highest perfection two talents, which do not often meet in the same person, the greatest strength of good sense, and the most exquisite taste of politeness. Without the first, learning is but an encumbrance; and without the last, is ungraceful. My Lord Somers was master of these two qualifications in so eminent a degree, that all the parts of knowledge appeared in him with such an additional strength and beauty, as they want in the possession of others. If he delivered his opinion of a piece of poetry, a statue, or a picture, there was something so just and delicate in his observations, as naturally produced pleasure and assent in those who heard him.

His solidity and elegance, improved by the reading of the finest authors, both of the learned and modern languages, discovered itself in all his productions. His oratory was masculine and persuasive, free from everything trivial and affected. His style in writing was chaste and pure, but at the same time full of spirit and politeness; and fit to convey the most intricate business to the understanding of the reader, with the utmost clearness and perspicuity. And here it is to be lamented, that this extraordinary person, out of

his natural aversion to vain-glory, wrote several pieces as well as performed several actions, which he did not assume the honour of: though at the same time so many works of this nature have appeared, which every one has ascribed to him, that I believe no author of the greatest eminence would deny my Lord Somers to have been the best writer of the age in which he lived.

This noble lord, for the great extent of his knowledge and capacity, has been often compared with the Lord Verulam, who had also been chancellor of England. But the conduct of these extraordinary persons, under the same circumstances, was vastly different. They were both impeached by a House of Commons. One of them, as he had given just occasion for it, sunk under it; and was reduced to such an abject submission, as very much diminished the lustre of so exalted a character; but my Lord Somers was too well fortified in his integrity to fear the impotence of an attempt upon his reputation; and though his accusers would gladly have dropped their impeachment, he was instant with them for the prosecution of it, and would not let that matter rest till it was brought to an issue. For the same virtue and greatness of mind which gave him a disregard of fame, made him impatient of an undeserved reproach.

There is no question but this wonderful man will make one of the most distinguished figures in the history of the present age; but we cannot expect that his merit will shine out in its proper light, since he wrote many things which are not published in his name; was at the bottom of many excellent counsels in which he did not appear; did offices of friendship to many persons who knew not from whom they were derived; and performed great services to his country, the glory of which was transferred to others: in short, since he made it his endeavour rather to do worthy actions, than to gain an illustrious character.

No. 40. MONDAY, MAY 7.

Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem. Hor.

It requires no small degree of resolution to be an author, in a country so facetious and satirical as this of Great

Britain. Such a one raises a kind of alarm among his fellow subjects, and by pretending to distinguish himself from the herd, becomes a mark of public censure, and sometimes a standing object of raillery and ridicule. Writing is, indeed, a provocation to the envious, and an affront to the ignorant. How often do we see a person, whose intentions are visibly to do good by the works which he publishes, treated in as scurrilous a manner as if he were an enemy to mankind! All the little scramblers after fame fall upon him, publish every blot in his life, depend upon hearsay to defame him, and have recourse to their own invention, rather than suffer him to erect himself into an author with impunity. Even those who write on the most indifferent subjects, and are conversant only in works of taste, are looked upon as men that make a kind of insult upon society,[1] and ought to be humbled as disturbers of the public tranquillity. Not only the dull and the malicious, which make a formidable party in our island, but the whole fraternity of writers, rise up in arms against every new intruder into the world of fame; and, a thousand to one,[2] before they have done, prove him not only to be a fool but a knave. Successful authors do what they can to exclude a competitor; while the unsuccessful, with as much eagerness, lay in their claim to him as a brother. This natural antipathy to a man who breaks his ranks, and endeavours to signalize his parts in the world, has, very probably, hindered many persons from making their appearance in print, who might have enriched our country with better productions, in all kinds, than any that are now extant. The truth of it is, the active part of mankind, as they do most for the good of their contemporaries, very deservedly gain the greatest share in their applauses; whilst men of speculative endowments, who employ their talents in writing, as they may equally benefit or amuse succeeding ages, have, generally, the greatest share in the admiration of posterity. Both good and bad writers may receive great satisfaction from the prospects of futurity; as, in after-ages, the former will be remembered, and the latter forgotten.

Among all sets of authors, there are none who draw upon

[1] *Make a kind of insult upon society.*] *To make an insult* is not very exact English. He might have said, *as men that offer an insult to society*, or, *as men that make a kind of assault upon society.*

[2] *A thousand to one*—a familiar phrase for, *most probably.*

themselves more displeasure, than those who deal in political matters, which indeed is very often too justly incurred, considering that spirit of rancour and virulence with which works of this nature generally abound. These are not only regarded as authors, but as partisans, and are sure to exasperate at least one half of their readers. Other writers offend only the stupid or jealous among their countrymen; but these, let their cause be never so[1] just, must expect to irritate a supernumerary party of the self-interested, prejudiced, and ambitious. They may, however, comfort themselves with considering, that if they gain any unjust reproach from one side, they generally acquire more praise than they deserve from the other; and that writings of this kind, if conducted with candour and impartiality, have a more particular tendency to the good of their country, and of the present age, than any other compositions whatsoever.

To consider an author further, as the subject of obloquy and detraction. We may observe with what pleasure a work is received by the invidious part of mankind, in which a writer falls short of himself, and does not answer the character which he has acquired by his former productions. It is a fine simile in one of Mr. Congreve's prologues, which compares a writer to a buttering gamester, that stakes all his winnings upon every cast; so that if he loses the last throw he is sure to be undone. It would be well for all authors, if, like that gentleman,[2] they knew when to give over, and to desist from any further pursuits after fame, whilst they are in the full possession of it. On the other hand, there is not a more melancholy object in the learned world, than a man who has written himself down. As the public is more disposed to censure than to praise, his readers will ridicule him for his last works, when they have forgot to applaud those which preceded them. In this case, where a man has

[1] *Never so.*] We now say—*ever so*. The other form, *never so*, seems to have a secret reference to an *opposition* conceived in the writer's or speaker's mind, but not explicitly declared, as if we should complete the sentence thus—*let their cause be* [not bad, but] *ever so just;* i. e. howsoever just.

[2] Mr. Congreve was a fashionable writer in his time; and Mr. Addison, who had a friendship with him, speaks of him as everybody else did. He had, indeed, a great deal of wit; but a man must have a furious passion for it, or very little taste, that can read his comedies, on which his reputation was founded, with pleasure, or even patience.

lost his spirit by old age and infirmity, one could wish that his friends and relations would keep him from the use of pen, ink, and paper, if he is not to be reclaimed by any other methods.

The author, indeed, often grows old before the man, especially if he treats on subjects of invention, or such as arise from reflections upon human nature; for, in this case, neither his own strength of mind, nor those parts of life which are commonly unobserved, will furnish him with sufficient materials to be at the same time both pleasing and voluminous. We find, even in the outward dress of poetry, that men, who write much without taking breath, very often return to the same phrases and forms of expression, as well as to the same manner of thinking. Authors, who have thus drawn off the spirit of their thoughts, should lie still for some time, till their minds have gathered fresh strength, and by reading, reflection, and conversation, laid in a new stock of elegancies, sentiments, and images of nature. The soil that is worn with too frequent culture, must lie fallow for a while, till it has recruited its exhausted salts, and again enriched itself by the ventilations of the air, the dews of heaven, and the kindly influences of the sun.

For my own part, notwithstanding this general malevolence towards those who communicate their thoughts in print, I cannot but look with a friendly regard on such as do it, provided there is no tendency in their writings to vice and profaneness. If the thoughts of such authors have nothing in them, they, at least, do no harm, and show an honest industry, and a good intention in the composer. If they teach me anything I did not know before, I cannot but look upon myself as obliged to the writer, and consider him as my particular benefactor, if he conveys to me one of the greatest gifts that is in the power of man to bestow, an improvement of my understanding, an innocent amusement, or an incentive to some moral virtue. Were not men of abilities thus communicative, their wisdom would be in a great measure useless, and their experience uninstructive. There would be no business in solitude, nor proper relaxations in business. By these assistances, the retired man lives in the world, if not above it; passion is composed; thought hindered from being barren; and the mind from preying upon itself. That esteem, indeed, which is paid to good writers by their pos-

terity, sufficiently shows the merit of persons who are thus employed. Who does not now more admire Cicero as an author, than as a consul of Rome? and does not oftener talk of the celebrated writers of our own country who lived in former ages, than of any other particular persons among their contemporaries and fellow-subjects.

When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translation of old Latin and Greek authors; and by that means let us into the knowledge of what passed in the famous governments of Greece and Rome. We have already most of their historians in our own tongue: and, what is still more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our countrymen may learn to judge, from Dryden's Virgil, of the most perfect epic performance: and those parts of Homer, which have already been published by Mr. Pope,[1] give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.

There is another author, whom I have long wished to see well translated into English, as his work is filled with a spirit of liberty, and more directly tends to raise sentiments of honour and virtue in his reader, than any of the poetical writings of antiquity. I mean the Pharsalia of Lucan. This is the only author of consideration among the Latin poets, who was not explained for the use of the Dauphin, for a very obvious reason; because the whole Pharsalia would have been no less than a satire upon the French form of government. The translation of this author is now in the hands of Mr. Rowe,[2] who has already given the world some admirable specimens of it; and not only kept up the fire of the original, but delivered the sentiments with greater perspicuity, and in a finer turn of phrase and verse.

As undertakings of so difficult a nature require the great-

[1] For a comment on this panegyric on Mr. Pope's translation of the Iliad, see the Life of Bishop Warburton, prefixed to the new edition of his works, in quarto.

[2] He speaks like a friend of Mr. Rowe, and like a Whig of Lucan; but, as a *critic*, we know what his opinion was of the Latin poet, and of his friend's undertaking, when he celebrates the translator for delivering the sentiments of his original, *with greater perspicuity, and in a finer turn of phrase and verse.*

est encouragements, one cannot but rejoice to see those general subscriptions which have been made to them; especially since, if the two works last mentioned are not finished by those masterly hands which are now employed in them, we may despair of seeing them attempted by others.

No. 41. FRIDAY, MAY 11.

Dissentientis conditionibus
Fœdis, et exemplo trahenti
Perniciem veniens in ævum. HOR.

As the care of our national commerce redounds more to the riches and prosperity of the public, than any other act of government, it is pity that we do not see the state of it marked out in every particular reign with greater distinction and accuracy than what is usual among our English historians. We may however observe, in general, that the best and wisest of our monarchs have not been less industrious to extend their trade than their dominions; as it manifestly turns in a much higher degree to the welfare of the people, if not to the glory of the sovereign.

The first of our kings who carried our commerce, and consequently our navigation, to a very great height, was Edward the Third. This victorious prince, by his many excellent laws for the encouragement of trade, enabled his subjects to support him in his many glorious wars upon the continent, and turned the scale so much in favour of our English merchandise, that, by a balance of trade taken in his time, the exported commodities amounted to two hundred and ninety-four thousand pounds, and the imported but to thirty-eight thousand.

Those of his successors, under whose regulations our trade flourished most, were Henry the Seventh, and Queen Elizabeth. As the first of these was, for his great wisdom, very often styled the English Solomon, he followed the example of that wise king in nothing more than by advancing the traffic of his people. By this means he reconciled to him the minds of his subjects, strengthened himself in their affections, improved very much the navigation of the kingdom, and repelled the frequent attempts of his enemies.

As for Queen Elizabeth, she had always the trade of her kingdom very much at heart; and we may observe the effects of it through the whole course of her reign, in the love and obedience of her people, as well as in the defeats and disappointments of her enemies.

It is with great pleasure that we see our present sovereign applying his thoughts so successfully to the advancement of our traffic, and considering himself as the king of a trading island. His Majesty has already gained very considerable advantages for his people, and is still employed in concerting schemes, and forming treaties, for retrieving and enlarging our privileges in the world of commerce.

I shall only, in this paper, take notice of the treaty concluded at Madrid on the fourteenth of December last, 1715; and, by comparing it with that concluded at Utrecht on the ninth of December, 1713, show several particulars in which the treaty made with his present Majesty is more advantageous to Great Britain, than that which was made in the last reign; after this general observation, that it is equally surprising how so bad a treaty came to be made at the end of a glorious and successful war; and how so good a one has been obtained in the beginning of a reign disturbed by such intestine commotions. But we may learn from hence, that the wisdom of a sovereign, and the integrity of his ministers, are more necessary for bringing about works of such consequence for the public good, than any juncture of time, or any other the most favourable circumstance.

We must here premise, that by the treaty concluded at Madrid in 1667, the duties of importation payable upon the manufactures and products of Great Britain, amounted, upon the established valuation in the Spanish book of rates, (after the deduction of the gratias,) in Andalusia, to $11\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.; in Valentia, to 5 per cent.; and in Catalonia to about 7 per cent. or less; and, consequently, upon the whole aforesaid trade, those duties could not exceed 10 per cent. in a medium.

After this short account of the state of our trade with Spain, before the treaty of Utrecht, under the late queen, we must observe that, by the explanatory articles of this last-mentioned treaty, the duties of importation upon the products and manufactures of Great Britain were augmented, in Andalusia, to $27\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. at a medium.

But by the late treaty made with his present Majesty at Madrid, the said duties are again reduced, according to the aforesaid treaty of 1667, and the deduction of the gratias is established as an inviolable law; whereas, before, the gratias of the farmers, particularly, were altogether precarious, and depended entirely upon courtesy.

That the common reader may understand the nature of these gratias, he must know, that when the king of Spain had laid higher duties upon our English goods than what the merchants were able or willing to comply with, he used to abate a certain part; which indulgence, or abatement, went under the name of a gratia. But when he had farmed out these his customs to several of his subjects, the farmers, in order to draw more merchandise to their respective ports, and thereby to increase their own particular profits, used to make new abatements, or gratias, to the British merchants, endeavouring sometimes to outvie one another in such indulgences, and by that means to get a greater proportion of custom into their own hands.

But to proceed: the duties on exportation may be computed to be raised, by the Utrecht treaty, near as much as the aforesaid duties of importation; whereas, by the treaty made with his present Majesty, they are reduced to their ancient standard.

Complaint having been made, that the Spaniards, after the suspension of arms, had taken several New England and other British ships gathering salt at the island of Tertuga, a very full and just report concerning that affair was laid before her late Majesty, of which I shall give the reader the following extract:

"Your Majesty's subjects have, from the first settlement of the continent of America, had a free access to this island; and have, without interruptions, unless in time of war, used to take what salt they pleased there: and we have proofs of that usage for above fifty years, as appears by certificates of persons who have been employed in that trade.

"It doth not appear, upon the strictest inquiry, that the Spaniards ever inhabited or settled on the said island; nor is it probable they ever did, it being either all barren rock or dry sand, and having no fresh water or provisions in it.

"We take leave to lay before your Majesty, the consequence of your Majesty's subjects being prohibited to fetch

salt at Tertuga; which will in part appear from the number of ships using that trade, being, as we are informed, one year with another, about a hundred sail.

"The salt carried from thence to New England is used chiefly for curing of fish, which is either cod, scale-fish, or mackerel: the former of which is the principal branch of the returns made from the continent to Great Britain by way of Spain, Portugal, and the Straits, for the woollen and other goods sent from this kingdom thither. Besides which, the scale-fish and mackerel are of such consequence, that the sugar-islands cannot subsist without them, their negroes being chiefly supported by this fish: so that if they were not supplied therewith from New England (which they cannot be, if your Majesty's subjects are prohibited from getting salt at Tertuga) they would not be able to carry on their sugar-works. This hath been confirmed to us by several considerable planters concerned in those parts.

"Upon the whole, your Majesty's subjects having enjoyed an uninterrupted usage of gathering salt at Tertuga, ever since the first settlement of the continent as aforesaid, we humbly submit to your Majesty the consequence of preserving that usage and right upon which the trade of your Majesty's plantations so much depends."

Notwithstanding it appears from what is above-written, that our sugar-islands were like to suffer considerably for want of fish from New England, no care was taken to have this matter remedied by the explanatory articles, which were posterior to the above-mentioned report.

However, in the third article of the treaty made with his present Majesty, this business is fully settled to our advantage.

The British merchants having had several hardships put upon them at Bilboa, which occasioned the decay of our trade at that place, the said merchants did make and execute, in the year 1700, a treaty of privileges with the magistrates and inhabitants of St. Ander, very much to the advantage of this kingdom, in order to their removing and settling there; the effect of which was prevented by the death of King Charles the Second of Spain, and the war which soon after ensued. This matter, it seems, was slighted or neglected by the managers of the Utrecht treaty; for, by the fourteenth article of that treaty, there is only "a liberty given

to the British subjects to settle and dwell at St. Ander, upon the terms of the ninth and thirteenth articles of the treaty of 1667," which are general. But no regard was had to the forementioned treaty of privileges in 1700; whereas, by the second article of the treaty now made with his present Majesty, the forementioned treaty of privileges with St. Ander is not ratified.

Another considerable advantage is, that the French, by the treaty made with his present Majesty, are to pay the same duties at the dry ports, through which they pass by land-carriage, as we pay upon importation or exportation by sea; which was not provided for by the Utrecht treaty.

By the cedulas annexed to the treaty of 1667, the valuable privileges of having judge-conservators (appointed to make a more speedy and less expensive determination of all controversies arising in trade) was fully established. But by the fifteenth article of Utrecht that privilege was in effect given up. For it is therein only stipulated, "That in case any other nation have that privilege, we shall in like manner enjoy it." But by the fifth article of the treaty now made with his present Majesty, it is stipulated, that "we shall enjoy all the rights, privileges, franchises, exemptions, and immunities whatsoever, which we enjoyed by virtue of the royal cedulas or ordinances by the treaty of 1667." So that hereby the privilege of judge-conservators is again confirmed to us.

As nothing but the reputation of his Majesty in foreign countries, and of his fixed purposes to pursue the real good of his kingdoms, could bring about treaties of this nature; so it is impossible to reflect with patience on the folly and ingratitude of those men who labour to disturb him in the midst of these his royal cares, and to misrepresent his generous endeavours for the good of his people.

No. 42. MONDAY, MAY 14.

O fortunatos mercatores!— HOR.

SEVERAL authors have written on the advantage of trade in general; which is, indeed, so copious a subject, that as it

is impossible to exhaust it in a short discourse, so it is very difficult to observe anything new upon it. I shall, therefore, only consider trade in this paper, as it is absolutely necessary and essential to the safety, strength, and prosperity of our own nation.

In the first place, As we are an island accommodated on all sides with convenient ports, and encompassed with navigable seas, we should be inexcusable, if we did not make these blessings of Providence and advantages of nature turn to their proper account. The most celebrated merchants in the world, and those who make the greatest figure in antiquity, were situated in the little island of Tyre, which, by the prodigious increase of its wealth and strength at sea, did very much influence the most considerable kingdoms and empires on the neighbouring continent, and gave birth to the Carthaginians, who afterwards exceeded all other nations in naval power. The old Tyre was, indeed, seated on the continent, from whence the inhabitants, after having been besieged by the great king of Assyria, for the space of thirteen years, withdrew themselves and their effects into the island of Tyre; where, by the benefit of such a situation, a trading people were enabled to hold out for many ages against the attempts of their enemies, and became the merchants of the world.

Further, as an island, we are accessible on every side, and exposed to perpetual invasions, against which it is impossible to fortify ourselves sufficiently, without such a power at sea, as is not to be kept up, but by a people who flourish in commerce. To which we must add, that our inland towns being destitute of fortifications, it is our indispensable concern to preserve this our naval strength, which is as a general bulwark to the British nation.

Besides, as an island, it has not been thought agreeable to the true British policy to make acquisitions upon the continent. In lieu, therefore, of such an increase of dominion, it is our business to extend to the utmost our trade and navigation. By this means, we reap the advantages of conquest, without violence or injustice; we not only strengthen ourselves, but gain the wealth of our neighbours in an honest way; and, without any act of hostility, lay the several nations of the world under a kind of contribution.

Secondly, Trade is fitted to the nature of our country, as

it abounds with a great profusion of commodities of its own growth, very convenient for other countries, and is naturally destitute of many things suited to the exigencies, ornaments, and pleasures of life, which may be fetched from foreign parts. But, that which is more particularly to be remarked, our British products are of such kinds and quantities, as can turn the balance of trade to our advantage, and enable us to sell more to foreigners than we have occasion to buy from them.

To this we must add, that by extending a well-regulated trade, we are as great gainers by the commodities of many other countries, as by those of our own nation; and by supplying foreign markets with the growth and manufactures of the most distant regions, we receive the same profit from them, as if they were the produce of our own island.

Thirdly, We are not a little obliged to trade, as it has been a great means of civilizing our nation, and banishing out of it all the remains of its ancient barbarity. There are many bitter sayings against islanders in general, representing them as fierce, treacherous, and inhospitable. Those who live on the continent have such opportunities of a frequent intercourse with men of different religions and languages, and who live under different laws and governments, that they become more kind, benevolent, and open-hearted, to their fellow-creatures, than those who are the inhabitants of an island, that hath not such conversations with the rest of the species. Cæsar's observation upon our forefathers is very much to our present purpose; who remarks, that those of them that lived upon the coast or in sea-port towns, were much more civilized, than those who had their dwellings in the inland country, by reason of frequent communications with their neighbours on the continent.

In the last place, Trade is absolutely necessary for us, as our country is very populous. It employs multitudes of hands both by sea and land, and furnishes the poorest of our fellow-subjects with the opportunities of gaining an honest livelihood. The skilful or industrious find their account in it; and many, who have no fixed property in the soil of our country, can make themselves masters of as considerable estates as those who have the greatest portions of the land descending to them by inheritance.

If what has been often charged upon us by our neighbours

has any truth in it, That we are prone to sedition and delight in change, there is no cure more proper for this evil than trade, which thus supplies business to the active and wealth to the indigent. When men are easy in their circumstances, they are naturally enemies to innovations; and, indeed, we see in the course of our English histories, many of our popular commotions have taken their rise from the decay of some branch of commerce, which created discontents among persons concerned in the manufactures of the kingdom. When men are soured with poverty, and unemployed, they easily give in to any prospect of change, which may better their condition, and cannot make it much worse.

Since, therefore, it is manifest, that the promoting of our trade and commerce is necessary and essential to our security and strength, our peace and prosperity, it is our particular happiness to see a monarch on the throne, who is sensible of the true interest of his kingdoms, and applies himself with so much success to the advancement of our national commerce.

The reader may see, in my last paper, the advantages which his Majesty has gained for us in our Spanish trade. In this, I shall give a short account of those procured for us from the Austrian low countries, by virtue of the twenty-sixth article of the barrier treaty made at Antwerp the fifteenth day of November last.

This branch of our trade was regulated by a tariff, or declaration of the duties of import and export, in the year 1670, which was superseded by another made in 1680, that continued till this last tariff settled in 1715 with his present Majesty. As for the two former, those who are at the pains of perusing them will find, the tariff of 1670 laid higher duties on several considerable branches of our trade, than that of 1680, but in many particulars was more favourable to us than the latter. Now, by the present tariff of 1715, these duties are fixed and regulated for the future by those which were most favourable in either of the former tariffs, and all our products and manufactures (one only excepted, which I shall leave by and by) settled upon rather an easier footing than ever.

Our woollen cloths, being the most profitable branch of our trade into these countries, have, by this means, gained a very considerable advantage. For the tariff of 1680, having

laid higher duties upon the finer sorts, and lower duties on ordinary cloth, than what were settled in the tariff of 1670, his Majesty has, by the present treaty, reduced the duties on the finer sorts to the tariff of 1670, and confirmed the duties on ordinary cloth according to the tariff of 1680. Insomuch that this present tariff of 1715, considered with relation to this valuable part of our trade, reduces the duties at least one-sixth part, supposing the exportation of all sorts to be equal. But as there is always a much greater exportation of the ordinary cloth than of the finer sorts, the reduction of these duties becomes still much more considerable.

We must further observe, that there had been several innovations made to the detriment of the English merchant since the tariff of 1680; all which innovations are now entirely set aside upon every species of goods, except butter, which is here particularly mentioned, because we cannot be too minute and circumstantial in accounts of this nature. This article, however, is moderated, and is rated in proportion to what has been, and is still to be, paid by the Dutch.

As our commerce with the Netherlands is thus settled to the advantage of our British merchants, so is it much to their satisfaction: and if his Majesty, in the several succeeding parts of his reign, (which we hope may be many years prolonged,) should advance our commerce in the same proportion as he has already done, we may expect to see it in a more flourishing condition than under any of his royal ancestors. He seems to place his greatness in the riches and prosperity of his people; and what may we not hope from him in a time of quiet and tranquillity? since, during the late distractions, he has done so much for the advantage of our trade, when we could not reasonably expect he should have been able to do anything.

No. 43. FRIDAY, MAY 18.

Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit. Hor.

One would wonder how any person, endowed with the ordinary principles of prudence and humanity, should desire to be king of a country, in which the established religion is

directly opposite to that which he himself professes. Were it possible for such a one to accomplish his designs, his own reason must tell him, there could not be a more uneasy prince, nor a more unhappy people. But how it can enter into the wishes of any private persons to be the subjects of a man, whose faith obliges him to use the most effectual means for extirpating their religion, is altogether incomprehensible, but upon the supposition, that whatever principles they seem to adhere to, their interest, ambition, or revenge, is much more active and predominant in their minds, than the love of their country, or of its national worship.

I have never heard of any particular benefit, which either the Pretender himself, or the favourers of his cause, could promise to the British nation from the success of his pretensions; though the evils which would arise from it are numberless and evident. These men content themselves with one general assertion, which often appears in their writings and their discourse; that the kingdom will never be quiet till he is upon the throne. If by this position is meant, that those will never be quiet who would endeavour to place him there, it may possibly have some truth in it; though we hope even these will be reduced to their obedience by the care of their safety, if not by the sense of their duty. But, on the other side, how ineffectual would this strange expedient be, for establishing the public quiet and tranquillity, should it ever take place! for, by way of argument, we may suppose impossibilities. Would that party of men which comprehends the most wealthy and the most valiant of the kingdom, and which, were the cause put to a trial, would undoubtedly appear the most numerous, (for I am far from thinking all those who are distinguished by the name of Tories, to be favourers of the Pretender,) can we, I say, suppose these men would live quiet under a reign which they have hitherto opposed, and from which they apprehend such a manifest destruction to their country? Can we suppose our present royal family, who are so powerful in foreign dominions, so strong in their relations and alliances, and so universally supported by the Protestant interest of Europe, would continue quiet, and not make vigorous and repeated attempts for the recovery of their right, should it ever be wrested out of their hands? Can we imagine that our British clergy would be quiet under a prince, who is zealous for

his religion, and obliged by it to subvert those doctrines, which it is their duty to defend and propagate? Nay, would any of those men themselves, who are the champions of this desperate cause, unless such of them as are professed Roman Catholics, or disposed to be so, live quiet under a government which, at the best, would make use of all indirect methods in favour of a religion, that is inconsistent with our laws and liberties, and would impose on us such a yoke, as neither we nor our fathers were able to bear? All the quiet that could be expected from such a reign, must be the result of absolute power on the one hand, and a despicable slavery on the other; and I believe every reasonable man will be of the Roman historian's opinion, that a disturbed liberty is better than a quiet servitude.

There is not, indeed, a greater absurdity than to imagine the quiet of a nation can arise from an establishment, in which the king would be of one communion, and the people of another; especially when the religion of the sovereign carries in it the utmost malignity to that of the subject. If any of our English monarchs might have hoped to reign quietly under such circumstances, it would have been King Charles the Second, who was received with all the joy and good-will that are natural to a people, newly rescued from a tyranny which had long oppressed them in several shapes. But this monarch was too wise to own himself a Roman Catholic, even in that juncture of time; or to imagine it practicable for an avowed Popish prince to govern a Protestant people. His brother tried the experiment, and every one knows the success of it.

As speculations are best supported by facts, I shall add to these domestic examples one or two parallel instances out of the Swedish history, which may be sufficient to show us, that a scheme of government is impracticable in which the head does not agree with the body, in that point which is of the greatest concern to reasonable creatures. Sweden is the only Protestant kingdom in Europe besides this of Great Britain, which has had the misfortune to see Popish princes upon the throne; and we find that they behaved themselves as we did, and as it is natural for men to do, upon the same occasion. Their King Sigismond having, contrary to the inclinations of his people, endeavoured, by several clandestine

methods, to promote the Roman Catholic religion among his subjects, and shown several marks of favour to their priests and Jesuits, was, after a very short reign, deposed by the states of that kingdom, being represented as one who could neither be held by oaths nor promises, and over-ruled by the influence of his religion, which dispenses with the violation of the most sacred engagements that are opposite to its interests. The states, to show further their apprehensions of Popery, and how incompatible they thought the principles of the church of Rome in a sovereign were with those of the reformed religion in his subjects, agreed that his son should succeed to the throne, provided he were brought up a Protestant. This the father seemingly complied with; but afterwards refusing to give him such an education, the son was likewise set aside, and for ever excluded from that succession. The famous Queen Christina, daughter to the Great Gustavus, was so sensible of those troubles which would accrue both to herself and her people, should she avow the Roman Catholic religion while she was upon the throne of Sweden; that she did not make an open profession of that faith till she had resigned her crown, and was actually upon her journey to Rome.

In short, if there be any political maxim, which may be depended upon as sure and infallible, this is one: That it is impossible for a nation to be happy, where a people of the reformed religion are governed by a king that is a Papist. Were he, indeed, only a nominal Roman Catholic, there might be a possibility of peace and quiet under such a reign; but if he is sincere in the principles of his church, he must treat heretical subjects as that church directs him, and knows very well, that he ceases to be religious when he ceases to be a persecutor.

No. 44. MONDAY, MAY 21.

Multaque præterea variarum monstra ferarum
Centauri in foribus stabulant, scyllæque biformes,
Et centum-geminus Briareus, ac bellua Lernæ
Horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimæra,
Gorgones, Harpyiæque, et forma tricorporis umbræ.
Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum
Æneas, strictamque aciem venientibus offert.
Et, ni docta comes tenues sine corpore vitas
Admoneat volitare cava sub imagine formæ,
Irruat, et frustra ferro diverberet umbras. VIRG.

As I was last Friday taking a walk in the park, I saw a country gentleman at the side of Rosamond's pond, pulling a handful of oats out of his pocket, and with a great deal of pleasure, gathering the ducks about him. Upon my coming up to him, who should it be but my friend the fox-hunter, whom I gave some account of in my twenty-second paper! I immediately joined him, and partook of his diversion, till he had not an oat left in his pocket. We then made the tour of the park together, when, after having entertained me with the description of a decoy-pond that lay near his seat in the country, and of a meeting-house that was going to be rebuilt in a neighbouring market-town, he gave me an account of some very odd adventures which he had met with that morning; and which I shall lay together in a short and faithful history, as well as my memory will give me leave.

My friend, who has a natural aversion to London, would never have come up, had not he been subpœnaed to it, as he told me, in order to give his testimony for one of the rebels, whom he knew to be a very fair sportsman. Having travelled all night to avoid the inconveniences of dust and heat, he arrived with his guide, a little after break of day, at Charing-cross; where, to his great surprise, he saw a running footman carried in a chair, followed by a waterman in the same kind of vehicle. He was wondering at the extravagance of their masters, that furnished them with such dresses and accommodations, when, on a sudden, he beheld a chimney-sweeper conveyed after the same manner, with three footmen running before him. During his progress through the Strand, he met with several other figures no less wonderful and sur-

prising. Seeing a great many in rich morning-gowns, he was amazed to find that persons of quality were up so early; and was no less astonished to see many lawyers in their bar-gowns, when he knew by his almanack the term was ended. As he was extremely puzzled and confounded in himself what all this should mean, a hackney-coach chancing to pass by him, four batts[1] popped out their heads all at once, which very much frighted both him and his horse. My friend, who always takes care to cure his horse of such starting fits, spurred him up to the very side of the coach, to the no small diversion of the batts; who, seeing him with his long whip, horse-hair periwig, jockey belt, and coat without sleeves, fancied him to be one of the masqueraders on horseback, and received him with a loud peal of laughter. His mind being full of idle stories, which are spread up and down the nation by the disaffected, he immediately concluded that all the persons he saw in these strange habits were foreigners, and conceived a great indignation against them, for pretending to laugh at an English country-gentleman. But he soon recovered out of his error, by hearing the voices of several of them, and particularly of a shepherdess quarrelling with her coachman, and threatening to break his bones, in very intelligible English, though with a masculine tone. His astonishment still increased upon him, to see a continued procession of harlequins, scaramouches, punchinellos, and a thousand other merry dresses, by which people of quality distinguish their wit from that of the vulgar.

Being now advanced as far as Somerset House, and observing it to be the great hive whence these chimeras issued forth from time to time, my friend took his station among a cluster of mob, who were making themselves merry with their betters. The first that came out was a very venerable matron, with a nose and chin that were within a very little of touching one another. My friend, at the first view fancying her to be an old woman of quality, out of his good breeding put off his hat to her, when the person, pulling off her mask, to his great surprise, appeared a smock-faced young fellow. His attention was soon taken off from this object, and turned to another that had very hollow eyes and a wrinkled face, which flourished in all the bloom of fifteen.

[1] *Batts.*] A sort of *maskers*, so called from their resemblance to these night-birds.

The whiteness of the lily was blended in it with the blush of the rose. He mistook it for a very whimsical kind of mask; but, upon a nearer view, he found that she held her vizard in her hand, and that what he saw was only her natural countenance, touched up with the usual improvements of an aged coquette.

The next who showed herself was a female quaker, so very pretty, that he could not forbear licking his lips, and saying to the mob about him, "It is ten thousand pities she is not a church-woman." The quaker was followed by half a dozen nuns, who filed off one after another up Catherine Street, to their respective convents in Drury Lane.

The squire, observing the preciseness of their dress, began now to imagine, after all, that this was a nest of sectaries; for he had often heard that the town was full of them. He was confirmed in this opinion upon seeing a conjurer, whom he guessed to be the holder-forth. However, to satisfy himself, he asked a porter, who stood next him, what religion these people were of? The porter replied, "They are of no religion; it is a masquerade." "Upon that, (says my friend,) I began to smoke that they were a parcel of mummers;" and being himself one of the quorum in his own county, could not but wonder that none of the Middlesex justices took care to lay some of them by the heels. He was the more provoked in the spirit of magistracy, upon discovering two very unseemly objects: the first was a judge, who rapped out a great oath at his footman; and the other a big-bellied woman, who, upon taking a leap into the coach, miscarried of a cushion. What still gave him greater offence, was a drunken bishop, who reeled from one side of the court to the other, and was very sweet upon an Indian queen. But his worship, in the midst of his austerity, was mollified at the sight of a very lovely milk-maid, whom he began to regard with an eye of mercy, and conceived a particular affection for her, until he found, to his great amazement, that the standers-by suspected her to be a duchess.

I must not conclude this narrative, without mentioning one disaster which happened to my friend on this occasion. Having for his better convenience dismounted, and mixed among the crowd, he found, upon his arrival at the inn, that he had lost his purse and his almanack. And though it is no wonder such a trick should be played him by some of the

curious spectators, he cannot beat it out of his head, but that it was a cardinal who picked his pocket, and that this cardinal was a Presbyterian in disguise.

No. 45. FRIDAY, MAY 25.

Nimium risus pretium est si probitatis impendio constat. QUINTIL.

I HAVE lately read, with much pleasure, the Essays upon several Subjects, published by Sir Richard Blackmore; and though I agree with him in many of his excellent observations, I cannot but take that reasonable freedom which he himself makes use of with regard to other writers, to dissent from him in some few particulars. In his reflections upon works of wit and humour, he observes how unequal they are to combat vice and folly; and seems to think, that the finest raillery and satire, though directed by these generous views, never reclaimed one vicious man, or made one fool depart from his folly.[1]

This is a position very hard to be contradicted, because no author knows the number or names of his converts. As for the Tatlers and Spectators, in particular, which are obliged to this ingenious and useful author for the character he has given of them, they were so generally dispersed in single sheets, and have since been printed in so great numbers, that it is to be hoped they have made some proselytes to the interests, if not to the practice of wisdom and virtue, among such a multitude of readers.

I need not remind this learned gentleman, that Socrates, who was the greatest propagator of morality in the heathen world, and a martyr for the unity of the godhead, was so famous for the exercise of this talent among the politest people of antiquity, that he gained the name of (ὁ Εἴρων) *the Droll.*

There are very good effects which visibly arose from the above-mentioned performances, and others of the like nature; as, in the first place, they diverted raillery from improper objects, and gave a new turn to ridicule, which, for

[1] I incline to Sir Richard Blackmore's opinion. But such writings may *prevent* vice and folly, which is better than reclaiming them.

many years, had been exerted on persons and things of a sacred and serious nature. They endeavoured to make mirth instructive; and, if they failed in this great end, they must be allowed, at least, to have made it innocent. If wit and humour begin again to relapse into their former licentiousness, they can never hope for approbation from those who know that raillery is useless when it has no moral under it, and pernicious when it attacks anything that is either unblameable or praise-worthy. To this we may add, what has been commonly observed, that it is not difficult to be merry on the side of vice, as serious objects are the most capable of ridicule; as the party, which naturally favours such a mirth, is the most numerous; and as there are the most standing jests and marks for imitation in this kind of writing.

In the next place, such productions of wit and humour, as have a tendency to expose vice and folly, furnish useful diversions to all kinds of readers. The good or prudent man may, by these means, be diverted, without prejudice to his discretion or morality. Raillery, under such regulations, unbends the mind from serious studies and severer contemplations, without throwing it off from its proper bias. It carries on the same design that is promoted by authors of a graver turn, and only does it in another manner. It also awakens reflection in those who are the most indifferent in the cause of virtue or knowledge, by setting before them the absurdity of such practices as are generally unobserved, by reason of their being common or fashionable: nay, it sometimes catches the dissolute and abandoned before they are aware of it; who are often betrayed to laugh at themselves, and, upon reflection, find that they are merry at their own expense. I might further take notice, that by entertainments of this kind a man may be cheerful in solitude, and not be forced to seek for company every time he has a mind to be merry.

The last advantage I shall mention from compositions of this nature, when thus restrained, is, that they show wisdom and virtue are far from being inconsistent with politeness and good humour. They make morality appear amiable to people of gay dispositions, and refute the common objection against religion, which represents it as only fit for gloomy and melancholy tempers. It was the motto of a bishop, very eminent for his piety and good works, in King Charles the

Second's reign, *Inservi Deo et lætare*, "Serve God and be cheerful." Those, therefore, who supply the world with such entertainments of mirth as are instructive, or at least harmless, may be thought to deserve well of mankind; to which I shall only add, that they retrieve the honour of polite learning, and answer those sour enthusiasts who affect to stigmatize the finest and most elegant authors, both ancient and modern, (which they have never read,) as dangerous to religion, and destructive of all sound and saving knowledge.

Our nation are such lovers of mirth and humour, that it is impossible for detached papers, which come out on stated days, either to have a general run, or long continuance, if they are not diversified, and enlivened from time to time, with subjects and thoughts accommodated to this taste, which so prevails among our countrymen. No periodical author, who always maintains his gravity, and does not sometimes sacrifice to the graces, must expect to keep in vogue for any considerable time. Political speculations in particular, however just and important, are of so dry and austere a nature, that they will not go down with the public without frequent seasonings of this kind. The work may be well performed, but will never take, if it is not set off with proper scenes and decorations. A mere politician is but a dull companion, and, if he is always wise, is in great danger of being tiresome or ridiculous.

Besides, papers of entertainment are necessary to increase the number of readers, especially among those of different notions and principles; who, by this means, may be betrayed to give you a fair hearing, and to know what you have to say for yourself. I might likewise observe, that in all political writings there is something that grates upon the mind of the most candid reader, in opinions which are not conformable to his own way of thinking; and that the harshness of reasoning is not a little softened and smoothed by the infusions of mirth and pleasantry.

Political speculations do likewise furnish us with several objects that may very innocently be ridiculed, and which are regarded as such by men of sense in all parties; of this kind are the passions of our stateswomen, and the reasonings of our fox-hunters.

A writer who makes fame the chief end of his endeavours, and would be more desirous of pleasing than of improving

his readers, might find an inexhaustible fund of mirth in politics. Scandal and satire are never-failing gratifications to the public. Detraction and obloquy are received with as much eagerness as wit and humour. Should a writer single out particular persons, or point his raillery at any order of men, who, by their profession, ought to be exempt from it; should he slander the innocent, or satirize the miserable; or should he, even on the proper subjects of derision, give the full play to his mirth, without regard to decency and good manners; he might be sure of pleasing a great part of his readers, but must be a very ill man, if by such a proceeding he could please himself.

No. 46. MONDAY, MAY 28.

—male nominatis
Parcite verbis:
Hic dies, vere mihi festus, atras
Eximet curas; ego nec tumultum
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæsare terras. HOR.

THE usual salutation to a man upon his birth-day among the ancient Romans was, *Multos et fælices;* in which they wished him many happy returns of it. When Augustus celebrated the secular year, which was kept but once in a century, and received the congratulations of the people on that account, an eminent court-wit saluted him in the birth-day form, (*Multos et fælices,*) which is recorded as a beautiful turn of compliment, expressing a desire that he might enjoy a happy life of many hundreds of years. This salutation cannot be taxed with flattery, since it was directed to a prince, of whom it is said by a great historian, "It had been happy for Rome, if he had never been born, or if he had never died." Had he never been born, Rome would, in all probability, have recovered its former liberty: had he never died, it would have been more happy under his government, than it could have been in the possession of its ancient freedom.

It is our good fortune that our sovereign, whose nativity is celebrated on this day, gives us a prospect, which the Romans wanted under the reign of their Augustus, of his being

succeeded by an heir, both to his virtues and his dominions. In the mean time it happens very luckily, for the establishment of a new race of kings upon the British throne, that the first of this royal line has all those high qualifications which are necessary to fix the crown upon his own head, and to transmit it to his posterity. We may, indeed, observe, that every series of kings who have kept up the succession in their respective families, in spite of all pretensions and oppositions formed against them, has been headed by princes famous for valour and wisdom. I need only mention the names of William the Conqueror, Henry the Second, Henry the Fourth, Edward the Fourth, and Henry the Seventh. As for King James the First, the founder of the Stuart race, had he been as well turned for the camp as the cabinet, and not confined all his views[1] to the peace and tranquillity of his own reign, his son had not been involved in such fatal troubles and confusions.

Were an honest Briton to wish for a sovereign, who, in the present situation of affairs, would be most capable of advancing our national happiness, what could he desire more than a prince mature in wisdom and experience; renowned for his valour and resolution; successful and fortunate in his undertakings; zealous for the reformed religion; related or allied to all the most considerable Protestant powers of Europe; and blessed with a numerous issue! A failure in any one of these particulars has been the cause of infinite calamities to the British nation; but when they all thus happily concur in the same person, they are as much as can be suggested, even by our wishes, for making us a happy people, so far as the qualifications of a monarch can contribute to it.

I shall not attempt a character of his present Majesty, having already given an imperfect sketch of it in my second paper; but shall choose rather to observe that cruel treatment which this excellent prince has met with from the tongues and pens of some of his disaffected subjects. The baseness, ingratitude, and injustice of which practice will appear to us, if we consider,

First, that it reflects highly upon the good sense of the

[1] Had he *been* as well *turned* for the camp as the cabinet, and *not confined* all his views, &c.] This way of coupling a passive and active verb together is not accurate.

British nation, who do not know how to set a just value upon a prince whose virtues have gained him the universal esteem of foreign countries. Those potentates who, as some may suppose, do not wish well to his affairs, have shown the greatest respect to his personal character, and testified their readiness to enter into such friendships and alliances as may be advantageous to his people. The northern kings solicit him with impatience to come among them, as the only person capable of settling the several claims and pretensions which have produced such unspeakable calamities in that part of the world. Two of the most remote and formidable powers of Europe have entertained thoughts of submitting their disputes to his arbitration. Every one knows his ancient subjects had such a long experience of his sovereign virtues, that at his departure from them his whole people were in tears; which were answered with all those sentiments of humanity that arise in the heart of a good prince on so moving an occasion. What a figure, therefore, must we make among mankind, if we are the only people of Europe who derogate from his merit, that may be made happy by it; and if, in a kingdom which is grown glorious by the reputation of such a sovereign, there are multitudes who would endeavour to lessen and undervalue it.

In the next place, such treatment from any part of our fellow-subjects is by no means answerable to what we receive from his Majesty. His love and regard for our constitution is so remarkable, that, as we are told by those whose office it is to lay the business of the nation before him, it is his first question, upon any matter of the least doubt or difficulty, whether it be in every point according to the laws of the land? He is easy of access to those who desire it, and is so gracious in his behaviour and condescension on such occasions, that none of his subjects retire from his presence without the greatest idea of his wisdom and goodness. His continued application to such public affairs as may conduce to the benefit of his kingdoms, diverts him from those pleasures and entertainments which may be indulged by persons in a lower station, and are pursued with eagerness by princes who have not the care of the public so much at heart. The least return which we can make to such a sovereign, is that tribute which is always paid by honest men, and is always acceptable to great minds, the praise and approbation that are due to a

virtuous and noble character. Common decency forbids opprobrious language, even to a bad prince; and common justice will exact from us, towards a good prince, the same benevolence and humanity with which he treats his subjects. Those who are influenced by duty and gratitude, will rise much higher in all the expressions of affection and respect, and think they can never do too much to advance the glory of a sovereign, who takes so much pains to advance their happiness.

When we have a king, who has gained the reputation of the most unblemished probity and honour, and has been famed, through the whole course of his life, for an inviolable adherence to his promises, we may acquiesce (after his many solemn declarations) in all those measures which it is impossible for us to judge rightly of, unless we were let into such schemes of counsel and intelligence as produce them; and therefore we should rather turn our thoughts upon the reasonableness of his proceedings, than busy ourselves to form objections against them. The consideration of his Majesty's character should at all times suppress our censure of his conduct: and since we have never yet seen or heard of any false steps in his behaviour, we ought in justice to think, that he governs himself by his usual rules of wisdom and honour, until we discover something to the contrary.

These considerations ought to reconcile to his Majesty the hearts and tongues of all his people: but as for those who are the obstinate, irreclaimable, professed enemies to our present establishment, we must expect their calumnies will not only continue, but rise against him in proportion as he pursues such measures as are likely to prove successful, and ought to recommend him to his people.

No. 47. FRIDAY, JUNE 1.

—cessit furor, et, rabida ora quierunt. VIRG.

I QUESTION not but most of my readers will be very well pleased to hear, that my friend the fox-hunter, of whose arrival in town I gave notice in my forty-fourth paper, is become a convert to the present establishment, and a good subject to King George. The motives to his conversion shall

be the subject of this paper, as they may be of use to other persons who labour under those prejudices and prepossessions, which hung so long upon the mind of my worthy friend. These I had an opportunity of learning the other day, when, at his request, we took a ramble together, to see the curiosities of this great town.

The first circumstance, as he ingenuously confessed to me, (while we were in the coach together,) which helped to disabuse him, was seeing King Charles I. on horseback, at Charing Cross; for he was sure that prince could never have kept his seat there, had the stories been true he had heard in the country, that forty-one was come about again.

He owned to me that he looked with horror on the new church that is half built in the Strand, as taking it, at first sight, to be half demolished: but upon inquiring of the workmen, was agreeably surprised to find, that instead of pulling it down, they were building it up; and that fifty more were raising[1] in other parts of the town.

To these I must add a third circumstance, which I find had no small share in my friend's conversion. Since his coming to town, he chanced to look into the church of St. Paul, about the middle of sermon-time, where, having first examined the dome, to see if it stood safe, (for the screw-plot still ran in his head,) he observed, that the lord mayor, aldermen, and city sword, were a part of the congregation. This sight had the more weight with him, as, by good luck, not above two of that venerable body were fallen asleep.

This discourse held us till we came to the Tower; for our first visit was to the lions. My friend, who had a great deal of talk with their keeper, inquired very much after their health, and whether none of them had fallen sick upon the taking of Perth, and the flight of the Pretender? and hearing they were never better in their lives, I found he was extremely startled: for he had learned from his cradle, that the lions in the Tower were the best judges of the title of our British kings, and always sympathized with our sovereigns.

After having here satiated our curiosity, we repaired to the Monument, where my fellow-traveller, being a well-breathed man, mounted the ascent with much speed and

[1] *Were raising.*] The verb, *to raise*, is always used transitively: the participle, therefore, cannot be intransitive. It should be—*were rising.*

activity. I was forced to halt so often in this perpendicular march, that, upon my joining him on the top of the pillar, I found he had counted all the steeples and towers which were discernible from this advantageous situation, and was endeavouring to compute the number of acres they stood upon. We were both of us very well pleased with this part of the prospect; but I found he cast an evil eye upon several warehouses, and other buildings, that looked like barns, and seemed capable of receiving great multitudes of people. His heart misgave him that these were so many meeting-houses, but, upon communicating his suspicions to me, I soon made him easy in this particular.

We then turned our eyes upon the river, which gave me an occasion to inspire him with some favourable thoughts of trade and merchandise, that had filled the Thames with such crowds of ships, and covered the shore with such swarms of people.

We descended very leisurely, my friend being careful to count the steps, which he registered in a blank leaf of his new almanack. Upon our coming to the bottom, observing an English inscription upon the basis, he read it over several times, and told me he could scarce believe his own eyes, for that he had often heard from an old attorney, who lived near him in the country, that it was the Presbyterians who burned down the city; whereas, says he, this pillar positively affirms in so many words, that "the burning of this ancient city was begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty, and introducing Popery and slavery." This account, which he looked upon to be more authentic than if it had been in print, I found, made a very great impression upon him.

We now took coach again, and made the best of our way for the Royal Exchange, though I found he did not much care to venture himself into the throng of that place; for he told me he had heard they were, generally speaking, republicans, and was afraid of having his pocket picked amongst them. But he soon conceived a better opinion of them, when he spied the statue of King Charles II. standing up in the middle of the crowd, and most of the kings in Baker's Chronicle ranged in order over their heads; from whence he

very justly concluded, that an antimonarchical assembly could never choose such a place to meet in once a day.

To continue this good disposition in my friend, after a short stay at Stock's Market, we drove away directly for the Mews, where he was not a little edified with the sight of those fine sets of horses which have been brought over from Hanover, and with the care that is taken of them. He made many good remarks upon this occasion, and was so pleased with his company, that I had much ado to get him out of the stable.

In our progress to St. James's Park (for that was the end of our journey) he took notice, with great satisfaction, that, contrary to his intelligence in the country, the shops were all open and full of business; that the soldiers walked civilly in the streets; that clergymen, instead of being affronted, had generally the wall given them; and that he had heard the bells ring to prayers from morning to night in some part of the town or another.[1]

As he was full of these honest reflections, it happened very luckily for us, that one of the king's coaches passed by with the three young princesses in it, whom by an accidental stop we had an opportunity of surveying for some time; my friend was ravished with the beauty, innocence, and sweetness that appeared in all their faces. He declared several times, that they were the finest children he had ever seen in all his life; and assured me that, before this sight, if any one had told him it had been possible for three such pretty children to have been born out of England, he should never have believed them.

We were now walking together in the Park, and as it is usual for men who are naturally warm and heady, to be transported with the greatest flush of good nature when they are once sweetened; he owned to me very frankly, he had been much imposed upon by those false accounts of things

[1] *In some part of the town or another.*] We say—in *some* part or *other*, —and, in *one* part or *another*. The reason seems to be, that the adjective, *some*, is less definitive than *one*, and conveys in it a confused idea of *plurality*, even though the noun to which it is joined be singular. As here, *some part* is nearly equivalent to *some parts;* the correlative, therefore, is, *other*, that is, *other parts;* while the correlative to *one* part is necessarily *another*, or *one* other. When *some*, in this form of expression, is followed by *another*, the extent of that adjective is limited by the addition of *one:* as, when we say *in some one* part of the town, or *another*.

he had heard in the country; and that he would make it his business, upon his return thither, to set his neighbours right, and give them a more just notion of the present state of affairs.

What confirmed my friend in this excellent temper of mind, and gave him an inexpressible satisfaction, was a message he received, as we were walking together, from the prisoner for whom he had given his testimony in his late trial. This person having been condemned for his part in the late rebellion, sent him word that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to reprieve him, with several of his friends, in order, as it was thought, to give them their lives; and that he hoped before he went out of town they should have a cheerful meeting, and drink health and prosperity to King George.

No. 48. MONDAY, JUNE 4.

Tu tamen, si habes aliquam spem de Republica, sive desperas; ea para, meditare, cogita, quæ esse in eo cive ac viro debent, qui sit Rempublicam afflictam et oppressam miseris temporibus ac perditis moribus in veterem dignitatem ac libertatem vindicaturus. CICER.

THE condition of a minister of state is only suited to persons who, out of a love to their king and country, desire rather to be useful to the public than easy to themselves. When a man is posted[1] in such a station, whatever his behaviour may be, he is sure, beside the natural fatigue and trouble of it, to incur the envy of some, and the displeasure of others; as he will have many rivals whose ambition he cannot satisfy, and many dependants whose wants he cannot provide for. These are misfortunes inseparable from such public employments, in all countries; but there are several others which hang upon this condition of life in our British government, more than any other sovereignty in Europe: as, in the first place, there is no other nation which is so equally divided into two opposite parties, whom it is impossible to please at the same time. Our notions of the public good, with relation both to ourselves and foreigners, are of so different a nature, that those measures which are extolled by

[1] *Posted.*] A vulgar and unauthorized word. He might have said—*placed in*, or *advanced to*, such a station.

one half of the kingdom, are naturally decried by the other. Besides, that in a British administration, many acts of government are absolutely necessary, in which one of the parties must be favoured and obliged, in opposition to their antagonists. So that the most perfect administration, conducted by the most consummate wisdom and probity, must unavoidably produce opposition, enmity, and defamation, from multitudes who are made happy by it.

Farther, it is peculiarly observed of our nation, that almost every man in it is a politician, and hath a scheme of his own, which he thinks preferable to that of any other person. Whether this may proceed from that spirit of liberty which reigns among us, or from those great numbers of all ranks and conditions, who from time to time are concerned in the British legislature, and by that means are let into the business of the nation, I shall not take upon me to determine. But for this reason it is certain, that a British ministry must expect to meet with many censurers, even in their own party, and ought to be satisfied, if, allowing to every particular man that his private scheme is wisest, they can persuade him that next to his own plan that of the government is the most eligible.

Besides, we have a set of very honest and well-meaning gentlemen in England, not to be met with in other countries, who take it for granted they can never be in the wrong, so long as they oppose ministers of state. Those whom they have admired through the whole course of their lives for their honour and integrity, though they still persist to act in their former character, and change nothing but their stations, appear to them in a disadvantageous light, as soon as they are placed upon state eminences. Many of these gentlemen have been used to think there is a kind of slavery in concurring with the measures of great men, and that the good of the country is inconsistent with the inclinations of the court: by the strength of these prejudices, they are apt to fancy a man loses his honesty, from the very moment that he is made the most capable of being useful to the public; and will not consider that it is every whit as honourable to assist a good minister as to oppose a bad one.

In the last place, we may observe, that there are greater numbers of persons who solicit for places, and perhaps are fit for them, in our own country, than in any other. To

which we must add, that, by the nature of our constitution, it is in the power of more particular persons in this kingdom, than in any other, to distress the government when they are disobliged. A British minister must, therefore, expect to see many of those friends and dependants fall off from him, whom he cannot gratify in their demands upon him; since, to use the phrase of a late statesman, who knew very well how to form a party, "the pasture is not large enough."

Upon the whole: the condition of a British minister labours under so many difficulties, that we find in almost every reign since the conquest, the chief ministers have been new men, or such as have raised themselves to the greatest posts in the government, from the state of private gentlemen. Several of them neither rose from any conspicuous family, nor left any behind them, being of that class of eminent persons, whom Sir Francis Bacon speaks of, who, like comets or blazing stars, draw upon them the whole attention of the age in which they appear, though nobody knows whence they came, nor where they are lost. Persons of hereditary wealth and title have not been over-forward to engage in so great a scene of cares and perplexities, nor to run all the risks of so dangerous a situation. Nay, many whose greatness and fortune were not made to their hands, and had sufficient qualifications and opportunities of rising to these high posts of trust and honour, have been deterred from such pursuits by the difficulties that attend them, and chose rather to be easy than powerful; or, if I may use the expression, to be carried in the chariot than to drive it.

As the condition of a minister of state in general is subject to many burdens and vexations; and as that of a British minister in particular is involved in several hazards and difficulties peculiar to our own country; so is this high station exposed more than ordinary to such inconveniences in the present juncture of affairs; first, as it is the beginning of a new establishment among us; and, secondly, as this establishment hath been disturbed by a dangerous rebellion.

If we look back into our English history, we shall always find the first monarch of a new line received with the greatest opposition, and reconciling to himself, by degrees, the duty and affection of his people. The government, on such occasions, is always shaken before it settles. The inveteracy of the people's prejudices, and the artifices of domestic ene-

mies, compelled their rulers to make use of all means for reducing them to their allegiance, which perhaps, after all, was brought about rather by time than by policy. When commotions and disturbances are of an extraordinary and unusual nature, the proceedings of the government must be so too. The remedy must be suited to the evil, and I know no juncture more difficult to a minister of state, than such as requires uncommon methods to be made use of, when, at the same time, no other can be made use of than what are prescribed by the known laws of our constitution. Several measures may be absolutely necessary in such a juncture, which may be represented as hard and severe, and would not be proper in a time of public peace and tranquillity. In this case Virgil's excuse, which he puts in the mouth of a fictitious sovereign, upon a complaint of this nature, hath the utmost force of reason and justice on its side—*Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt.* "The difficulties that I meet with in the beginning of my reign make such a proceeding necessary."

In the next place, as this establishment has been disturbed by a dangerous rebellion, the ministry has been involved in many additional and supernumerary difficulties. It is a common remark, that English ministers never fare so well as in a time of war with a foreign power, which diverts the private feuds and animosities of the nation, and turns their efforts upon the common enemy. As a foreign war is favourable to a ministry, a rebellion is no less dangerous; if it succeeds, they are the first persons who must fall a sacrifice to it; if it is defeated, they naturally become odious to all the secret favourers and abettors of it. Every method they make use of for preventing or suppressing it, and for deterring others from the like practices for the future, must be unacceptable and displeasing to the friends, relations, and accomplices of the guilty. In cases where it is thought necessary to make examples, it is the humour of the multitude to forget the crime, and remember the punishment. However, we have already seen, and still hope to see, so many instances of mercy in his Majesty's government, that our chief ministers have more to fear from the murmurs of their too violent friends, than from the reproaches of their enemies.

No. 49. FRIDAY, JUNE 8.

—jam nunc sollennes ducere pompas
Ad delubra juvat— VIRG.

YESTERDAY was set apart as a day of public thanksgiving for the late extraordinary successes, which have secured to us everything that can be esteemed, and delivered us from everything that can be apprehended, by a Protestant and a free people. I cannot but observe, upon this occasion, the natural tendency in such a national devotion, to inspire men with sentiments of religious gratitude, and to swell their hearts with inward transports of joy and exultation.

When instances of Divine favour are great in themselves, when they are fresh upon the memory, when they are peculiar to a certain country, and commemorated by them in large and solemn assemblies; a man must be of a very cold or degenerate temper, whose heart doth not burn within him in the midst of that praise and adoration, which arises at the same hour in all the different parts of the nation, and from the many thousands of the people.

It is impossible to read of extraordinary and national acts of worship, without being warmed with the description, and feeling some degree of that divine enthusiasm, which spreads itself among a joyful and religious multitude. A part of that exuberant devotion, with which the whole assembly raised and animated one another, catches a reader at the greatest distance of time, and makes him a kind of sharer in it.

Among all the public solemnities of this nature, there is none in history so glorious as that under the reign of King Solomon, at the dedication of the temple. Besides the great officers of state, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, all the elders and heads of tribes, with the whole body of the people ranged under them, from one end of the kingdom to the other, were summoned to assist in it. We may guess at the prodigious number of this assembly from the sacrifice on which they feasted, consisting of a hundred and twenty thousand sheep, and two hundred and twenty hecatombs of oxen. When this vast congregation was formed into a regular procession to attend the ark of the covenant, the king marched at the head of his people, with hymns and dances, to the

new temple, which he had erected for its reception. Josephus tells us, that the Levites sprinkled the way as they passed with the blood of sacrifices, and burned the holy incense in such quantities as refreshed the whole multitude with its odours, and filled all the region about them with perfume. When the ark was deposited under the wings of the cherubims in the holy place, the great consort of praise began. It was enlivened with a hundred and twenty trumpets, assisted with a proportionable number of other kinds of musical instruments, and accompanied with innumerable voices of all the singers of Israel, who were instructed and set apart to religious performances of this kind. As this mighty chorus was extolling their Maker, and exciting the whole nation thus assembled, to the praise of his never-ceasing goodness and mercy, the Shekinah descended; or, to tell it in the more emphatical words of holy writ, "It came to pass, as the trumpets and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, and when they lift up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever; that then the house was filled with a cloud." The priests themselves, not able to bear the awfulness of the appearance, retired into the court of the temple, where the king, being placed upon a brazen scaffold, so as to be seen by the whole multitude, blessed the congregation of Israel, and afterwards, spreading forth his hands to heaven, offered up that divine prayer which is twice recorded at length in Scripture, and has always been looked upon as a composition fit to have proceeded from the wisest of men. He had no sooner finished his prayer, when a flash of fire fell from heaven, and burned up the sacrifice which lay ready upon the altar. The people, whose hearts were gradually moved by the solemnity of the whole proceeding, having been exalted by the religious strains of music, and awed by the appearance of that glory which filled the temple, seeing now the miraculous consumption of the sacrifice, and observing the piety of their king, who lay prostrate before his Maker, "bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped and praised the Lord, saying For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever."

What happiness might not such a kingdom promise to itself, where the same elevated spirit of religion ran through the prince, the priests, and the people! But I shall quit this head, to observe that such an uncommon fervour of devotion showed itself among our own countrymen, and in the persons of three princes, who were the greatest conquerors in our English history. These are Edward the Third, his son the Black Prince, and Henry the Fifth. As for the first we are told that, before the famous battle of Cressy, he spent the greatest part of the night in prayer, and in the morning received the sacrament with his son, the chief of his officers, and nobility. The night of that glorious day was no less piously distinguished by the orders, which he gave out to his army, that they should forbear all insulting of their enemies, or boasting of their own valour, and employ their time in returning thanks to the Great Giver of the victory. The Black Prince, before the battle of Poictiers, declared, that his whole confidence was in the Divine assistance; and after that great victory, behaved himself in all particulars like a truly Christian conqueror. Eight days successively were appointed by his father in England, for a solemn and public thanksgiving; and when the young prince returned in triumph with a king of France as his prisoner, the pomp of the day consisted chiefly in extraordinary processions, and acts of devotion. The behaviour of the Black Prince, after a battle in Spain, whereby he restored the King of Castile to his dominions, was no less remarkable. When that king, transported with his success, flung himself upon his knees to thank him, the generous prince ran to him, and, taking him by the hand, told him it was not he who could lay any claim to his gratitude, but desired they might go to the altar together, and jointly return their thanks to whom only it was due.[1]

Henry the Fifth (who, at the beginning of his reign, made a public prayer in the presence of his Lords and Commons, that he might be cut off by an immediate death, if Providence foresaw he would not prove a just and good governor, and promote the welfare of his people) manifestly

[1] *To whom only it was due.*] Certainly better than—*to* him *to* whom it was due—the sense is clear enough, and the ellipsis fully justified by the ear.

derived his courage from his piety, and was scrupulously careful not to ascribe the success of it to himself. When he came within sight of that prodigious army, which offered him battle at Agincourt, he ordered all his cavalry to dismount, and, with the rest of his forces, to implore upon their knees a blessing on their undertaking. In a noble speech, which he made to his soldiers immediately before the first onset, he took notice of a very remarkable circumstance, namely, that this very day of battle was the day appointed in his own kingdom, to offer up public devotions for the prosperity of his arms; and therefore bid them not doubt of victory, since, at the same time they were fighting in the field, all the people of England were lifting up their hands to heaven for their success. Upon the close of that memorable day, in which the king had performed wonders with his own hand, he ordered the hundred and fifteenth Psalm to be repeated in the midst of his victorious army, and at the words, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise," he himself, with his whole host, fell to the earth upon their faces, ascribing to Omnipotence the whole glory of so great an action.

I shall conclude this paper with a reflection, which naturally rises out of it. As there is nothing more beautiful in the sight of God and man, than a king and his people concurring in such extraordinary acts of devotion, one cannot suppose a greater contradiction and absurdity in a government, than where the king is of one religion and the people of another. What harmony or correspondence can be expected between a sovereign and his subjects, when they cannot join together in the most joyful, the most solemn, and most laudable action of reasonable creatures; in a word, where the prince considers his people as heretics, and the people look upon their prince as an idolater!

No. 50. MONDAY, JUNE 11.

O quisquis volet impias
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civicam:
Si quæret pater urbium
Subscribi statuis; indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam
Clarus postgenitis— HOR.

WHEN Mahomet had for many years endeavoured to propagate his imposture among his fellow-citizens, and, instead of gaining any number of proselytes, found his ambition frustrated, and his notions ridiculed; he forbad his followers the use of argument and disputation in the advancing of his doctrines, and to rely only[1] upon the cimeter for their success. Christianity, he observed, had made its way by reason and miracles, but he professed it was his design to save men by the sword. From that time he began to knock down his fellow-citizens with a great deal of zeal, to plunder caravans with a most exemplary sanctity, and to fill all Arabia with an unnatural medley of religion and bloodshed.

The enemies of our happy establishment seem at present to copy out the piety of this seditious prophet, and to have recourse to his laudable method of club-law, when they find all other means of enforcing the absurdity of their opinions to be ineffectual. It was usual among the ancient Romans, for those, who had saved the life of a citizen, to be dressed in an oaken garland; but among us, this has been a mark of such well-intentioned persons, as would betray their country if they were able, and beat out the brains of their fellow-subjects. Nay, the leaders of this poor unthinking rabble, to show their wit, have lately decked them out of their kitchen gardens in a most insipid pun, very well suited to the capacity of such followers.

This manner of proceeding has had an effect quite contrary to the intention of these ingenious demagogues; for, by setting such an unfortunate mark on their followers, they have exposed them to innumerable drubs and contusions.

[1] *He forbad his followers the use of argument—and to rely only*, &c.] Perspicuity and grammar both call upon us to reform this sentence, thus—*he forbad his followers the use of argument, and* [required them] *to rely only*, &c.

They have been cudgelled most unmercifully in every part of London and Westminster; and over all the nation have avowed their principles, to the unspeakable damage of their bones. In short, if we may believe our accounts both from town and country, the noses and ears of the party are very much diminished, since they have appeared under this unhappy distinction.

The truth of it is, there is such an unaccountable frenzy and licentiousness spread through the basest of the people, of all parties and denominations, that if their skirmishes did not proceed to too great an extremity, one would not be sorry to see them bestowing so liberally upon one another, a chastisement which they so richly deserve. Their thumps and bruises might turn to account, and save the government a great deal of trouble, if they could beat each other into good manners.

Were not advice thrown away on such a thoughtless rabble, one would recommend to their serious consideration what is suspected, and indeed known, to be the cause of these popular tumults and commotions in this great city. They are the Popish missionaries, that lie concealed under many disguises in all quarters of the town, who mix themselves in these dark scuffles, and animate the mob to such mutual outrages and insults. This profligate species of modern apostles divert themselves at the expense of a government which is opposed to their interests, and are pleased to see the broken heads of heretics, in what party soever they have listed themselves. Their treatment of our silly countrymen puts me in mind of an account in Tavernier's Travels through the East Indies. This author tells us, there is a great wood in those parts very plentifully stocked with monkeys: that a large highway runs through the middle of this wood; and that the monkeys who live on the one side of this highway, are declared enemies to those who live on the other. When the inhabitants of that country have a mind to give themselves a diversion, it is usual for them to set these poor animals together by the ears; which they do after this manner: they place several pots of rice in the middle of the road, with great heaps of cudgels in the neighbourhood of every pot. The monkeys, on the first discovery of these provisions, descend from the trees on either side in prodigious numbers, take up the arms, with which their good friends have furn-

ished them, and belabour one another with a storm of thwacks, to the no small mirth and entertainment of the beholders. This mob of monkeys act, however, so far reasonably in this point, as the victorious side of the wood find, upon the repulse of their enemies, a considerable booty on the field of battle; whereas our party mobs are betrayed into the fray without any prospect of the feast.

If our common people have not virtue enough left among them, to lay aside this wicked and unnatural hatred, which is crept into their hearts against one another, nor sense enough to resist the artifice of those incendiaries, who would animate them to the destruction of their country; it is high time for the government to exert itself in the repressing of such seditious tumults and commotions. If that extraordinary lenity and forbearance, which has been hitherto shown on those occasions, proves ineffectual to that purpose, these miscreants of the community ought to be made sensible, that our constitution is armed with a sufficient force for the reformation of such disorders, and the settlement of the public peace.

There cannot be a greater affront to religion than such a tumultuous rising of the people, who distinguish the times set apart for the national devotions, by the most brutal scenes of violence, clamour, and intemperance. The day begins with a thanksgiving, and ends in a riot. Instead of the voice of mutual joy and gladness, there is nothing heard in our streets, but opprobrious language, ribaldry, and contention.

As such a practice is scandalous to our religion, so it is no less a reproach to our government. We are become a by-word among the nations for our ridiculous feuds and animosities, and fill all the public prints of Europe with accounts of our midnight brawls and confusions.

The mischiefs arising to private persons from these vile disturbers of the commonwealth are too many to be enumerated. The great and innocent are insulted by the scum and refuse of the people. Several poor wretches, who have engaged in these commotions, have been disabled for their lives from doing any good to their families and dependants; nay, several of them have fallen a sacrifice to their own inexcusable folly and madness. Should the government be wearied out of its present patience and forbearance, and

forced to execute all those powers with which it is invested for the preservation of the public peace, what is to be expected by such heaps of turbulent and seditious men!

These and the like considerations, though they may have no influence on the headstrong, unruly multitude, ought to sink into the minds of those who are their abettors, and who, if they escape the punishment here due to them, must very well know that these several mischiefs will be one day laid to their charge.

No. 51. FRIDAY, JUNE 15.

Quod si in hoc erro, libenter erro; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo. CICER.

As there is nothing which more improves the mind of man, than the reading of ancient authors, when it is done with judgment and discretion; so there is nothing which gives a more unlucky turn to the thoughts of a reader, when he wants discernment, and loves and admires the characters and actions of men in a wrong place. Alexander the Great was so inflamed with false notions of glory, by reading the story of Achilles in the Iliad, that, after having taken a town, he ordered the governor, who had made a gallant defence, to be bound by the feet to his chariot, and afterwards dragged the brave man round the city, because Hector had been treated in the same barbarous manner by his admired hero.

Many Englishmen have proved very pernicious to their own country, by following blindly the examples of persons to be met with in Greek and Roman history, who acted in conformity with their own governments, after a quite different manner than they would have acted in a constitution like that of ours. Such a method of proceeding is as unreasonable in a politician, as it would be in a husbandman to make use of Virgil's precepts of agriculture, in managing the soil of our country, that lies in a quite different climate, and under the influence of almost another sun.

Our regicides, in the commission of the most execrable murder, used to justify themselves from the conduct of Brutus, not considering that Cæsar, from the condition of a

fellow-citizen, had risen by the most indirect methods, and broken through all the laws of the community, to place himself at the head of the government, and enslave his country. On the other side, several of our English readers, having observed that a passive and unlimited obedience was paid to Roman emperors, who were possessed of the whole legislative, as well as executive power, have formerly endeavoured to inculcate the same kind of obedience, where there is not the same kind of authority.

Instructions, therefore, to be learned from histories of this nature, are only such as arise from particulars agreeable to all communities, or from such as are common to our own constitution, and to that of which we read. A tenacious adherence to the rights and liberties transmitted from a wise and virtuous ancestry, public spirit, and a love of one's country, submission to established laws, impartial administrations of justice, a strict regard to national faith, with several other duties, which are the supports and ornaments of government in general, cannot be too much admired among the states of Greece and Rome, nor too much imitated by our own community.

But there is nothing more absurd, than for men who are conversant in these ancient authors, to contract such a prejudice in favour of Greeks and Romans, as to fancy we are in the wrong in every circumstance whereby we deviate from their moral or political conduct. Yet nothing hath been more usual, than for men of warm heads to refine themselves up into this kind of state-pedantry: like the country schoolmaster, who, being used for many years to admire Jupiter, Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo, that appear with so much advantage in classic authors, made an attempt to revive the worship of the heathen gods. In short, we find many worthy gentlemen, whose brains have been as much turned by this kind of reading, as the grave knight's of Mancha were by his unwearied application to books of knight-errantry.

To prevent such mischiefs from arising out of studies, which, when rightly conducted, may turn very much to our advantage, I shall venture to assert, that in our perusal of Greek or Roman authors, it is impossible to find a religious or civil constitution, any way comparable to that which we enjoy in our own country. Had not our religion been infi-

nitely preferable to that of the ancient heathens, it would never have made its way through Paganism, with that amazing progress and activity. Its victories were the victories of reason, unassisted by the force of human power, and as gentle as the triumphs of light over darkness. The sudden reformation which it made among mankind, and which was so justly and frequently boasted of by the first apologists for Christianity, shows how infinitely preferable it is to any system of religion that prevailed in the world before its appearance. The pre-eminence of Christianity to any other general religious scheme which preceded it, appears likewise from this particular, that the most eminent and the most enlightened among the Pagan philosophers disclaimed many of those superstitious follies, which are condemned by revealed religion, and preached up several of those doctrines which are some of the most essential parts of it.

And here I cannot but take notice of that strange motive which is made use of in the history of freethinking, to incline us to depart from the revealed doctrines of Christianity, as adhered to by the people of Great Britain, because Socrates, with several other eminent Greeks, and Cicero, with many other learned Romans, did in the like manner depart from the religious notions of their own countrymen. Now this author should have considered, that those very points, in which these wise men disagreed from the bulk of the people, are points in which they agreed with the received doctrines of our nation. Their freethinking consisted in asserting the unity and immateriality of the Godhead, the immortality of the soul, a state of future rewards and punishments, and the necessity of virtue, exclusive of all silly and superstitious practices, to procure the happiness of a separate state. They were, therefore, only freethinkers, so far forth as they approached to the doctrines of Christianity, that is, to those very doctrines which this kind of authors would persuade us, as freethinkers, to doubt the truth of. Now I would appeal to any reasonable person, whether these great men should not have been proposed to our imitation, rather as they embraced these Divine truths, than only upon the account of their breaking lose from the common notions of their fellow-citizens. But this would disappoint the general tendency of such writings.

I shall only add under this head, that as Christianity recovered the law of nature out of all those errors and corruptions, with which it is overgrown in the times of Paganism,[1] our national religion has restored Christianity itself to that purity and simplicity in which it appeared, before it was gradually disguised and lost among the vanities and superstitions of the Romish church.

That our civil constitution is preferable to any among the Greeks or Romans, may appear from this single consideration; that the greatest theorists in matters of this nature, among those very people, have given the preference to such a form of government, as that which obtains in this kingdom above any other form whatsoever. I shall mention Aristotle, Polybius, and Cicero, that is, the greatest philosopher, the most impartial historian, and the most consummate statesman of all antiquity. These famous authors give the pre-eminence to a mixed government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. It would be very easy to prove, not only the reasonableness of this position, but to show, that there was never any constitution among the Greeks or Romans, in which these three branches were so well distinguished from each other, invested with such suitable proportions of power, and concurred together in the legislature, that is, in the most sovereign acts of government, with such a necessary consent and harmony, as are to be met with in the constitution of this kingdom. But I have observed, in a foregoing paper, how defective the Roman commonwealth was in this particular, when compared with our own form of government, and it will not be difficult for the reader, upon singling out any other ancient state, to find how far it will suffer in the parallel.

[1] It is overgrown in *the times* of Paganism,] i. e. in times *past:* he should, therefore, have said—it *was* overgrown.

No. 52. MONDAY, JUNE 18.

An tu populum Romanum esse illum putas qui constat ex iis, qui mercede conducuntur? qui impelluntur, ut vim afferant magistratibus? ut obsideant senatum? optent quotidie cædem, incendia, rapinas? quem tu tamen populum, nisi tabernis clausis, frequentare non poteras: cui populo duces Ventidios, Lollios, Sergios, præfeceras. O speciem, dignitatemque populi Romani, quam reges, quam nationes exteræ, quam gentes ultimæ pertimescunt; multitudinem hominum ex servis conductis, ex facinorosis, ex egentibus congregatam! CICER.

THERE is in all governments a certain temper of mind natural to the patriots and lovers of their constitution, which may be called state-jealousy. It is this which makes them apprehensive of every tendency in the people, or in any particular member of the community, to endanger or disturb that form of rule, which is established by the laws and customs of their country. This political jealousy is absolutely requisite in some degree for the preservation of a government, and very reasonable in persons who are persuaded of the excellency of their constitution, and believe that they derive from it the most valuable blessings of society.

This public-spirited passion is more strong and active under some governments than others. The commonwealth of Venice, which hath subsisted by it for near fourteen hundred years, is so jealous of all its members, that it keeps continual spies upon their actions; and if any one of them presume to censure the established plan of that republic, or touch upon any of its fundamentals, he is brought before a secret council of state, tried in a most rigorous manner, and put to death without mercy. The usual way of proceeding with persons who discover themselves unsatisfied with the title of their sovereign in despotic governments, is to confine the malecontent, if his crimes are not capital, to some castle or dungeon for life. There is, indeed, no constitution so tame and careless of their own defence, where any person dares to give the least sign or intimation of being a traitor in his heart.[1] Our English history furnishes us with many examples of great severities during the disputes be-

[1] This whole sentence is expressed very inaccurately. It might have been given thus—*There is, indeed, no constitution so tame and careless of its defence, as to permit that any person should dare to give*, &c.

tween the houses of York and Lancaster, inflicted on such persons as showed their disaffection to the prince who was on the throne. Every one knows, that a factious inn-keeper, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, was hanged, drawn, and quartered, for a saucy pun, which reflected, in a very dark and distant manner, upon the title of that prince to the crown. I do not mention the practice of other governments, as what should be imitated in ours, which, God be thanked, affords us all the reasonable liberty of speech and action, suited to a free people; nor do I take notice of this last instance of severity in our own country, to justify such a proceeding, but only to display the mildness and forbearance made use of under the reign of his present Majesty. It may, however, turn to the advantage of those who have been instrumental in stirring up the late tumults and seditions among the people, to consider the treatment which such a lawless ungoverned rabble would have met with in any other country, and under any other sovereign.

These incendiaries have had the art to work up into the most unnatural ferments, the most heavy and stupid part of the community; and, if I may use a fine saying of Terence upon another occasion, "to convert fools into madmen." This frenzy hath been raised among them to such a degree, that it has lately discovered itself in a sedition which is without a parallel. They have had the fool-hardiness to set a mark upon themselves on the Pretender's birth-day, as the declared friends to his cause, and professed enemies to their king and country. How fatal would such a distinction, of which every one knew the meaning, have proved in former reigns, when many a circumstance of less significancy has been construed into an overt act of high treason! This unexampled piece of insolence will appear under its just aggravations, if we consider, in the first place, that it was aimed personally at the king.

I do not remember among any of our popular commotions, when marks of this nature have been in fashion, that either side were so void of common sense, as to intimate by them an aversion to their sovereign. His person was still held as sacred by both parties. The contention was not who should be the monarch over them, but whose scheme of policy should take place in his administration. This was the conduct of Whigs and Tories under King Charles the Second's reign, when

men hung out their principles in different coloured ribbons. Nay, in the times of the great rebellion, the avowed disaffection of the people always terminated in evil counsellors. Such an open outrage upon Majesty, such an ostentation of disloyalty, was reserved for that infamous rabble of Englishmen, who may be justly looked upon as the scandal of the present age, and the most shameless and abandoned race of men that our nation has yet produced.

In the next place, it is very peculiar to this mob of malecontents, that they did not only distinguish themselves against their king, but against a king possessed of all the power of the nation, and one who had so very lately crushed all those of the same principles, that had bravery enough to avow them in the field of battle. Whenever was there an instance of a king who was not contemptible for his weakness and want of power to resent, insulted by a few of his unarmed dastard subjects?

It is plain, from this single consideration, that such a base, ungenerous race of men could rely upon nothing for their safety in this affront to his Majesty, but the known gentleness and lenity of his government. Instead of being deterred by knowing that he had in his hands the power to punish them, they were encouraged by knowing that he had not the inclination. In a word, they presumed upon that mercy, which in all their conversations they endeavour to depreciate and misrepresent.

It is a very sensible concern to every one, who has a true and unfeigned respect of our national religion, to hear these vile miscreants calling themselves sons of the church of England, amidst such impious tumults and disorders; and joining in the cry of high-church, at the same time that they bear a badge, which implies their inclination to destroy the reformed religion. Their concern for the church always rises highest when they are acting in direct opposition to its doctrines. Our streets are filled at the same time with zeal and drunkenness, riots and religion. We must confess, if noise and clamour, slander and calumny, treason and perjury, were articles of their communion, there would be none living more punctual in the performance of their duties; but if a peaceable behaviour, a love of truth, and a submission to superiors, are the genuine marks of our profession, we ought to be very heartily ashamed of such a profligate brotherhood. Or if we

will still think and own these men to be true sons of the church of England, I dare say there is no church in Europe which will envy her the glory of such disciples. But it is to be hoped we are not so fond of party, as to look upon a man, because he is a bad Christian, to be a good church of England man.

No. 53. FRIDAY, JUNE 22.

—Bellua centiceps. HOR.

THERE is scarce any man in England, of what denomination soever, that is not a freethinker in politics, and hath not some particular notions of his own, by which he distinguishes himself from the rest of the community. Our island, which was formerly called a nation of saints, may now be called a nation of statesmen. Almost every age, profession, and sex among us, has its favourite set of ministers, and scheme of government.

Our children are initiated into factions before they know their right hand from their left. They no sooner begin to speak, but Whig and Tory are the first words they learn. They are taught in their infancy to hate one half of the nation; and contract all the virulence and passion of a party before they come to the use of their reason.

As for our nobility, they are politicians by birth; and though the commons of the nation delegate their power in the community to certain representatives, every one reserves to himself a private jurisdiction, or privilege, of censuring their conduct, and rectifying the legislature. There is scarce a fresh man in either university, who is not able to mend the constitution in several particulars. We see 'squires and yeomen coming up to town every day, so full of politics, that, to use the thought of an ingenious gentleman, we are frequently put in mind of Roman dictators, who were called from the plough. I have often heard of a senior alderman in Buckinghamshire, who, at all public meetings, grows drunk in praise of aristocracy; and is as often encountered by an old justice of the peace who lives in the neighbourhood, and will talk you from morning till night on the Gothic balance. Who hath not observed several parish clerks, that

have ransacked Hopkins and Sternhold for staves in favour of the race of Jacob; after the example of their politic predecessors in Oliver's days, who, on every sabbath, were for binding kings in chains, and nobles in links of iron! You can scarce see a bench of porters without two or three casuists in it, that will settle you the right of princes, and state the bounds of the civil and ecclesiastical power, in the drinking of a pot of ale. What is more usual than on a rejoicing night to meet with a drunken cobbler bawling out for the church, and perhaps knocked down a little after by an enemy in his own profession, who is a lover of moderation!

We have taken notice, in former papers, of this political ferment being got into the female sex, and of the wild work it makes among them. We have had a late most remarkable instance of it in a contest between a sister of the white rose, and a beautiful and loyal young lady, who, to show her zeal for revolution principles, had adorned her pretty bosom with a sweet-william. The rabble of the sex have not been ashamed very lately to gather about bonfires, and scream out their principles in the public streets. In short, there is hardly a female in this our metropolis, who is not a competent judge of our highest controversies in church and state. We have several oyster-women that hold the unlawfulness of episcopacy; and cinder-wenches that are great sticklers for indefeasible right.

Of all the ways and means by which this political humour hath been propagated among the people of Great Britain, I cannot single out any so prevalent and universal, as the late constant application of the press to the publishing of state-matters. We hear of several that are newly erected in the country, and set apart for this particular use. For, it seems, the people of Exeter, Salisbury, and other large towns, are resolved[1] to be as great politicians as the inhabitants of London and Westminster; and deal out such news of their own printing, as is best suited to the genius of the market-people and taste of the country.

One cannot but be sorry, for the sake of these places, that such a pernicious machine is erected among them; for it is very well known here, that the making of the politician is the breaking of the tradesman. When a citizen turns a

[1] What was only then *resolved* in one or two of our chief cities, is now executed in almost every great town of the kingdom. I write this in 1770.

Machiavel, he grows too cunning to mind his own business and I have heard a curious observation, that the woollen manufacture has of late years decayed in proportion as the paper manufacture has increased. Whether the one may not properly be looked upon as the occasion of the other, I shall leave to the judgment of persons more profound in political inquiries.

As our news-writers record many facts which, to use their own phrase, "afford great matter of speculation," their readers speculate accordingly, and, by their variety of conjectures, in a few years become consummate statesmen: besides, as their papers are filled with a different party-spirit, they naturally divide the people into different sentiments, who generally consider rather the principles than the truth of the news-writer. This humour prevails to such a degree, that there are several well-meaning persons in the nation, who have been so misled by their favourite authors of this kind, that, in the present contention between the Turk and the emperor, they are gone over insensibly from the interests of Christianity, and become well-wishers to the Mahometan cause. In a word, almost every news-writer has his sect, which (considering the natural genius of our countrymen to mix, vary, or refine, in notions of state) furnishes every man, by degrees, with a particular system of policy. For, however any one may concur in the general scheme of his party, it is still with certain reserves and deviations, and with a salvo to his own private judgment.

Among this innumerable herd of politicians, I cannot but take notice of one set, who do not seem to play fair with the rest of the fraternity, and make a very considerable class of men. These are such as we may call the Afterwise, who, when any project fails, or hath not had its desired effect, foresaw all the inconveniences that would arise from it, though they kept their thoughts to themselves till they discovered the issue. Nay, there is nothing more usual than for some of these wise men, who applauded public measures, before they were put in execution, to condemn them upon their proving unsuccessful. The dictators in coffee-houses are generally of this rank, who often give shrewd intimations that things would have taken another turn had they been members of the cabinet.

How difficult must it be for any form of government to

continue undisturbed, or any ruler to be uncensured, where every one of the community is thus qualified for modelling the constitution, and is so good a judge in matters of state! A famous French wit, to show how the monarch of that nation, who has no partners in his sovereignty, is better able to make his way through all the difficulties of government, than an emperor of Germany, who acts in concert with many inferior fellow-sovereigns; compares the first to a serpent with many tails to one head; and the other, to a serpent with one tail to many heads; and puts the question, which of them is like to glide with most ease and activity through a thicket? The same comparison will hold in the business of a nation conducted by a ministry, or a whole kingdom of politicians.

No. 54. MONDAY, JUNE 25.

—Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.
Nuper solicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis. HOR.

THE general division of the British nation is into Whigs and Tories; there being very few, if any, who stand neuters in the dispute, without ranging themselves under one of these denominations. One would, therefore, be apt to think, that every member of the community, who embraces with vehemence the principles of either of these parties, had thoroughly sifted and examined them, and was secretly convinced of their preference to those of that party which he rejects. And yet it is certain, that most of our fellow-subjects are guided, in this particular, either by the prejudice of education, private interest, personal friendships, or a deference to the judgment of those, who perhaps, in their own hearts, disapprove the opinions which they industriously spread among the multitude. Nay, there is nothing more undoubtedly true, than that great numbers of one side concur in reality with the notions of those whom they oppose, were they able to explain their implicit sentiments, and to tell their own meaning.

However, as it becomes every reasonable man to examine those principles by which he acts, I shall in this paper select

some considerations, out of many, that might be insisted on, to show the preference of what is generally called the Whig-scheme, to that which is espoused by the Tories.

This will appear, in the first place, if we reflect upon the tendency of their respective principles, supposing them carried to their utmost extremity. For if, in this case, the worst consequences of the one are more eligible than the worst consequences of the other, it is a plain argument, that those principles are the most eligible of the two, whose effects are the least pernicious. Now the tendency of these two different sets of principles, as they are charged upon each party by its antagonists, is as follows. The Tories tell us, that the Whig-scheme would end in Presbyterianism and a commonwealth. The Whigs tell us, on the other side, that the Tory-scheme would terminate in Popery and arbitrary government. Were these reproaches mutually true, which would be most preferable[1] to any man of common sense, Presbyterianism and a republican form of government, or Popery and tyranny? Both extremes are indeed dreadful, but not equally so; both to be regarded with the utmost aversion by the friends of our constitution, and lovers of our country; but if one of them were inevitable, who would not rather choose to live under a state of excessive liberty, than of slavery; and not prefer a religion that differs from our own in the circumstantials, before one that differs from it in the essentials of Christianity!

Secondly, Let us look into the history of England, and see under which of these two schemes the nation has enjoyed most honour and prosperity. If we observe the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First,[2] (which an impudent Frenchman calls the reigns of King Elizabeth and Queen James,) we find the Whig-scheme took place under the first, and the Tory-scheme under the latter. The first, in whom the Whigs have always gloried, opposed and humbled the most powerful among the Roman Catholic princes; raised and supported the Dutch; assisted the French Pro-

[1] *Most preferable.*] *Preferable* is equivalent to the comparative degree. So that *most preferable* is a solecism, and the same thing as—*most welcomer.*

[2] The author is pleasant in making a Whig of Queen Elizabeth. But he thought it allowable, in so good a cause, to make use of a little sophistry.

testants; and made the reformed religion an over-balance for Popery through all Europe. On the contrary, her successor aggrandized the Catholic King; alienated himself from the Dutch; suffered the French power to increase, till it was too late to remedy it; and abandoned the interests of the king of Bohemia, grandfather to his present Majesty, which might have spread the reformed religion through all Germany. I need not describe to the reader the different state of the kingdom, as to its reputation, trade, and wealth, under these two reigns. We might, after this, compare the figure in which these kingdoms, and the whole Protestant interest of Europe, were placed by the conduct of King Charles the Second, and that of King William;[1] and every one knows which of the schemes prevailed in each of those reigns. I shall not impute to any Tory-scheme the administration of King James the Second, on condition that they do not reproach the Whigs with the usurpation of Oliver; as being satisfied that the principles of those governments are respectively disclaimed and abhorred by all the men of sense and virtue in both parties, as they now stand. But we have a fresh instance, which will be remembered with grief by the present age and all our posterity, of the influence both of Whig and Tory principles in the late reign. Was England ever so glorious in the eyes of Europe, as in that part of it when the first prevailed? or was it ever more contemptible than when the last took place?

I shall add, under this head, the preference of the Whig-scheme with regard to foreigners. All the Protestant states of Europe, who may be considered as neutral judges between both parties, and are well-wishers to us in general, as to a Protestant people, rejoice upon the success of a Whig-scheme; whilst all of the church of Rome, who contemn, hate, and detest us as the great bulwark of heresy, are as much pleased when the opposite party triumphs in its turn. And here let any impartial man put this question to his own heart, whether that party doth not act reasonably, who look upon the Dutch as their genuine friends and allies, considering that they are of the reformed religion, that they have assisted us in the greatest times of necessity, and that they can never entertain a thought of reducing us under their power. Or, on the other hand, let him consider whether that party

[1] This instance is to the purpose.

acts with more reason, who are the avowed friends of a nation, that are of the Roman Catholic religion, that have cruelly persecuted our brethren of the reformation, that have made attempts in all ages to conquer this island, and supported the interest of that prince, who abdicated the throne, and had endeavoured to subvert our civil and religious liberties.

Thirdly, Let us compare these two schemes from the effects they produce among ourselves within our own island; and these we may consider, first with regard to the king, and secondly with regard to the people.

First, With regard to the king. The Whigs have always professed and practised an obedience which they conceive agreeable to the constitution; whereas the Tories have concurred with the Whigs in their practice, though they differ from them in their professions; and have avowed a principle of passive obedience to the temptation, and afterwards to the destruction, of those who have relied upon it. Nor must I here omit to take notice of that firm and zealous adherence which the Whig party have shown to the Protestant succession, and to the cause of his present Majesty. I have never heard of any in this principle, who was either guilty or suspected of measures to defeat this establishment, or to overturn it, since it has taken effect. A consideration, which, it is hoped, may put to silence those who upbraid the Whig-schemes of government, with an inclination to a commonwealth, or a disaffection to kings.

Secondly, With regard to the people. Every one must own, that those laws which have most conduced to the ease and happiness of the subject, have always passed in those parliaments, which their enemies branded with the name of Whig, and during the time of a Whig ministry. And, what is very remarkable, the Tories are now forced to have recourse to those laws for shelter and protection: by which they tacitly do honour to the Whig-scheme, and own it more accommodated to the happiness of the people, than that which they espouse.

I hope I need not qualify these remarks with a supposition which I have gone upon through the whole course of my papers, that I am far from considering a great part of those who call themselves Tories, as enemies to the present establishment; and that by the Whigs I always mean those who

are friends to our constitution both in church and state. As we may look upon these to be, in the main, true lovers of their religion and country, they seem rather to be divided by accidental friendships and circumstances, than by any essential distinction.

No. 55. FRIDAY, JUNE 29.

—cæstus artemque repono. VIRG.

A RISING of parliament being a kind of cessation from politics, the Freeholder cannot let his paper drop at a more proper juncture. I would not be accessary to the continuing of our political ferment, when occasions of dispute are not administered to us by matters depending before the legislature; and when debates without-doors naturally fall with those in the two Houses of parliament. At the same time, a British Freeholder would very ill discharge his part, if he did not acknowledge, with becoming duty and gratitude, the excellency and seasonableness of those laws, by which the representatives of men in his rank have recovered their country in a great measure out of its confusions, and provided for its future peace and happiness under the present establishment. Their unanimous and regular proceeding, under the conduct of that honourable person who fills their chair with the most consummate abilities, and hath justly gained the esteem of all sides by the impartiality of his behaviour; the absolute necessity of some acts which they have passed, and their disinclination to extend them any longer[1] than that necessity required; their manifest aversion to enter upon schemes, which the enemies of our peace had insinuated to have been[2] their design; together with that temper so suitable to the dignity of such an assembly, at a juncture when it might have been expected that very unusual heats would have arisen[3] in a House of Commons, so zealous for

[1] *Extend longer.*] He should either have said—*extend them any further*, or *continue them any longer.*

[2] *Had insinuated to have been.*] Rather, *had insinuated to be*—But the expression, at best, is somewhat awkward. I should have said—"*which the enemies of our peace had charged them with projecting.*"

[3] *It might have been expected* that very unusual heats *would have arisen.*] Certainly, *would arise.*

their king and country; will be sufficient to quiet those groundless jealousies and suspicions, which have been industriously propagated by the ill-wishers to our constitution.

The undertaking, which I am now laying down, was entered upon in the very crisis of the late rebellion, when it was the duty of every Briton to contribute his utmost assistance to the government, in a manner suitable to his station and abilities. All services, which had a tendency to this end, had a degree of merit in them, in proportion as the event of that cause which they espoused was then doubtful. But at present they might be regarded, not as duties of private men to their endangered country, but as insults of the successful over their defeated enemies.

Our nation indeed continues to be agitated with confusions and tumults; but, God be thanked, these are only the impotent remains of an unnatural rebellion, and are no more than the after-tossings of a sea when the storm is laid. The enemies of his present Majesty, instead of seeing him driven from his throne, as they vainly hoped, find him in a condition to visit his dominions in Germany, without any danger to himself, or to the public; whilst his dutiful subjects would be in no ordinary concern upon this occasion, had they not the consolation to find themselves left under the protection of a prince, who makes it his ambition to copy out his royal father's example; and who, by his duty to his Majesty, and affection to his people, is so well qualified to be the guardian of the realm.

It would not be difficult to continue a paper of this kind, if one were disposed to resume the same subjects, and weary out the reader with the same thoughts in a different phrase, or to ramble through the cause of Whig and Tory, without any certain aim or method, in every particular discourse. Such a practice in political writers is like that of some preachers taken notice of by Dr. South, who being prepared only upon two or three points of doctrine, run the same round with their audience from one end of the year to the other, and are always forced to tell them, by way of preface, These are particulars of so great importance, that they cannot be sufficiently inculcated. To avoid this method of tautology, I have endeavoured to make every paper a distinct essay upon some particular subject, without deviating into points foreign to the tenor of each discourse. They are, in-

deed, most of them essays upon government, but with a view to the present situation of affairs in Great Britain: so that if they have the good fortune[1] to live longer than works of this nature generally do, future readers may see in them the complexion of the times in which they were written. However, as there is no employment so irksome, as that of transcribing out of one's self, next to that of transcribing out of others, I shall let drop the work, since there do not occur to me any material points, rising from our present situation, which I have not already touched upon.

As to the reasonings in these several papers, I must leave them to the judgment of others. I have taken particular care that they should be conformable to our constitution, and free from that mixture of violence and passion, which so often creeps into the works of political writers. A good cause doth not want any bitterness to support it, as a bad one cannot subsist without it. It is indeed observable, that an author is scurrilous in proportion as he is dull; and seems rather to be in a passion, because he cannot find out what to say for his own opinion, than because he has discovered any pernicious absurdities in that of his antagonists. A man satirized by writers of this class, is like one burnt in the hand with a cold iron: there may be ignominious terms and words of infamy in the stamp, but they leave no impression behind them.

It would indeed have been an unpardonable insolence for a fellow-subject to treat in a vindictive and cruel style those persons whom his Majesty has endeavoured to reduce to obedience by gentle methods, which he has declared from the throne to be most agreeable to his inclinations. May we not hope that all of this kind, who have the least sentiments of honour or gratitude, will be won over to their duty by so many instances of royal clemency, in the midst of so many repeated provocations? May we not expect that Cicero's words to Cæsar, in which he speaks of those who were Cæsar's enemies, and of his conduct towards them, may be applied to his Majesty: *Omnes enim qui fuerunt, aut suâ pertinaciâ vitam amiserunt, aut tuâ misericordiâ retinuerunt;*

[1] They have had, and will continue to have, *this good fortune;* not so much for their own intrinsic merit, (though it be considerable,) as for the high reputation which the author of them had so justly acquired to himself, by his other works. It follows, that if a writer would *live*, he should only, or chiefly, treat subjects of a general concern.

ut aut nulli supersint de inimicis, aut qui superfuerunt, amicissimi sint.—Quare gaude tuo isto tam excellenti bono, et fruere cum fortunâ, et gloriâ, tum etiam naturâ, et moribus tuis. Ex quo quidem maximus est fructus, jucunditasque sapienti—Nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus, quam ut possis, nec natura tua melius, quam ut velis, quamplurimos conservare—?

As for those papers of a gayer turn, which may be met with in this collection, my reader will of himself consider, how requisite they are to gain and keep up an audience to matters of this nature; and will perhaps be the more indulgent to them, if he observes, that they are none of them without a moral, nor contain anything but what is consistent with decency and good manners.

It is obvious, that the design of the whole work has been, to free the people's minds from those prejudices conveyed into them, by the enemies to the present establishment, against the king and royal family, by opening and explaining their real characters; to set forth his Majesty's proceedings, which have been very grossly misrepresented, in a fair and impartial light; to show the reasonableness and necessity of our opposing the Pretender to his dominions, if we have any regard to our religion and liberties; and, in a word, to incline the minds of the people to the desire and enjoyment of their own happiness. There is no question, humanly speaking, but these great ends will be brought about insensibly, as men will grow weary of a fruitless opposition; and be convinced, by experience, of a necessity to acquiesce under a government which daily gathers strength, and is able to disappoint the utmost efforts of its enemies. In the mean while, I would recommend to our malecontents, the advice given by a great moralist to his friend upon another occasion; that he would show it was in the power of wisdom to compose his passion; and let that be the work of reason which would certainly be the effect of time.

I shall only add, that if any writer shall do this paper so much honour, as to inscribe[1] the title of it to others, which may be published upon the laying down of this work; the whole praise or dispraise of such a performance will belong to some other author; this fifty-fifth being the last paper that will come from the hand of the Freeholder.

[1] *Inscribe to.*] We say—*ascribe to*—but, *inscribe on.*

OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.[1]

SECTION I.

I. General division of the following discourse, with regard to Pagan and Jewish authors, who mention particulars relating to our Saviour.
II. Not probable that any such should be mentioned by Pagan writers who lived at the same time, from the nature of such transactions.
III. Especially when related by the Jews.
IV. And heard at a distance by those who pretended to as great miracles as their own.
V. Besides, that no Pagan writers of that age lived in Judea or its confines.
VI. And because many books of that age are lost.
VII. An instance of one record proved to be authentic.
VIII. A second record of probable, though not undoubted, authority.

THAT I may lay before you a full state of the subject under our consideration, and methodize the several particulars that I touched upon in discourse with you; I shall first take notice of such Pagan authors, as have given their testimony

[1] The following work on the Christian Religion has great merit; but, from the nature of it, required a greater detail in the execution. For, as as an ancient writer [1] has well observed, —*fit totum et minus plenum, cum tanta rerum multitudo in angustum coarctanda sit; et brevitate ipsâ minùs clarum, maximè cùm et argumenta plurima et exempla, in quibus lumen est probationum, necesse sit præteriri.* However, the plan was ably conceived; and would, without doubt, if the author had lived, have been drawn out to a just extent. For we are told, he had taken great pains in collecting materials for it, and was more assiduous in digesting them *than his health would well allow.*[2]

Thus our Addison, like the admirable Pascal, closed his valuable life in meditating a defence of the Christian Religion. One is not surprised to find this agreement in the views of two such men; the one the sublimest genius, and the other the most cultivated, of modern times. But there was this lamented difference in their story. The spirit of Jansenism,

[1] Lactantius. Ep. D. J. præf

[2] Life by Mr. Tickell.

to the history of our Saviour; reduce these authors under their respective classes, and show what authority their testimonies carry with them. Secondly, I shall take notice of Jewish authors in the same light.

II. There are many reasons, why you should not expect that matters of such a wonderful nature should be taken notice of by those eminent Pagan writers who were contemporaries with Jesus Christ; or by those who lived before his disciples had personally appeared among them. and ascertained the report which had gone abroad concerning a life so full of miracles.

Supposing such things had happened at this day in Switzerland, or among the Grisons, who make a greater figure in Europe than Judea did in the Roman empire, would they be immediately believed by those who live at a great distance from them? or would any certain account of them be transmitted into foreign countries, within so short a space of time as that of our Saviour's public ministry? Such kinds of news, though never so true, seldom gain credit, till some time after they are transacted, and exposed to the examination of the curious, who, by laying together circumstances, attestations, and characters of those who are concerned in them, either receive, or reject, what at first none but eye-witnesses could absolutely believe or disbelieve. In a case of this sort, it was natural for men of sense and learning to treat the whole account as fabulous, or, at furthest, to suspend their belief of it, until all things stood together in their full light.

III. Besides, the Jews were branded not only for superstitions different from all the religions of the Pagan world, but in a particular manner ridiculed for being a credulous people; so that whatever reports of such a nature came out of that country, were looked upon by the heathen world as false, frivolous, and improbable.

IV. We may further observe, that the ordinary practice of magic in those times, with the many pretended prodigies, divinations, apparitions, and local miracles among the heathens, made them less attentive to such news from Judea,

falling on a temper naturally scrupulous, and a constitution always infirm, threw a sombrous fanatic air on Pascal's religious speculations, as it did on his life: while our happier countryman, by the benefit of better health and juster principles, maintained a constant sobriety in the conduct of each.

till they had time to consider the nature, the occasion, and the end of our Saviour's miracles, and were awakened by many surprising events to allow them any consideration at all.

V. We are indeed told by St. Matthew, that the fame of our Saviour, during his life, went throughout all Syria, and that there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee, Judea, Decapolis, Idumæa, from beyond Jordan, and from Tyre and Sidon. Now, had there been any historians of those times and places, we might have expected to have seen in them some account of those wonderful transactions in Judea; but there is not any single author extant, in any kind, of that age, in any of those countries.

VI. How many books have perished in which possibly there might have been mention of our Saviour! Look among the Romans, how few of their writings are come down to our times! In the space of two hundred years from our Saviour's birth, when there was such a multitude of writers in all kinds, how small is the number of authors that have made their way to the present age!

VII. One authentic record, and that the most authentic heathen record, we are pretty sure is lost. I mean the account sent by the governor of Judea, under whom our Saviour was judged, condemned, and crucified. It was the custom in the Roman empire, as it is to this day in all the governments of the world, for the prefects and viceroys of distant provinces to transmit to their sovereign a summary relation of everything remarkable in their administration. That Pontius Pilate, in his account, would have touched on so extraordinary an event in Judea, is not to be doubted; and that he actually did, we learn from Justin Martyr, who lived about a hundred years after our Saviour's death, resided, made converts, and suffered martyrdom at Rome, where he was engaged with philosophers, and in a particular manner with Crescens the Cynic, who could easily have detected, and would not fail to have exposed him, had he quoted a record not in being, or made any false citation out of it. Would the great apologist have challenged Crescens to dispute the cause of Christianity with him before the Roman senate, had he forged such an evidence? or would Crescens have refused the challenge, could he have triumphed over him in the detection of such a forgery? To which we must add,

that the apology, which appeals to this record, was presented to a learned emperor, and to the whole body of the Roman senate. This Father in his Apology, speaking of the death and suffering of our Saviour, refers the emperor for the truth of what he says to the Acts of Pontius Pilate, which I have here mentioned. Tertullian, who wrote his Apology about fifty years after Justin, doubtless referred to the same record, when he tells the governor of Rome, that the emperor Tiberius having received an account out of Palestine in Syria of the Divine Person, who had appeared in that country, paid him a particular regard, and threatened to punish any who should accuse the Christians; nay, that the emperor would have adopted him among the deities whom they worshipped, had not the senate refused to come in to his proposal. Tertullian, who gives us this history, was not only one of the most learned men of his age, but, what adds a greater weight to his authority in this case, was eminently skilful and well read in the laws of the Roman empire. Nor can it be said, that Tertullian grounded his quotation upon the authority of Justin Martyr, because we find he mixes it with matters of fact which are not related by that author. Eusebius mentions the same ancient record, but as it was not extant in his time I shall not insist upon his authority in this point. If it be objected, that this particular is not mentioned in any Roman historian, I shall use the same argument in a parallel case, and see whether it will carry any force with it. Ulpian, the great Roman lawyer, gathered together all the imperial edicts that had been made against the Christians. But did any one ever say, that there had been no such edicts, because they were not mentioned in the histories of those emperors? Besides, who knows but this circumstance of Tiberius was mentioned in other historians that have been lost, though not to be found in any still extant? Has not Suetonius many particulars of this emperor omitted by Tacitus, and Herodian many that are not so much as hinted at by either? As for the spurious Acts of Pilate, now extant, we know the occasion and time of their writing, and that had there not been a true and authentic record of this nature, they would never have been forged.

VIII. The story of Agbarus,[1] king of Edessa, relating to

[1] *The story of Agbarus*, &c.] Mr. Gibbon, in his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, taking occasion, I know not how or

the letter which he sent to our Saviour, and to that which he received from him, is a record of great authority; and though I will not insist upon it, may venture to say, that had we such an evidence for any fact in Pagan history, an

why, to mention this story of Agbarus, king of Edessa, and his correspondence with our Saviour, (to which some countenance is here given,) reprobates that tradition, and its abettors, in the following terms:—

"The evidence for these Epistles is stated and rejected by the candid Lardner. Among the herd of bigots who are forcibly driven from this convenient, but untenable post, I am ashamed, with the Grabes, Caves, Tillemonts, &c., to discover Mr. Addison, an English gentleman; but his superficial tract on the Christian Religion owes its credit to his name, his style, and the interested applause of our clergy."

Thus the historian, out of a liberal zeal against *a herd of bigots*. But he blushes to find Mr. Addison in that number; and, in good breeding, he could do no less, considering that Mr. Addison was not a pedant like the Grabes, Caves, and Tillemonts, but an *English gentleman*. Let the civility of this phrase then be acknowledged; and yet, as I know what a wag we have to deal with, I more than suspect it was employed only as the oily vehicle of his satire. For he immediately adds, that this tract of the English gentleman on the Christian Religion is *a superficial tract;* and that it *owes its credit to his name, his style, and the interested applause of our clergy.*

A superficial tract! —As if the author, or anybody else for him, had given it out, as an elaborate and complete work on the subject. Yet, if by *superficial* he means, not solid, or deficient in point of argument, I apprehend our critical historian is much mistaken. A single mistake (if the story he alludes to be one) in a large collection of evidence will not prove the charge: and a more exact and minute detail of facts could only set his arguments in a stronger light; not turn a bad argument into a good one.

But superficial as it is, it has gained *credit* in the world, which, however, he ascribes to his *name*, (and with reason, for it is a very good one,) and to his *style*, (very reasonably again, for his style is excellent, and must needs do honour to any work in which it is employed,) and to *the interested applause of our clergy*. Here the reason is not so apparent. The clergy, it seems, have cried up his defence of Christianity, because—they have an interest in his defence of it. But, what *interest*, let me ask, besides that which all honest men have in the maintenance of truth, virtue, and piety; in the prevalence of which, all their dearest interests, present and to come, are included? No, he will say, "it is the interest which the clergy have in supporting falsehood and imposture, for the sake of the emoluments annexed to the public teaching of the Christian Religion." That is, he thinks the English clergy ready to say anything for a piece of bread, and that, for the most part, a coarse and scanty one, too. Such is the candour of our virtuous historian.

But let him think of *our clergy* as he sees fit. They will certainly go on to applaud such writers as Mr. Addison, who to an excellent head joined an honest heart; and who knew how to instruct, at once, and delight his readers with good sense, unspoiled by *philosophy;* and a style of writing not corrupted by affectation.

author would be thought very unreasonable who should reject it. I believe you will be of my opinion, if you will peruse, with other authors, who have appeared in vindication of these letters as genuine, the additional arguments which have been made use of by the late famous and learned Dr. Grabe, in the second volume of his Spicilegium.

SECTION II.

I. What facts in the history of our Saviour might be taken notice of by Pagan authors.
II. What particular facts are taken notice of, and by what Pagan authors.
III. How Celsus represented our Saviour's miracles.
IV. The same representation made of them by other unbelievers, and proved unreasonable.
V. What facts in our Saviour's history not to be expected from Pagan writers.

I. We now come to consider what undoubted authorities are extant among Pagan writers; and here we must premise, that some parts of our Saviour's history may be reasonably expected from Pagans. I mean such parts as might be known to those who lived at a distance from Judea, as well as to those who were the followers and eye-witnesses of Christ.

II. Such particulars are most of these which follow, and which are all attested by some one or other of those heathen authors, who lived in or near the age of our Saviour and his disciples. That Augustus Cæsar had ordered the whole empire to be censed or taxed, which brought our Saviour's reputed parents to Bethlehem: this is mentioned by several Roman historians, as Tacitus, Suetonius, and Dion. "That a great light, or a new star, appeared in the east, which directed the wise men to our Saviour:" this is recorded by Chalcidius. "That Herod, the king of Palestine, so often mentioned in the Roman history, made a great slaughter of innocent children," being so jealous of his successor, that he put to death his own sons on that account: this character of him is given by several historians, and this cruel fact mentioned by Macrobius, a heathen author, who tells it as a known thing, without any mark or doubt upon it. "That our Saviour had been in Egypt:" this Celsus, though he

raises a monstrous story upon it, is so far from denying, that he tells us our Saviour learned the arts of magic in that country. "That Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea, that our Saviour was brought in judgment before him, and by him condemned and crucified:" this is recorded by Tacitus. "That many miraculous cures and works out of the ordinary course of nature were wrought by him:" this is confessed by Julian the apostate, Porphyry, and Hierocles, all of them not only Pagans, but professed enemies and persecutors of Christianity. "That our Saviour foretold several things which came to pass according to his predictions:" this was attested by Phlegon in his annals, as we are assured by the learned Origen against Celsus. "That at the time when our Saviour died, there was a miraculous darkness and a great earthquake:" this is recorded by the same Phlegon the Trallian, who was likewise a Pagan and freeman to Adrian the emperor. We may here observe, that a native of Trallium, which was not situate at so great a distance from Palestine, might very probably be informed of such remarkable events as had passed among the Jews in the age immediately preceding his own times, since several of his countrymen with whom he had conversed, might have received a confused report of our Saviour before his crucifixion, and probably lived within the shake of the earthquake, and the shadow of the eclipse, which are recorded by this author. "That Christ was worshipped as a god among the Christians; that they would rather suffer death than blaspheme him; that they received a sacrament, and by it entered into a vow of abstaining from sin and wickedness," conformable to the advice given by St. Paul; "that they had private assemblies of worship, and used to join together in hymns:" this is the account which Pliny the younger gives of Christianity in his days, about seventy years after the death of Christ, and which agrees in all its circumstances with the accounts we have in holy writ, of the first state of Christianity after the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour. "That St. Peter, whose miracles are many of them recorded in holy writ, did many wonderful works," is owned by Julian the apostate, who therefore represents him as a great magician, and one who had in his possession a book of magical secrets left him by our Saviour. "That the devils or evil spirits were subject to them," we may learn from Porphyry, who

objects to Christianity, that since Jesus had begun to be worshipped, Æsculapius and the rest of the gods did no more converse with men. Nay, Celsus himself affirms the same thing in effect, when he says, that the power which seemed to reside in Christians, proceeded from the use of certain names, and the invocation of certain demons. Origen remarks on this passage, that the author doubtless hints at those Christians who put to flight evil spirits, and healed those who were possessed with them; a fact which had been often seen, and which he himself had seen, as he declares in another part of his discourse against Celsus. But at the same time he assures us, that this miraculous power was exerted by the use of no other name but that of Jesus, to which were added several passages in his history, but nothing like any invocation to demons.

III. Celsus was so hard set with the report of our Saviour's miracles, and the confident attestations concerning him, that though he often intimates he did not believe them to be true, yet knowing he might be silenced in such an answer, provides himself with another retreat, when beaten out of this; namely, that our Saviour was a magician. Thus he compares the feeding of so many thousands at two different times with a few loaves and fishes, to the magical feasts of those Egyptian impostors, who would present their spectators with visionary entertainments that had in them neither substance nor reality: which, by the way, is to suppose, that a hungry and fainting multitude were filled by an apparition, or strengthened and refreshed with shadows. He knew very well, that there were so many witnesses and actors, if I may call them such, in these two miracles, that it was impossible to refute such multitudes, who had doubtless sufficiently spread the fame of them, and was, therefore, in this place forced to resort to the other solution, that it was done by magic. It was not enough to say, that a miracle which appeared to so many thousand eye-witnesses was a forgery of Christ's disciples, and therefore, supposing them to be eye-witnesses, he endeavours to show how they might be deceived.

IV. The unconverted heathens, who were pressed by the many authorities that confirmed our Saviour's miracles, as well as the unbelieving Jews, who had actually seen them, were driven to account for them after the same manner: for, to work by magic in the heathen way of speaking, was, in

the language of the Jews, to cast out devils by Beelzebub the prince of the devils. Our Saviour, who knew that unbelievers in all ages would put this perverse interpretation on his miracles, has branded the malignity of those men, who, contrary to the dictates of their own hearts started such an unreasonable objection, as a blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and declared not only the guilt, but the punishment of so black a crime. At the same time he condescended to show the vanity and emptiness of this objection against his miracles, by representing that they evidently tended to the destruction of those powers, to whose assistance the enemies of his doctrine then ascribed them. An argument, which, if duly weighed, renders the objection so very frivolous and groundless that we may venture to call it even blasphemy against common sense. Would magic endeavour to draw off the minds of men from the worship which was paid to stocks and stones, to give them an abhorrence of those evil spirits who rejoiced in the most cruel sacrifices, and in offerings of the greatest impurity; and, in short, to call upon mankind to exert their whole strength in the love and adoration of that one Being, from whom they derived their existence, and on whom only they were taught to depend every moment for the happiness and continuance of it? Was it the business of magic to humanize our natures with compassion, forgiveness, and all the instances of the most extensive charity? Would evil spirits contribute to make men sober, chaste, and temperate, and, in a word, to produce that reformation which was wrought in the moral world by those doctrines of our Saviour, that received their sanction from his miracles? Nor is it possible to imagine, that evil spirits would enter into a combination with our Saviour to cut off all their correspondence and intercourse with mankind, and to prevent any for the future from addicting themselves to those rites and ceremonies, which had done them so much honour. We see the early effect which Christianity had on the minds of men in this particular, by that number of books, which were filled with the secrets of magic, and made a sacrifice to Christianity, by the converts mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. We have likewise an eminent instance of the inconsistency of our religion with magic, in the history of the famous Aquila. This person, who was a kinsman of the emperor Trajan, and likewise a man of great learning, notwith-

standing he had embraced Christianity, could not be brought off from the studies of magic, by the repeated admonitions of his fellow-Christians: so that at length they expelled him their society, as rather choosing to lose the reputation of so considerable a proselyte, than communicate with one who dealt in such dark and infernal practices. Besides, we may observe, that all the favourers of magic were the most professed and bitter enemies to the Christian religion. Not to mention Simon Magus and many others, I shall only take notice of those two great persecutors of Christianity, the emperors Adrian and Julian the apostate, both of them initiated in the mysteries of divination, and skilled in all the depths of magic. I shall only add, that evil spirits cannot be supposed to have concurred in the establishment of a religion, which triumphed over them, drove them out of the places they possessed, and divested them of their influence on mankind; nor would I mention this particular, though it be unanimously reported by all the ancient Christian authors, did it not appear from the authorities above cited, that this was a fact confessed by heathens themselves.

V. We now see what a multitude of Pagan testimonies may be produced for all those remarkable passages, which might have been expected from them: and, indeed, of several, that, I believe, do more than answer your expectation, as they were not subjects in their own nature so exposed to public notoriety. It cannot be expected they should mention particulars which were transacted amongst the disciples only, or among some few even of the disciples themselves; such as the transfiguration, the agony in the garden, the appearance of Christ after his resurrection, and others of the like nature. It was impossible for a heathen author to relate these things; because if he had believed them, he would no longer have been a heathen, and by that means his testimony would not have been thought of so much validity. Besides, his very report of facts so favourable to Christianity would have prompted men to say that he was probably tainted with their doctrine. We have a parallel case in Hecatæus, a famous Greek historian, who had several passages in his book conformable to the history of the Jewish writers, which, when quoted by Josephus, as a confirmation of the Jewish history, when his heathen adversaries could give no other answer to it, they would need suppose that Hecatæus was a

Jew in his heart, though they had no other reason for it, but because his history gave greater authority to the Jewish than the Egyptian records.

SECTION III.

I. Introduction to a second list of Pagan authors, who give testimony of our Saviour.
II. A passage concerning our Saviour from a learned Athenian.
III. His conversion from Paganism to Christianity makes his evidence stronger than if he had continued a Pagan.
IV. Of another Athenian philosopher converted to Christianity.
V. Why their conversion, instead of weakening, strengthens their evidence in defence of Christianity.
VI. Their belief in our Saviour's history founded at first upon the principles of historical faith.
VII. Their testimonies extended to all the particulars of our Saviour's history.
VIII. As related by the four evangelists.

I. To this list of heathen writers, who make mention of our Saviour, or touch upon any particulars of his life, I shall add those authors who were at first heathens, and afterwards converted to Christianity; upon which account, as I shall here show, their testimonies are to be looked upon as the more authentic. And in this list of evidences, I shall confine myself to such learned Pagans as came over to Christianity in the three first centuries, because those were the times in which men had the best means of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history, and because, among the great number of philosophers who came in afterwards, under the reigns of Christian emperors, there might be several who did it partly out of worldly motives.

II. Let us now suppose, that a learned heathen writer, who lived within 60 years of our Saviour's crucifixion, after having shown that false miracles were generally wrought in obscurity, and before few or no witnesses, speaking of those which were wrought by our Saviour, has the following passage: "But his works were always seen, because they were true, they were seen by those who were healed, and by those who were raised from the dead. Nay, these persons, who were thus healed and raised, were seen not only at the time of their being healed and raised, but long afterwards. Nay,

they were seen not only all the while our Saviour was upon earth, but survived after his departure out of this world, nay, some of them were living in our days."

III. I dare say you would look upon this as a glorious attestation for the cause of Christianity, had it come from the hand of a famous Athenian philosopher. These forementioned words, however, are actually the words of one who lived about sixty years after our Saviour's crucifixion, and was a famous philosopher in Athens: but it will be said, he was a convert to Christianity. Now consider this matter impartially, and see if his testimony is not much more valid for that reason. Had he continued a Pagan philosopher, would not the world have said that he was not sincere in what he writ, or did not believe it; for, if so, would not they have told us he would have embraced Christianity? This was indeed the case of this excellent man: he had so thoroughly examined the truth of our Saviour's history, and the excellency of that religion which he taught, and was so entirely convinced of both, that he became a proselyte, and died a martyr.

IV. Aristides was an Athenian philosopher, at the same time, famed for his learning and wisdom, but converted to Christianity. As it cannot be questioned that he perused and approved the apology of Quadratus, in which is the passage just now cited, he joined with him in an apology of his own, to the same emperor, on the same subject. This apology, though now lost, was extant, in the time of Ado Viennensis, A. D. 870, and highly esteemed by the most learned Athenians, as that author witnesses. It must have contained great arguments for the truth of our Saviour's history, because in it he asserted the Divinity of our Saviour, which could not but engage him in the proof of his miracles.

V. I do allow that, generally speaking, a man is not so acceptable and unquestioned an evidence in facts, which make for the advancement of his own party. But we must consider that, in the case before us, the persons to whom we appeal were of an opposite party, till they were persuaded of the truth of those very facts which they report. They bear evidence to a history in defence of Christianity, the truth of which history was their motive to embrace Christianity. They attest facts which they had heard while they were yet heathens, and had they not found reason to believe

them, they would still have continued heathens, and have made no mention of them in their writings.

VI. When a man is born under Christian parents, and trained up in the profession of that religion from a child, he generally guides himself by the rules of Christian faith in believing what is delivered by the evangelists; but the learned Pagans of antiquity, before they became Christians, were only guided by the common rules of historical faith: that is, they examined the nature of the evidence which was to be met with in common fame, tradition, and the writings of those persons who related them, together with the number, concurrence, veracity, and private characters of those persons; and being convinced, upon all accounts, that they had the same reason to believe the history of our Saviour, as that of any other person to which they themselves were not actually eye-witnesses, they were bound by all the rules of historical faith, and of right reason, to give credit to this history. This they did accordingly, and in consequence of it published the same truths themselves, suffered many afflictions, and very often death itself, in the assertion of them. When I say, that an historical belief of the acts of our Saviour induced these learned Pagans to embrace his doctrine, I do not deny that there were many other motives, which conduced to it, as the excellency of his precepts, the fulfilling of prophecies, the miracles of his disciples, the irreproachable lives and magnanimous sufferings of their followers, with other considerations of the same nature: but whatever other collateral arguments wrought more or less with philosophers of that age, it is certain that a belief in the history of our Saviour was one motive with every new convert, and that upon which all others turned, as being the very basis and foundation of Christianity.

VII. To this I must further add, that as we have already seen many particular facts which are recorded in holy writ, attested by particular Pagan authors; the testimony of those I am now going to produce, extends to the whole history of our Saviour, and to that continued series of actions, which are related of him and his disciples in the books of the New Testament.

VIII. This evidently appears from their quotations out of the evangelists, for the confirmation of any doctrine or account of our blessed Saviour. Nay, a learned man of our

nation, who examined the writings of the most ancient Fathers in another view, refers to several passages in Irenæus, Tertullian, Clemens of Alexandria, Origen, and Cyprian, by which he plainly shows that each of these early writers ascribe to the four evangelists by name their respective histories; so that there is not the least room for doubting of their belief in the history of our Saviour, as recorded in the Gospels. I shall only add, that three of the five Fathers here mentioned, and probably four, were Pagans converted to Christianity, as they were all of them very inquisitive and deep in[1] the knowledge of heathen learning and philosophy.

SECTION IV.

I. Character of the times in which the Christian religion was propagated
II. And of many who embraced it.
III. Three eminent and early instances.
IV. Multitudes of learned men who came over to it.
V. Belief in our Saviour's history, the first motive to their conversion.
VI. The names of several Pagan philosophers, who were Christian converts.

I. It happened very providentially to[2] the honour of the Christian religion, that it did not take its rise in the dark illiterate ages of the world, but at a time when arts and sciences were at their height, and when there were men who made it the business of their lives to search after truth, and sift the several opinions of philosophers and wise men, concerning the duty, the end, and chief happiness of reasonable creatures.

II. Several of these, therefore, when they had informed themselves of our Saviour's history, and examined with unprejudiced minds the doctrines and manners of his disciples and followers, were so struck and convinced, that they professed themselves of that sect; notwithstanding, by this profession in that juncture of time, they bid[3] farewell to all the

[1] *Very inquisitive and deep in.*] A small inaccuracy: we say, inquisitive *into* and deep *in*; yet the preposition *in* is made to depend on both those adjectives. The better way had been to put it thus—*as* they were all of them very inquisitive *men* and deep in, &c.

[2] *Providentially to*—rather, *for*.

[3] *Notwithstanding—they bid.*] He had just said, *that* sect and there-

pleasures of this life, renounced all the views of ambition, engaged in an uninterrupted course of severities, and exposed themselves to public hatred and contempt, to sufferings of all kinds, and to death itself.

III. Of this sort we may reckon those three early converts to Christianity, who each of them was[1] a member of a senate famous for its wisdom and learning. Joseph the Arimathean was of the Jewish Sanhedrim, Dionysius of the Athenian Areopagus, and Flavius Clemens of the Roman senate; nay, at the time of his death, consul of Rome. These three were so thoroughly satisfied of the truth of the Christian religion, that the first of them, according to all the reports of antiquity, died a martyr for it; as did the second, unless we disbelieve Aristides, his fellow-citizen and contemporary; and the third, as we are informed both by Roman and Christian authors.

IV. Among those innumerable multitudes, who in most of the known nations of the world came over to Christianity at its first appearance, we may be sure there were great numbers of wise and learned men, besides those whose names are in the Christian records, who without doubt took care to examine the truth of our Saviour's history, before they would leave the religion of their country and of their forefathers, for the sake of one that would not only cut them off from the allurements of this world, but subject them to everything terrible or disagreeable in it. Tertullian tells the Roman governors, that their corporations, councils, armies, tribes, companies, the palace, senate, and courts of judicature, were filled with Christians; as Arnobius asserts, that men of the finest parts and learning, orators, grammarians, rhetoricians, lawyers, physicians, philosophers, despising the sentiments they had been once fond of, took up their rest in the Christian religion.

V. Who can imagine that men of this character did not thoroughly inform themselves of the history of that person, whose doctrines they embraced? for, however consonant to reason his precepts appeared, how good soever were the effects which they produced in the world, nothing could have

fore, to avoid an ungraceful repetition, he omits *that* after *notwithstanding*, which regularly requires to be followed by the conjunction, *that*.

[1] *Those three—who each of them was*]—carelessly expressed, for—*each of whom was*.

tempted men to acknowledge him as their God and Saviour, but their being firmly persuaded of the miracles he wrought, and the many attestations of his Divine mission, which were to be met with in the history of his life. This was the ground-work of the Christian religion, and, if this failed, the whole superstructure sunk with it. This point, therefore, of the truth of our Saviour's history, as recorded by the evangelists, is everywhere taken for granted in the writings of those, who from Pagan philosophers became Christian authors, and who, by reason of their conversion, are to be looked upon as of the strongest collateral testimony for the truth of what[1] is delivered concerning our Saviour.

VI. Besides innumerable authors that are lost, we have the undoubted names, works, or fragments of several Pagan philosophers, which show them to have been as learned as any unconverted heathen authors of the age in which they lived. If we look into the greatest nurseries of learning in those ages of the world, we find in Athens, Dionysius, Quadratus, Aristides, Athenagoras; and in Alexandria, Dionysius, Clemens, Ammonius, Arnobius, and Anatolius, to whom we may add Origen; for though his father was a Christian martyr, he became, without all controversy, the most learned and able philosopher of his age, by his education at Alexandria, in that famous seminary of arts and sciences.

SECTION V.

I. The learned Pagans had means and opportunities of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history;
II. From the proceedings,
III. The characters, sufferings,
IV. And miracles of the persons who published it.
V. How these first apostles perpetuated their tradition, by ordaining persons to succeed them.
VI. How their successors in the three first centuries preserved their tradition.

[1] *And who, by reason of their conversion, are to be looked upon as of the strongest collateral testimony for the truth of what*, &c.] It should either be—*as giving the strongest collateral testimony to*—or else—*whose conversion is to be looked upon as of the strongest collateral testimony, for the truth*, &c.—i. e. as an *instance* of the *strongest* collateral testimony, *that can be brought for the truth*.—This way of expression is sometimes used, though very elliptical.

VII. That five generations might derive this tradition from Christ, to the end of the third century.
VIII. Four eminent Christians that delivered it down successively to the year of our Lord 254.
IX. The faith of the four above-mentioned persons, the same with that of the churches of the East, of the West, and of Egypt.
X. Another person added to them who brings us to the year 343, and that many other lists might be added in as direct and short a succession.
XI. Why the tradition of the three first centuries, more authentic than that of any other age, proved from the conversation of the primitive Christians.
XII. From the manner of initiating men into their religion.
XIII. From the correspondence between the churches.
XIV. From the long lives of several of Christ's disciples, of which two instances.

I. It now, therefore, only remains to consider, whether these learned men had means and opportunities of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history; for unless this point can be made out, their testimonies will appear invalid, and their inquiries ineffectual.

II. As to this point, we must consider, that many thousands had seen the transactions of our Saviour in Judea, and that many hundred thousands had received an account of them from the mouths of those who were actually eye-witnesses. I shall only mention among these eye-witnesses the twelve apostles, to whom we must add St. Paul, who had a particular call to this high office, though many other disciples and followers of Christ had also their share in the publishing this wonderful history. We learn from the ancient records of Christianity, that many of the apostles and disciples made it[1] the express business of their lives, travelled into the remotest parts of the world, and in all places gathered multitudes about them, to acquaint them with the history and doctrines of their crucified Master. And, indeed, were all Christian records of these proceedings entirely lost, as many have been, the effect plainly evinces the truth of them; for how else during the apostles' lives could Christianity have spread itself with such an amazing progress through the several nations of the Roman empire? how could it fly like lightning, and carry conviction with it, from one end of the earth to the other?

III. Heathens, therefore, of every age, sex, and quality,

[1] *Made it*—that is—*the publishing of this wonderful story.*—Obscurely expressed.

born in the most different climates, and bred up under the most different institutions, when they saw men of plain sense, without the help of learning, armed with patience and courage, instead of wealth, pomp, or power, expressing in their lives those excellent doctrines of morality, which they taught as delivered to them from our Saviour, averring that they had seen his miracles during his life, and conversed with him after his death; when, I say, they saw no suspicion of falsehood, treachery, or worldly interest, in their behaviour and conversation, and that they submitted to the most ignominious and cruel deaths, rather than retract their testimony, or even be silent in matters which they were to publish by their Saviour's especial command, there was no reason to doubt of the veracity of those facts which they related, or of the Divine mission in which they were employed.

IV. But even these motives to faith in our Saviour would not have been sufficient to have brought about in so few years such an incredible number of conversions, had not the apostles been able to exhibit still greater proofs of the truths which they taught. A few persons of an odious and despised country could not have filled the world with believers, had they not shown undoubted credentials from the Divine person who sent them on such a message. Accordingly we are assured, that they were invested with the power of working miracles, which was the most short and the most convincing argument that could be produced, and the only one that was adapted to the reason of all mankind, to the capacities of the wise and ignorant, and could overcome every cavil and every prejudice. Who would not believe that our Saviour healed the sick, and raised the dead, when it was published by those who themselves often did the same miracles, in their presence, and in his name! Could any reasonable person imagine, that God Almighty would arm men with such powers to authorize a lie, and establish a religion in the world which was displeasing to him, or that evil spirits would lend them such an effectual assistance to beat down vice and idolatry?

V. When the apostles had formed many assemblies in several parts of the Pagan world, who gave credit to the glad tidings of the gospel, that, upon their departure, the memory of what they had related might not perish, they appointed out of these new converts, men of the best sense, and of the most unblemished lives, to preside over these several

assemblies, and to inculcate without ceasing what they had heard from the mouths of these eye-witnesses.

VI. Upon the death of any of those substitutes to the apostles and disciples of Christ, his place was filled up with some other person of eminence for his piety and learning, and generally a member of the same church, who, after his decease, was followed by another in the same manner, by which means the succession was continued in an uninterrupted line. Irenæus informs us, that every church preserved a catalogue of its bishops in the order that they succeeded one another, and (for an example) produces the catalogue of those who governed the church of Rome in that character, which contains eight or nine persons, though but at a very small remove from the times of the apostles.

Indeed, the lists of bishops, which are come down to us in other churches, are generally filled with greater numbers than one would expect. But the succession was quick in the three first centuries, because the bishop very often ended in the martyr: for when a persecution arose in any place, the first fury of it fell upon this order of holy men, who abundantly testified, by their deaths and sufferings, that they did not undertake these offices out of any temporal views, that they were sincere and satisfied in the belief of what they taught, and that they firmly adhered to what they had received from the apostles, as laying down their lives in the same hope, and upon the same principles. None can be supposed so utterly regardless of their own happiness, as to expire in torment, and hazard their eternity, to support any fables and inventions of their own, or any forgeries of their predecessors who had presided in the same church, and which might have been easily detected by the tradition of that particular church, as well as by the concurring testimony of others. To this purpose, I think it is very remarkable, that there was not a single martyr among those many heretics, who disagreed with the apostolical church, and introduced several wild and absurd notions into the doctrines of Christianity. They durst not stake their present and future happiness on their own chimerical imaginations, and did not only shun persecution, but affirmed that it was unnecessary for their followers to bear their religion through such fiery trials.

VII. We may fairly reckon, that this first age of apostles

and disciples, with that second generation of many who were their immediate converts, extended itself to the middle of the second century, and that several of the third generation from these last mentioned, which was but the fifth from Christ, continued to the end of the third century. Did we know the ages and numbers of the members in every particular church, which was planted by the apostles, I doubt not but in most of them there might be found five persons, who, in a continued series, would reach through these three centuries of years, that is, till the 265th from the death of our Saviour.

VIII. Among the accounts of those very few out of innumerable multitudes, who had embraced Christianity, I shall single out four persons eminent for their lives, their writings, and their sufferings, that were successively contemporaries, and bring us down as far as to the year of our Lord 254. St. John, who was the beloved disciple, and conversed the most intimately with our Saviour, lived till Anno Dom. 100. Polycarp, who was the disciple of St. John, and had conversed with others of the apostles and disciples of our Lord, lived till Anno Dom. 167, though his life was shortened by martyrdom. Irenæus, who was the disciple of Polycarp, and had conversed with many of the immediate disciples of the apostles, lived, at the lowest computation of his age, till the year 202, when he was likewise cut off by martyrdom; in which year the great Origen was appointed regent of the catechetic school in Alexandria, and as he was the miracle of that age, for industry, learning, and philosophy, he was looked upon as the champion of Christianity, till the year 254, when, if he did not suffer martyrdom, as some think he did, he was certainly actuated by the spirit of it, as appears in the whole course of his life and writings; nay, he had often been put to the torture, and had undergone trials worse than death. As he conversed with the most eminent Christians of his time in Egypt, and in the East, brought over multitudes both from heresy and heathenism, and left behind him several disciples of great fame and learning, there is no question but there were considerable numbers of those who knew him, and had been his hearers, scholars, or proselytes, that lived till the end of the third century, and to the reign of Constantine the Great.

IX. It is evident to those, who read the lives and writings

of Polycarp, Irenæus, and Origen, that these three fathers believed the accounts which are given of our Saviour in the four evangelists, and had undoubted arguments, that not only St. John, but many others of our Saviour's disciples, published the same accounts of him. To which we must subjoin this further remark, that what was believed by these fathers on this subject, was likewise the belief of the main body of Christians in those successive ages when they flourished; since Polycarp cannot but be looked upon, if we consider the respect that was paid him, as the representative of the Eastern churches in this particular, Irenæus of the Western upon the same account, and Origen of those established in Egypt.

X. To these I might add Paul, the famous hermit, who retired from the Decian persecution five or six years before Origen's death, and lived till the year 343. I have only discovered one of those channels by which the history of our Saviour might be conveyed pure and unadulterated, through those several ages that produced those Pagan philosophers, whose testimonies I make use of for the truth of our Saviour's history. Some or other of these philosophers came into the Christian faith during its infancy, in the several periods of these three first centuries, when they had such means of informing themselves in all the particulars of our Saviour's history. I must further add, that though I have here only chosen this single link of martyrs, I might find out others among those names which are still extant, that delivered down this account of our Saviour in a successive tradition, till the whole Roman empire became Christian; as there is no question but numberless series of witnesses might follow one another in the same order, and in as short a chain, and that perhaps in every single church, had the names and ages of the most eminent primitive Christians been transmitted to us with the like certainty.

XI. But to give this consideration more force, we must take notice, that the tradition of the first ages of Christianity had several circumstances peculiar to it, which made it more authentic than any other tradition in any other age of the world. The Christians, who carried their religion through so many general and particular persecutions, were incessantly comforting and supporting one another, with the example and history of our Saviour and his apostles. It was the sub-

ject not only of their solemn assemblies, but of their private visits and conversations. "Our virgins," says Tatian, who lived in the second century, "discourse over their distaffs on Divine subjects." Indeed, when religion was woven into the civil government, and flourished under the protection of the emperors, men's thoughts and discourses were, as they are now, full of secular affairs; but in the three first centuries of Christianity, men, who embraced this religion, had given up all their interest in this world, and lived in a perpetual preparation for the next, as not knowing how soon they might be called to it: so that they had little else to talk of but the life and doctrines of that Divine person, which was their hope, their encouragement, and their glory. We cannot therefore imagine, that there was a single person arrived at any degree of age or consideration, who had not heard and repeated, above a thousand times in his life, all the particulars of our Saviour's birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension.

XII. Especially if we consider, that they could not then be received as Christians, till they had undergone several examinations. Persons of riper years, who flocked daily into the church during the three first centuries, were obliged to pass through many repeated instructions, and give a strict account of their proficiency, before they were admitted to baptism. And as for those who were born of Christian parents, and had been baptized in their infancy, they were with the like care prepared and disciplined for confirmation, which they could not arrive at, till they were found, upon examination, to have made a sufficient progress in the knowledge of Christianity.

XIII. We must further observe, that there was not only in those times this religious conversation among private Christians, but a constant correspondence between the churches that were established by the apostles or their successors, in the several parts of the world. If any new doctrine was started, or any fact reported of our Saviour, a strict inquiry was made among the churches, especially those planted by the apostles themselves, whether they had received any such doctrine or account of our Saviour, from the mouths of the apostles, or the tradition of those Christians, who had preceded the present members of the churches which were thus consulted. By this means, when any

novelty was published, it was immediately detected and censured.

XIV. St. John, who lived so many years after our Saviour, was appealed to in these emergencies as the living oracle of the church; and as his oral testimony lasted the first century, many have observed that, by a particular providence of God, several of our Saviour's disciples, and of the early converts of his religion, lived to a very great age, that they might personally convey the truth of the gospel to those times, which were very remote from the first publication of it. Of these, besides St. John, we have a remarkable instance in Simeon, who was one of the seventy sent forth by our Saviour, to publish the gospel before his crucifixion, and a near kinsman of the Lord. This venerable person, who had probably heard with his own ears our Saviour's prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem, presided over the church established in that city, during the time of its memorable siege, and drew his congregation out of those dreadful and unparalleled calamities which befell his countrymen, by following the advice our Saviour had given, when they should see Jerusalem encompassed with armies, and the Roman standards, or abomination of desolation, set up. He lived till the year of our Lord 107, when he was martyred under the emperor Trajan.

SECTION VI.

I. The tradition of the apostles secured by other excellent institutions;
II. But chiefly by the writings of the evangelists.
III. The diligence of the disciples and first Christian converts to send abroad these writings.
IV. That the written account of our Saviour was the same with that delivered by tradition:
V. Proved from the reception of the gospel by those churches which were established before it was written;
VI. From the uniformity of what was believed in the several churches;
VII. From a remarkable passage in Irenæus.
VIII. Records which are now lost, of use to the three first centuries, for confirming the history of our Saviour.
IX. Instances of such records.

I. Thus far we see how the learned Pagans might apprize themselves from oral information of the particulars of

our Saviour's history. They could hear in every church, planted in every distant part of the earth, the account which was there received and preserved among them, of the history of our Saviour. They could learn the names and characters of those first missionaries that brought to them these accounts, and the miracles by which God Almighty attested their reports. But the apostles and disciples of Christ, to preserve the history of his life, and to secure their accounts of him from error and oblivion, did not only set aside certain persons for that purpose, as has been already shown, but appropriated certain days to the commemoration of those facts which they had related concerning him. The first day of the week was, in all its returns, a perpetual memorial of his resurrection, as the devotional exercises adapted to Friday and Saturday, were to denote to all ages that he was crucified on the one of those days, and that he rested in the grave on the other. You may apply the same remark to several of the annual festivals instituted by the apostles themselves, or at furthest by their immediate successors, in memory of the most important particulars in our Saviour's history; to which we must add the sacraments instituted by our Lord himself, and many of those rites and ceremonies which obtained in the most early times of the church. These are to be regarded as standing marks of such facts as were delivered by those who were eye-witnesses to them, and which were contrived with great wisdom to last till time should be no more. These, without any other means, might have, in some measure, conveyed to posterity the memory of several transactions in the history of our Saviour, as they were related by his disciples. At least, the reason of these institutions, though they might be forgotten, and obscured by a long course of years, could not but be very well known by those who lived in the three first centuries, and a means of informing the inquisitive Pagans in the truth of our Saviour's history, that being the view in which I am to consider them.

II. But lest such a tradition, though guarded by so many expedients, should wear out by the length of time, the four evangelists within about fifty, or, as Theodoret affirms, thirty years, after our Saviour's death, while the memory of his actions was fresh among them, consigned to writing that history, which for some years had been published only by the

mouth of the apostles and disciples. The further consideration of these holy penmen will fall under another part of this discourse.

III. It will be sufficient to observe here, that in the age which succeeded the apostles, many of their immediate disciples sent, or carried in person, the books of the four evangelists, which had been written by apostles, or at least approved by them, to most of the churches which they had planted in the different parts of the world. This was done with so much diligence, that when Pantænus, a man of great learning and piety, had travelled into India for the propagation of Christianity, about the year of our Lord 200, he found among that remote people the Gospel of St. Matthew, which, upon his return from that country, he brought with him to Alexandria. This Gospel is generally supposed to have been left in those parts by St. Bartholomew, the apostle of the Indies, who probably carried it with him before the writings of the three other evangelists were published.

IV. That the history of our Saviour, as recorded by the evangelists, was the same with that which had been before delivered by the apostles and disciples, will further appear in the prosecution of this discourse, and may be gathered from the following considerations.

V. Had these writings differed from the sermons of the first planters of Christianity, either in history or doctrine, there is no question but they would have been rejected by those churches which they had already formed. But so consistent and uniform was the relation of the apostles, that these histories appeared to be nothing else but their tradition and oral attestations made fixed and permanent. Thus was the fame of our Saviour, which in so few years had gone through the whole earth, confirmed and perpetuated by such records as would preserve the traditionary account of him to after-ages; and rectify it, if, at any time, by passing through several generations, it might drop any part that was material, or contract anything that was false or fictitious.

VI. Accordingly we find the same Jesus Christ, who was born of a virgin, who had wrought many miracles in Palestine, who was crucified, rose again, and ascended into heaven; I say, the same Jesus Christ had been preached, and was worshipped, in Germany, France, Spain, and Great Britain, in Parthia, Media, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Phrygia, Asia, and

Pamphylia, in Italy, Egypt, Afric, and beyond Cyrene, India, and Persia, and, in short, in all the islands and provinces that are visited by the rising or setting sun. The same account of our Saviour's life and doctrine was delivered by thousands of preachers, and believed in thousands of places, who all, as fast as it could be conveyed to them, received the same account in writing from the four evangelists.

VII. Irenæus to this purpose very aptly remarks, that those barbarous nations, who, in his time, were not possessed of the written Gospels, and had only learned the history of our Saviour from those who had converted them to Christianity before the Gospels were written, had among them the same accounts of our Saviour, which are to be met with in the four evangelists. An uncontestable proof of the harmony and concurrence between the Holy Scripture and the tradition of the churches in those early times of Christianity.

VIII. Thus we see what opportunities the learned and inquisitive heathens had of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history, during the three first centuries, especially as they lay nearer one than another to the fountain head: beside which, there were many uncontroverted traditions, records of Christianity, and particular histories, that then threw light into these matters, but are now entirely lost, by which, at that time, any appearance of contradiction, or seeming difficulties, in the history of the evangelists, were fully cleared up and explained: though we meet with fewer appearances of this nature in the history of our Saviour, as related by the four evangelists, than in the accounts of any other person, published by such a number of different historians, who lived at so great a distance from the present age.

IX. Among those records which are lost, and were of great use to the primitive Christians, is the letter to Tiberius, which I have already mentioned; that of Marcus Aurelius, which I shall take notice of hereafter; the writings of Hegesippus, who had drawn down the history of Christianity to his own time, which was not beyond the middle of the second century; the genuine Sibylline oracles, which in the first ages of the church were easily distinguished from the spurious; the records preserved in particular churches, with many other of the same nature.

SECTION VII.

I. The sight of miracles in those ages a further confirmation of Pagan philosophers in the Christian faith.
II. The credibility of such miracles.
III. A particular instance.
IV. Martyrdom, why considered as a standing miracle.
V. Primitive Christians thought many of the martyrs were supported by a miraculous power.
VI. Proved from the nature of their sufferings.
VII. How martyrs further induced the Pagans to embrace Christianity.

I. THERE were other means, which I find had a great influence on the learned of the three first centuries, to create and confirm in them the belief of our blessed Saviour's history, which ought not to be passed over in silence. The first was, the opportunity they enjoyed of examining those miracles, which were on several occasions performed by Christians, and appeared in the church, more or less, during these first ages of Christianity.[1] These had great weight with the men I am now speaking of, who, from learned Pagans, became fathers of the church; for they frequently boast of them in their writings, as attestations given by God himself to the truth of their religion.

II. At the same time that these learned men declare how disingenuous, base, and wicked it would be, how much beneath the dignity of philosophy, and, contrary to the precepts of Christianity, to utter falsehoods or forgeries in the support of a cause, though never so just in itself, they confidently assert this miraculous power, which then subsisted in the church, nay, tell us that they themselves had been eye-witnesses of it at several times, and in several instances; nay, appeal to the heathens themselves for the truth of several facts they relate, nay, challenge them to be present at their assemblies, and satisfy themselves, if they

[1] Such was the general opinion when our author wrote. The *fact* will now be denied, or questioned, at least. However, that the early writers of the church *believed* the existence of miracles in their days, is not to be denied: and such belief itself is not to be accounted for but on the supposition that many and great miracles had been unquestionably wrought by Christ and his apostles. The very credulity of the Fathers, then, if not the certainty of their reports, is an argument for the truth of Christianity.

doubt of it; nay, we find that Pagan authors have in some instances confessed this miraculous power.

III. The letter of Marcus Aurelius, whose army was preserved by a refreshing shower, at the same time that his enemies were discomfited by a storm of lightning, and which the heathen historians themselves allow to have been supernatural, and the effect of magic: I say, this letter, which ascribed this unexpected assistance to the prayers of the Christians, who then served in the army, would have been thought an unquestionable testimony of the miraculous power I am speaking of, had it been still preserved. It is sufficient for me in this place to take notice, that this was one of those miracles which had its influence on the learned converts, because it is related by Tertullian, and the very letter appealed to. When these learned men saw sickness and frenzy cured, the dead raised, the oracles put to silence, the demons and evil spirits forced to confess themselves no gods, by persons who only made use of prayer and adjurations in the name of their crucified Saviour; how could they doubt of this Saviour's power on the like occasions, as represented to them by the traditions of the church, and the writings of the evangelists?

IV. Under this head, I cannot omit that which appears to me a standing miracle in the three first centuries, I mean that amazing and supernatural courage or patience, which was shown by innumerable multitudes of martyrs, in those slow and painful torments that were inflicted on them. I cannot conceive a man placed in the burning iron chair at Lyons, amid the insults and mockeries of a crowded amphitheatre, and still keeping his seat; or stretched upon a grate of iron, over coals of fire, and breathing out his soul among the exquisite sufferings of such a tedious execution, rather than renounce his religion, or blaspheme his Saviour. Such trials seem to me above the strength of human nature, and able to over-bear duty, reason, faith, conviction, nay, and the most absolute certainty of a future state. Humanity, unassisted in an extraordinary manner, must have shaken off the present pressure, and have delivered itself out of such a dreadful distress, by any means that could have been suggested to it. We can easily imagine, that many persons, in so good a cause, might have laid down their lives at the gibbet, the stake, or the block; but to expire leisurely among

the most exquisite tortures, when they might come out of them, even by a mental reservation, or an hypocrisy which was not without a possibility of being followed by repentance and forgiveness, has something in it, so far beyond the force and natural strength of mortals, that one cannot but think there was some miraculous power to support the sufferer.

V. We find the church of Smyrna, in that admirable letter which gives an account of the death of Polycarp their beloved bishop, mentioning the cruel torments of other early martyrs for Christianity, are of opinion that our Saviour stood by them in a vision, and personally conversed with them, to give them strength and comfort during the bitterness of their long-continued agonies; and we have the story of a young man, who, having suffered many tortures, escaped with life, and told his fellow-Christians, that the pain of them had been rendered tolerable, by the presence of an angel who stood by him, and wiped off the tears and sweat, which ran down his face whilst he lay under his sufferings. We are assured, at least, that the first martyr for Christianity was encouraged in his last moments by a vision of that Divine person, for whom he suffered, and into whose presence he was then hastening.

VI. Let any man calmly lay his hand upon his heart, and after reading these terrible conflicts in which the ancient martyrs and confessors were engaged, when they passed through such new inventions and varieties of pain, as tired their tormentors; and ask himself, however zealous and sincere he is in his religion, whether under such acute and lingering tortures he could still have held fast his integrity, and have professed his faith to the last, without a supernatural assistance of some kind or other. For my part, when I consider that it was not an unaccountable obstinacy in a single man, or in any particular set of men, in some extraordinary juncture; but that there were multitudes of each sex, of every age, of different countries and conditions, who for near 300 years together made this glorious confession of their faith, in the midst of tortures, and in the hour of death: I must conclude, that they were either of another make than men are at present, or that they had such miraculous supports as were peculiar to those times of Christianity, when

without them perhaps the very name of it might have been extinguished.

VII. It is certain, that the deaths and sufferings of the primitive Christians had a great share in the conversion of those learned Pagans, who lived in the ages of persecution, which with some intervals and abatements lasted near 300 years after our Saviour. Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Lactantius, Arnobius, and others, tell us, that this first of all alarmed their curiosity, roused their attention, and made them seriously inquisitive into the nature of that religion, which could endue the mind with so much strength, and overcome the fear of death, nay, raise an earnest desire of it, though it appeared in all its terrors. This they found had not been effected by the doctrines of those philosophers, whom they had thoroughly studied, and who had been labouring at this great point. The sight of these dying and tormented martyrs engaged them to search into the history and doctrines of him for whom they suffered. The more they searched, the more they were convinced; till their conviction grew so strong, that they themselves embraced the same truths, and either actually laid down their lives, or were always in a readiness to do it, rather than depart from them.

SECTION VIII.

I. The completion of our Saviour's prophecies confirmed Pagans in their belief of the gospel.
II. Origen's observation on that of his disciples being brought before kings and governors;
III. On their being persecuted for their religion;
IV. On their preaching the gospel to all nations;
V. On the destruction of Jerusalem, and ruin of the Jewish economy.
VI. These arguments strengthened by what has happened since Origen's time.

I. The second of those extraordinary means, of great use to the learned and inquisitive Pagans of the three first centuries, for evincing the truth of the history of our Saviour, was the completion of such prophecies as are recorded of him in the evangelists. They could not, indeed, form any arguments from what he foretold, and was fulfilled during his

life, because both the prophecy and the completion were over before they were published by the evangelists; though, as Origen observes, what end there could be in forging some of these predictions, as that of St. Peter's denying his master, and all his disciples forsaking him in the greatest extremity, which reflects so much shame on the great apostle, and on all his companions? Nothing but a strict adherence to truth, and to matters of fact, could have prompted the evangelists to relate a circumstance so disadvantageous to their own reputation; as that Father has well observed.

II. But to pursue his reflections on this subject. There are predictions of our Saviour recorded by the evangelists, which were not completed till after their deaths, and had no likelihood of being so, when they were pronounced by our blessed Saviour. Such was that wonderful notice he gave them, that they should be brought before governors and kings for his sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles, Matt. x. 28, with the other like prophecies, by which he foretold that his disciples were to be persecuted. Is there any other doctrine in the world, says this Father, whose followers are punished? Can the enemies of Christ say, that he knew his opinions were false and impious, and that, therefore, he might well conjecture and foretell what would be the treatment of those persons who should embrace them? Supposing his doctrines were really such, why should this be the consequence? what likelihood that men should be brought before kings and governors for opinions and tenets of any kind, when this never happened even to the Epicureans, who absolutely denied a Providence; nor to the Peripatetics themselves, who laughed at the prayers and sacrifices which were made to the Divinity?[1] Are there any but the Christians who, according to this prediction of our Saviour, being brought before kings and governors for his sake, are pressed to their latest gasp of breath, by their respective judges, to renounce Christianity, and to procure

[1] A material and obvious difference, in the two cases, is here overlooked. The Epicureans and Peripatetics might take these liberties in private, or in their philosophic systems; but if either had gone about among the people, with the zeal of the Christian martyrs, to overturn the established religions, they would probably have shared their fate: and a wise man might easily have foreseen this consequence.

their liberty and rest, by offering the same sacrifices, and taking the same oaths that others did?

III. Consider the time when our Saviour pronounced those words, Matt. x. 32, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Had you heard him speak after this manner, when as yet his disciples were under no such trials, you would certainly have said within yourself, if these speeches of Jesus are true, and if, according to his prediction, governors and kings undertake to ruin and destroy those who shall profess themselves his disciples, we will believe, (not only that he is a prophet,) but that he has received power from God sufficient to preserve and propagate his religion; and that he would never talk in such a peremptory and discouraging manner, were he not assured that he was able to subdue the most powerful opposition that could be made against the faith and doctrine which he taught.

IV. Who is not struck with admiration, when he represents to himself our Saviour at that time foretelling, that his gospel should be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations,[1] or, as St. Origen, (who rather quotes the sense than the words,) to serve for a conviction to kings and people, when at the same time he finds that his gospel has accordingly been preached to Greeks and barbarians, to the learned and to the ignorant, and that there is no quality or condition of life able to exempt men from submitting to the doctrine of Christ? As for us, says this great author, in another part of his book against Celsus, "when we see every day those events exactly accomplished which our Saviour foretold at so great a distance: that his gospel is preached in all the world, Matt. xxiv. 14. That his disciples go and teach all nations, Matt. xxviii. 19. And that those who have received his doctrine, are brought for his sake before governors and before kings, Matt. x. 18, we are filled with admiration, and our faith in him is confirmed more and more. What clearer and stronger proofs can Celsus ask for the truth of what he spoke?"

[1] There is great force in this and the following consideration.

V. Origen insists, likewise, with great strength, on that wonderful prediction of our Saviour, concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, pronounced at a time, as he observes, when there was no likelihood nor appearance of it. This has been taken notice of and inculcated by so many others, that I shall refer you to what this Father has said on the subject in the first book against Celsus. And, as to the accomplishment of this remarkable prophecy, shall only observe, that whoever reads the account given us by Josephus, without knowing his character, and compares it with what our Saviour foretold, would think the historian had been a Christian, and that he had nothing else in view but to adjust the event to the prediction.

VI. I cannot quit this head without taking notice, that Origen would still have triumphed more in the foregoing arguments, had he lived an age longer, to have seen the Roman emperors, and all their governors and provinces, submitting themselves to the Christian religion, and glorying in its profession, as so many kings and sovereigns still place their relation to Christ at the head of their titles.

How much greater confirmation of his faith would he have received, had he seen our Saviour's prophecy stand good in the destruction of the temple, and the dissolution of the Jewish economy, when Jews and Pagans united all their endeavours, under Julian the apostate, to baffle and falsify the prediction! The great preparations that were made for re-building the temple, with the hurricane, earthquake, and eruptions of fire, that destroyed the work, and terrified those employed in the attempt from proceeding in it, are related by many historians of the same age, and the substance of the story testified both by Pagan and Jewish writers, as Ammianus Marcellinus and Zemath-David. The learned Chrysostom, in a sermon against the Jews, tells them this fact was then fresh in the memories even of their young men, that it happened but twenty years ago, and that it was attested by all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, where they might still see the marks of it in the rubbish of that work, from which the Jews desisted in so great a fright, and which even Julian had not the courage to carry on. This fact, which is in itself so miraculous, and so indisputable, brought over many of the Jews to Christianity; and shows us, that after

our Saviour's prophecy against it, the temple could not be preserved from the plough passing over it, by all the care of Titus, who would fain have prevented its destruction, and that, instead of being re-edified by Julian, all his endeavours towards it did but still more literally accomplish our Saviour's prediction, that not one stone should be left upon another.

The ancient Christians were so entirely persuaded of the force of our Saviour's prophecies, and of the punishment which the Jews had drawn upon themselves, and upon their children, for the treatment which the Messiah had received at their hands, that they did not doubt but they would always remain an abandoned and dispersed people, an hissing and an astonishment among the nations, as they are to this day. In short, that they had lost their peculiarity of being God's people, which was now transferred to the body of Christians, and which preserved the church of Christ among all the conflicts, difficulties, and persecutions, in which it was engaged, as it had preserved the Jewish government and economy for so many ages, whilst it had the same truth and vital principle in it, notwithstanding it was so frequently in danger of being utterly abolished and destroyed. Origen, in his fourth book against Celsus, mentioning their being cast out of Jerusalem, the place to which their worship was annexed, deprived of their temple and sacrifice, their religious rites and solemnities, and scattered over the face of the earth, ventures to assure them with a face of confidence, that they would never be re-established, since they had committed that horrid crime against the Saviour of the world. This was a bold assertion in the good man, who knew how this people had been so wonderfully re-established in former times, when they were almost swallowed up, and in the most desperate state of desolation, as in their deliverance out of the Babylonish captivity, and the oppressions of Antiochus Epiphanes. Nay, he knew that within less than a hundred years before his own time, the Jews had made such a powerful effort for their re-establishment under Barchocab, in the reign of Adrian, as shook the whole Roman empire. But he founded his opinion on a sure word of prophecy, and on the punishment they had so justly incurred; and we find, by a long experience of 1500 years, that he was not mistaken,

nay, that his opinion gathers strength daily, since the Jews are now at a greater distance from any probability of such a re-establishment, than they were when Origen wrote.

SECTION IX.

I. The lives of primitive Christians, another means of bringing learned Pagans into their religion.
II. The change and reformation of their manners.
III. This looked upon as supernatural by the learned Pagans,
IV. And strengthened the accounts given of our Saviour's life and history.
V. The Jewish prophecies of our Saviour, an argument for the heathens' belief:
VI. Pursued:
VII. Pursued.

I. THERE was one other means enjoyed by the learned Pagans of the three first centuries, for satisfying them in the truth of our Saviour's history, which I might have flung under one of the foregoing heads; but as it is so shining a particular, and does so much honour to our religion, I shall make a distinct article of it, and only consider it with regard to the subject I am upon. I mean the lives and manners of those holy men who believed in Christ during the first ages of Christianity. I should be thought to advance a paradox, should I affirm that there were more Christians in the world during those times of persecution, than there are at present in these which we call the flourishing times of Christianity. But this will be found an indisputable truth, if we form our calculation upon the opinions which prevailed in those days, that every one who lives in the habitual practice of any voluntary sin, actually cuts himself off from the benefits and profession of Christianity, and whatever he may call himself, is in reality no Christian, nor ought to be esteemed as such.

II. In the times we are now surveying, the Christian religion showed its full force and efficacy on the minds of men, and by many examples demonstrated what great and generous souls it was capable of producing. It exalted and refined its proselytes to a very high degree of perfection, and set

them far above the pleasures, and even the pains, of this life. It strengthened the infirmity, and broke the fierceness of human nature. It lifted up the minds of the ignorant to the knowledge and worship of him that made them, and inspired the vicious with a rational devotion, a strict purity of heart, and an unbounded love to their fellow-creatures. In proportion as it spread through the world, it seemed to change mankind into another species of beings. No sooner was a convert initiated into it, but by an easy figure he became a new man, and both acted and looked upon himself as one regenerated and born a second time into another state of existence.

III. It is not my business to be more particular in the accounts of primitive Christianity, which have been exhibited so well by others, but rather to observe, that the Pagan converts, of whom I am now speaking, mention this great reformation of those who had been the greatest sinners, with that sudden and surprising change which it made in the lives of the most profligate, as having something in it supernatural, miraculous, and more than human. Origen represents this power in the Christian religion, as no less wonderful than that of curing the lame and blind, or cleansing the leper. Many others represent it in the same light, and looked upon it as an argument that there was a certain divinity in that religion, which showed itself in such strange and glorious effects.

IV. This, therefore, was a great means, not only of recommending Christianity to honest and learned heathens, but of confirming them in the belief of our Saviour's history, when they saw multitudes of virtuous men daily forming themselves upon his example, animated by his precepts, and actuated by that spirit which he had promised to send among his disciples.

V. But I find no argument made a stronger impression on the minds of these eminent Pagan converts, for strengthening their faith in the history of our Saviour, than the predictions relating to him in those old prophetic writings, which were deposited among the hands of the greatest enemies to Christianity, and owned by them to have been extant many ages before his appearance. The learned heathen converts were astonished to see the whole history of their Saviour's

life published before he was born, and to find that the evangelists and prophets, in their accounts of the Messiah, differed only in point of time, the one foretelling what should happen to him, and the other describing those very particulars as what had actually happened. This our Saviour himself was pleased to make use of as the strongest argument of his being the promised Messiah, and without it would hardly have reconciled his disciples to the ignominy of his death, as in that remarkable passage which mentions his conversation with the two disciples, on the day of his resurrection, St. Luke, chap. xxiv. 13, to the end.

VI. The heathen converts, after having travelled through all human learning, and fortified their minds with the knowledge of arts and sciences, were particularly qualified to examine these prophecies, with great care and impartiality, and without prejudice or prepossession. If the Jews, on the one side, put an unnatural interpretation on these prophecies, to evade the force of them in their controversies with the Christians; or if the Christians, on the other side, overstrained several passages in their applications of them, as it often happens among men of the best understanding, when their minds are heated with any consideration that bears a more than an ordinary weight with it: the learned heathens may be looked upon as neuters in the matter, when all these prophecies were new to them, and their education had left the interpretation of them free and indifferent. Besides, these learned men among the primitive Christians knew how the Jews, who had preceded our Saviour, interpreted these predictions, and the several marks by which they acknowledged the Messiah would be discovered, and how those of the Jewish doctors who succeeded him, had deviated from the interpretations and doctrines of their forefathers, on purpose to stifle their own conviction.

VII. This set of arguments had, therefore, an invisible force with those Pagan philosophers who became Christians, as we find in most of their writings. They could not disbelieve our Saviour's history, which so exactly agreed with everything that had been written of him many ages before his birth, nor doubt of those circumstances being fulfilled in him, which could not be true of any person that lived in the world besides himself. This wrought the greatest confusion

in the unbelieving Jews, and the greatest conviction in the Gentiles, who everywhere speak with astonishment of these truths they met with in this new magazine of learning which was opened to them, and carry the point so far as to think whatever excellent doctrine they had met with among Pagan writers, had been stole from their conversation with the Jews, or from the perusal of these writings which they had in their custody.

THE DRUMMER,

OR

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A COMEDY.

AS IT IS ACTED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, IN DRURY LANE,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

——Falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus—— Hor.

With a Preface by Sir Richard Steele, in an Epistle Dedicatory to Mr. Congreve, occasioned by Mr. Tickell's Preface to the four volumes of Mr. Addison's Works.

TO MR. CONGREVE,

OCCASIONED BY

MR. TICKELL'S PREFACE TO THE FOUR VOLUMES OF MR. ADDISON'S WORKS.

SIR,

THIS is the second time that I have, without your leave, taken the liberty to make a public address to you. However uneasy you may be, for your own sake, in receiving compliments of this nature, I depend upon your known humanity for pardon, when I acknowledge, that you have this present trouble for mine. When I take myself to be ill-treated with regard to my behaviour to the merit of other men, my conduct towards you is an argument of my candour that way, as well as that your name and authority will be my protection in it. You will give me leave, therefore, in a matter that concerns us in the poetical world, to make you my judge, whether I am not injured in the highest manner; for with men of your taste and delicacy, it is a high crime and misdemeanour to be guilty of anything that is disingenuous: but I will go into the matter.

Upon my return out of Scotland, I visited Mr. Tonson's shop, and thanked him for his care in sending to my house the volumes of my dear and honoured friend, Mr. ADDISON, which are at last published by his secretary, Mr. Tickell; but took occasion to observe, that I had not seen the work before it came out, which he did not think fit to excuse any otherwise than by a recrimination, that I had put into his hands at an high price, "A Comedy called The Drummer:" which, by my zeal for it, he took to be written by Mr. Addison, and of which, after his death, he said I directly acknowledged he was the author. To urge this hardship still more home, he produced a receipt under my hand in these words:

"*March* 12, 1715.

"Received then the sum of fifty guineas for the copy of the comedy called The Drummer, or the Haunted House. I say received by order of the author of the said comedy.

"RICHARD STEELE."

And added, at the same time, that, since Mr. Tickell had not thought fit to make that play a part of Mr. Addison's Works, he would sell the copy to any bookseller that would give most for it.

This is represented thus circumstantially, to show how incumbent it is upon me, as well in justice to the bookseller, as for many other considerations, to produce this comedy a second time, and take this occasion to vindicate myself against certain insinuations thrown out by the publisher of Mr. Addison's writings, concerning my behaviour in the nicest circumstance, that of doing justice to the merit of my friend.

I shall take the liberty, before I have ended this letter, to say, why I believe the Drummer a performance of Mr. Addison: and after I have declared this, any surviving writer may be at ease, if there be any one who has hitherto been vain enough to hope, or silly enough to fear, it may be given to himself.

Before I go any further, I must make my public appeal to you and all the learned world, and humbly demand, whether it was a decent or reasonable thing, that works written (as a great part of Mr. Addison's were) in correspondence with me, ought to have been published without my review of the catalogue of them; or if there were any exception to be made against any circumstance in my conduct, whether an opportunity to explain myself should not have been allowed me before any reflections were made upon me in print.

When I had perused Mr. Tickell's preface, I had soon many objections, besides his omission to say anything of the Drummer, against his long-expected performance. The chief intention of which, and which it concerns me first to examine, seems to aim at doing the deceased author justice against me, whom he insinuates to have assumed to myself part of the merit of my friend.

He is pleased, sir, to express himself concerning the present writer in the following manner:

[1] "The comedy called The Tender Husband, appeared much about the same time, to which Mr. Addison wrote the Prologue. Sir Richard Steele surprised him with a very handsome dedication of this play, and has since acquainted the public that he owed some of the most taking scenes of it to Mr. Addison."

[2] "He was in that kingdom [Ireland] when he first discovered Sir Richard Steele to be the author of the Tatler, by an observation upon Virgil, which had been by him communicated to his friend. The assistance he occasionally gave him afterwards in the course of the paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation; and upon the change of the ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in that work, which, however, was dropt at last, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

"In the last paper, which closed those celebrated performances, and in the preface to the last volume, Sir Richard Steele has given to Mr. Addison the honour of the most applauded pieces in that collection. But as that acknowledgment was delivered only in general terms, without directing the public to the several papers; Mr. Addison, who was content with the praise arising from his own works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to distinguish his writings in the Spectators and Guardians by such marks as might remove the least possibility of mistake in the most undiscerning readers. It was necessary that his share in the Tatlers should be adjusted in a complete collection of his works; for which reason Sir Richard Steele, in compliance with the request of his deceased friend, delivered to him by the editor, was pleased to mark with his own hand those Tatlers which are inserted in this edition, and even to point out several, in the writing of which they both were concerned."

[3] "The plan of the Spectator, as far as it regards the feigned person of the author, and of the several characters that compose his club, was projected in concert with Sir Richard Steele; and because many passages in the course of the work would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one single paper, written by Sir Richard Steele, wherein those characters are drawn which may serve as a

[1] Mr. Tickell's Preface, page 11 [2] Page 12. [3] Page 13.

Dramatis Personæ, or as so many pictures for an ornament and explication of the whole. As for the distinct papers, they were never or seldom shown to each other by their respective authors, who fully answered the promise they had made, and far out-went the expectation they had raised of pursuing their labour in the same spirit and strength with which it was begun."

It need not be explained, that it is here intimated that I had not sufficiently acknowledged what was due to Mr. Addison in these writings. I shall make a full answer to what seems intended by the words, "He was too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others," if I can recite out of my own papers anything that may make it appear groundless.

The subsequent encomiums bestowed by me on Mr. Addison will, I hope, be of service to me in this particular.

[1] "But I have only one gentleman, 'who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent assistance to me; which, indeed, it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood, considering the great ease with which he is able to despatch the most entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary: when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.

"The same hand writ the distinguishing characters of men and women, under the names of Musical Instruments, the Distress of the News-Writers, the Inventory of the Playhouse, and the Description of the Thermometer, which I cannot but look upon as the greatest embellishments of this work."

[2] "As to the work itself, the acceptance it has met with is the best proof of its value; but I should err against that candour which an honest man should always carry about him, if I did not own, that the most approved pieces in it were written by others, and those which have been most excepted against, by myself. The hand that has assisted me in those noble discourses upon the immortality of the

[1] Preface to the 4th vol. of the Tatlers.

[2] Tatler, No. 271.

soul, the glorious prospects of another life, and the most sublime ideas of religion and virtue, is a person who is too fondly my friend ever to own them: but I should little deserve to be his, if I usurped the glory of them. I must acknowledge, at the same time, that I think the finest strokes of wit and humour, in all Mr. Bickerstaff's lucubrations, are those for which he is also beholden to him."

[1]"I hope the apology I have made as to the licence allowable to a feigned character, may excuse anything which has been said in these discourses of the SPECTATOR and his works. But the imputation of the grossest vanity would still dwell upon me, if I did not give some account by what means I was enabled to keep up the spirit of so long and approved a performance. All the papers marked with a C, L, I, or O; that is to say, all the papers which I have distinguished by any letter in the name of the muse CLIO, were given me by the gentleman, of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the preface and concluding leaf of the Tatler. I am, indeed, much more proud of his long-continued friendship, than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the Tender Husband, I told him, there was nothing I so ardently wished as that we might some time or other publish a work written by us both, which should bear the name of the Monument, in memory of our friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here, were as honorary to that sacred name, as learning, wit, and humanity, render those pieces which I have taught the reader how to distinguish for his. When the play abovementioned was last acted, there were so many applauded strokes in it, which I had from the same hand, that I thought very meanly of myself that I had never publicly acknowledged them. After I have put other friends upon importuning him to publish dramatic, as well as other writings he has by him, I shall end what I think I am obliged to say on this head, by giving my reader this hint for the better judging of my productions, that the best comment upon them would be an account when the patron to the Tender Husband was in England or abroad.

[2]"My purpose, in this application, is only to show the

[1] Spectator, No. 555. [2] Dedicati · before the Tender Husband.

esteem I have for you, and that I look upon my intimacy with you as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life."

I am sure you have read my quotations with indignation against the little zeal which prompted the editor, who, by the way, has in himself done nothing in applause of the works which he prefaces, to the mean endeavours of adding to Mr. Addison, by disparaging a man who had, for the greatest part of his life, been his known bosom friend, and shielded him from all the resentments which many of his own works would have brought upon him at the time in which they were written. It is really a good office to society, to expose the indiscretion of intermeddlers in the friendship and correspondence of men, whose sentiments, passions, and resentments are too great for their proportion of soul: could the editor's indiscretion provoke me even so far as within the rules of strictest honour I could go, and I were not restrained by supererogatory affection to dear Mr. Addison, I would ask this unskilful creature what he means, when he speaks in the air of a reproach, that the Tatler was laid down as it was taken up, without his participation; let him speak out and say, why, "without his knowledge," would not serve his purpose as well. If, as he says, he restrains himself to Mr. Addison's character, as a writer, while he attempts to lessen me, he exalts me; for he has declared to all the world, what I never have so explicitly done, that I am, to all intents and purposes, the author of the Tatler. He very justly says, the occasional assistance Mr. Addison gave me in the course of that paper, "did not a little contribute to advance its reputation, especially when, upon the change of the ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in it." It was advanced, indeed, for it was raised to a greater thing than I intended it: for the elegance, purity, and correctness which appeared in his writings, were not so much my purpose, as in any intelligible manner as I could, to rally all those singularities of human life, through the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct anything that was truly good and great. After this acknowledgment you will see, that is, such a man as you will see, that I rejoiced in being excelled, and made those little talents, whatever they are which I have, give way and be subservient to the superior qualities of a friend whom I loved, and whose modesty would never

have admitted them to come into day-light but under such a shelter. So that all which the editor has said, either out of design or incapacity, Mr. Congreve must determine to end in this, that Steele has been so candid and upright, that he owes nothing to Mr. Addison as a writer; but whether he does or does not, whatever Steele owes to Mr. Addison, the public owes Addison to Steele. But the editor has such a fantastical and ignorant zeal for his patron, that he won't allow his correspondents to conceal anything of his, though in obedience to his commands. What I never did declare was Mr. Addison's, I had his direct injunctions to hide, against the natural warmth and passion of my own temper towards my friends. Many of the writings now published as his, I have been very patiently traduced and calumniated for, as they were pleasantries and oblique strokes upon certain the wittiest men of the age, who will now restore me to their good-will, in proportion to the abatement of wit which they thought I employed against them. But I was saying, that the editor won't allow us to obey his patron's commands in anything which he thinks would redound to his credit, if discovered. And because I would show a little wit in my anger, I shall have the discretion to show you, that he has been guilty in this particular towards a much greater man than your humble servant, and one whom you are more obliged to vindicate. Mr. Dryden in his Virgil, after having acknowledged, that a "certain excellent young man" had showed him many faults in his translation of Virgil, which he had endeavoured to correct, goes on to say, "Two other worthy friends of mine, who desire to have their names concealed, seeing me straitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the Life of Virgil, the two prefaces to the Pastorals, and the Georgics, and all the arguments in prose to the whole translation." If Mr. Addison is one of the two friends, and the preface to the Georgics be what the editor calls the essay upon the Georgics, as one may adventure to say they are, from their being word for word the same, he has cast an inhuman reflection upon Mr. Dryden, who, though tied down not to name Mr. Addison, pointed at him, so as all mankind conversant in these matters knew him, with an eulogium equal to the highest merit, considering who it was that bestowed it. I could not avoid remarking upon this circumstance, out of justice to Mr Dryden, but

confess, at the same time, I took a great pleasure in doing it, because I knew, in exposing this outrage, I made my court to Mr. Congreve.

I have observed that the editor will not let me or any one else obey Mr. Addison's commands, in hiding anything he desires should be concealed. I cannot but take further notice, that the circumstance of marking his Spectators, which I did not know till I had done with the work, I made my own act; because I thought it too great a sensibility in my friend, and thought it, since it was done, better to be supposed marked by me than the author himself; the real state of which this zealot rashly and injudiciously exposes. I ask the reader whether anything but an earnestness to disparage me, could provoke the editor in behalf of Mr. Addison to say that he marked it, out of caution against me, when I had taken upon me to say it was I that did it, out of tenderness to him.

As the imputation of any the least attempt of arrogating to myself, or detracting from Mr. Addison, is without any colour of truth, you will give me leave to go on in the same ardour towards him, and resent the cold, unaffectionate, dry, and barren manner in which this gentleman gives an account of as great a benefactor, as any one learned man ever had of another. Would any man, who had been produced from a college life, and pushed into one of the most considerable employments of the kingdom as to its weight and trust, and greatly lucrative with respect to a fellowship, and who had been daily and hourly with one of the greatest men of the age, be satisfied with himself in saying nothing of such a person, besides what all the world knew, except a particularity, and that to his disadvantage, which I, his friend from a boy, don't know to be true, to wit, "that he never had a regular pulse!" As for the facts and considerable periods of his life, he either knew nothing of them, or injudiciously places them in a worse light than that in which they really stood. When he speaks of Mr. Addison's declining to go into orders, his way of doing it is, to lament that his seriousness and modesty, which might have recommended him, "proved the chief obstacles to it; it seems these qualities, by which the priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him, and rendered him still more worthy of that honour which they made him decline."

These, you knew very well, were not the reasons which made Mr. Addison turn his thoughts to the civil world: and as you were the instrument of his becoming acquainted with my Lord Hallifax, I doubt not but you remember the warm instances that noble lord made to the head of the college not to insist upon Mr. Addison's going into orders; his arguments were founded upon the general pravity and corruption of men of business, who wanted liberal education. And I remember, as if I had read the letter yesterday, that my lord ended with a compliment, that however he might be represented as no friend to the church, he never would do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it. The contention for this man in his early youth among the people of greatest power, Mr. Secretary Tickell, the executor for his fame, is pleased to ascribe to a serious visage and modesty of behaviour. When a writer is grossly and essentially faulty, it were a jest to take notice of a false expression or a phrase; otherwise priesthood in that place might be observed upon as a term not used by the real well-wishers to clergymen, except when they would express some solemn act, and not when that order is spoke of as a profession among gentlemen: I will not, therefore, busy myself about "the unconcerning parts of knowledge, but be contented like a reader of plain sense without politeness:" and, since Mr. Secretary will give us no account of this gentleman, "I admit the Alps and Apennines, instead of his editor, to be commentators" of his works, which, as the editor says, "have raised a demand for correctness;" this demand, by the way, ought to be more strong upon those who were most about him, and had the greatest advantage of "his example." But our editor says, "that those who come the nearest to exactness, are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection." Believe me, sir, Mr. Addison's example will carry no man further than that height for which nature capacitated him: and the affectation of following great men in works above the genius of their imitators, will never rise further than the production of uncommon and unsuitable ornaments in a barren discourse, like flowers upon an heath, such as the author's phrase of something better than perfection: but, indeed, his preface, if ever anything was, is that something better, for it is so extraordinary, that we cannot say it is too long or too short, or deny but that it is

both. I think I abstract myself from all manner of prejudice, when I aver that no man, though without any obligation to Mr. Addison, would have represented him in his family, in his friendships, or his personal character, so disadvantageously, as his secretary, in preference of whom he incurred the warmest resentments of other gentlemen, has been pleased to describe him in those particulars.

Mr. Dean Addison, father of this memorable man, left behind him four children, each of whom for excellent talents and singular perfections was as much above the ordinary world, as their brother Joseph was above them. Were things of this nature to be exposed to public view, I could show, under the dean's own hand, in the warmest terms, his blessing on the friendship between his son and me; nor had he a child who did not prefer me in the first place of kindness and esteem, as their father loved me like one of them: and I can with great pleasure say, I never omitted any opportunity of showing that zeal for their persons and interests as became a gentleman and a friend. Were I now to indulge myself, I could talk a great deal to you, which I am sure would be entertaining; but as I am speaking at the same time to all the world, I considered it would be impertinent: let me, then, confine myself a while to the following play, which I at first recommended to the stage, and carried to the press: no one who reads the preface which I published with it, will imagine I could be induced to say so much as I then did, had I not known the man I best loved had had a part in it, or had I believed that any other concerned had much more to do than as an amanuensis.

But, indeed, had I not known at the time of the transaction, concerning the acting on the stage and sale of the copy, I should, I think, have seen Mr. Addison in every page of it; for he was above all men in that talent we call humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature heightened with humour, more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed.

They who shall read this play after being let into the secret, that it was writ by Mr. Addison, or under his direction, will probably be attentive to those excellencies, which

they before overlooked, and wonder they did not till now observe, that there is not an expression in the whole piece which has not in it the most nice propriety and aptitude to the character which utters it; there is that smiling mirth, that delicate satire, and genteel raillery, which appeared in Mr. Addison when he was free among intimates; I say, when he was free from "his remarkable" bashfulness, which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit and his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed.

The Drummer made no great figure on the stage, though exquisitely well acted; but when I observe this, I say a much harder thing of the stage than of the comedy. When I say the stage in this place, I am understood to mean in general the present taste of theatrical representations, where nothing that is not violent, and, as I may say, grossly delightful, can come on without hazard of being condemned, or slighted. It is here republished, and recommended as a closet-piece, to recreate an intelligent mind in a vacant hour; for vacant the reader must be from every strong prepossession, in order to relish an entertainment (*quod nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum*) which cannot be enjoyed to the degree it deserves, but by those of the most polite taste among scholars, the best breeding among gentlemen, and the least acquainted with sensual pleasure among ladies.

The editor is pleased to relate concerning Cato, that a play under that design was projected by the author very early, and wholly laid aside; in advanced years he reassumed the same design, and many years after four acts were finished, he writ the fifth, and brought it upon the stage. All the town knows how officious I was in bringing it on; and you that know the town, the theatre, and mankind, very well can judge how necessary it was to take measures for making a performance of that sort, excellent as it is, run into popular applause. I promised before it was acted, and performed my duty accordingly to the author, that I would bring together so just an audience on the first days of it, that it should be impossible for the vulgar to put its success or due applause to any hazard; but I don't mention this only to show how good an aid-de-camp I was to Mr. Addison, but to show also that the editor does as much to cloud the merit of this work

as I did to set it forth: Mr. Tickell's account of its being taken up, laid down, and at last perfected, after such long intervals and pauses, would make any one believe, who did not know Mr. Addison, that it was accomplished with the greatest pain and labour, and the issue rather of learning and industry than capacity and genius; but I do assure you, that never play, which could bring the author any reputation for wit and conduct, notwithstanding it was so long before it was finished, employed the author so little a time in writing: if I remember right, the fifth act was written in less than a week's time; for this was particular in this writer, that when he had taken his resolution, or made his plan for what he designed to write, he would walk about a room and dictate it into language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated. I have been often thus employed by him, and never took it into my head, though he only spoke it, and I took all the pains of throwing it upon paper, that I ought to call myself the writer of it. I will put all my credit among men of wit for the truth of my averment, when I presume to say, that no one but Mr. Addison was in any other way the writer of the Drummer; at the same time I will allow, that he sent for me, which he could always do, from his natural power over me, as much as he could send for any of his clerks when he was Secretary of State, and told me that "a gentleman then in the room had written a play that he was sure I would like, but it was to be a secret, and he knew I would take as much pains, since he recommended it, as I would for him."

I hope, nobody will be wronged or think himself aggrieved, that I give this rejected work where I do; and if a certain gentleman is injured by it, I will allow I have wronged him, upon this issue, that (if the reputed translator of the first book of Homer shall please to give us another book) there shall appear another good judge in poetry, besides Mr. Alexander Pope, who shall like it. But I detain you too long upon things that are too personal to myself, and will defer giving the world a true notion of the character and talents of Mr. Addison, till I can speak of that amiable gentleman on an occasion void of controversy: I shall then, perhaps, say many things of him, which will be new even to you, with regard to him in all parts of his character; for which I was

so zealous, that I could not be contented with praising and adorning him as much as lay in my own power, but was ever soliciting and putting my friends upon the same office. And since the editor has adorned his heavy discourse with prose in rhyme at the end of it upon Mr. Addison's death, give me leave to atone for this long and tedious epistle, by giving you after it what I dare say you will esteem an excellent poem on his marriage. I must conclude without satisfying as strong a desire as ever man had, of saying something remarkably handsome to the person to whom I am writing; for you are so good a judge, that you would find out the endeavourer to be witty: and, therefore, as I have tired you and myself, I will be contented with assuring you, which I do very honestly, I had rather have you satisfied with me on this subject, than any other man living.

You will please to pardon me, that I have, thus, laid this nice affair before a person who has the acknowledged superiority to all others, not only in the most excellent talents, but possessing them with an equanimity, candour, and benevolence, which render those advantages a pleasure as great to the rest of the world, as they can be to the owner of them. And since fame consists in the opinion of wise and good men, you must not blame me for taking the readiest way to baffle an attempt upon my reputation, by an address to one whom every wise and good man looks upon with the greatest affection and veneration. I am,

SIR,

Your most obliged,

Most obedient, and

Most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK,

ON HER MARRIAGE.*

BY MR. WELSTED.

Ambition long has woman's heart betrayed,
And tinsel grandeur caught th' unwary maid;
The pompous styles, that strike th' admiring throng,
Have glittered in the eye of beauty long:
You, madam, first the female taste improve,
And give your fellow-charmers laws for love;
A pomp you covet, not to heralds known,
And sigh for virtues equal to your own;
Part in a man immortal greatly claim,
And frown on titles to ally with fame:
Not Edward's star, embossed with silver rays,
Can vie in glory with thy consort's bays;
His country's pride does homage to thy charms,
And every merit crowds into thy arms.
While others gain light conquests by their eyes,
'Tis thine with[1] wisdom to subdue the wise;
To their soft chains while courtly beaux submit,
'Tis thine to lead in triumph captive wit:
Her sighing vassals let Clarinda boast,
Of lace and languishing cockades the toast:
In beauty's pride unenvied let her reign,
And share that wanton empire with the vain.
For thee the arts of Greece and Rome combine;
And all the glories Cato gained, are thine:
Still Warwick in thy boasted rank of life,
But more illustrious, than when Warwick's wife.
Come forth, reveal thyself, thou chosen bride,
And show great Nassau's poet by thy side;
Thy bright example shall instruct the fair,
And future nymphs shall make renown their care;
Embroidery less shall charm the virgin's eye,
And kind coquettes, for plumes, less frequent die;[2]
Secure shall beauty reign, the Muse its guard;
The Muse shall triumph, beauty its reward.

* This is as given in all the printed versions: the original MS. is in the British Museum, Birch, 4156, f. 13, and presents these two variations:— [1] *for* with *read* by. [2] *for* die *read* sigh.

THE PREFACE.

Having recommended this play to the town, and delivered the copy of it to the bookseller, I think myself obliged to give some account of it.

It had been some years in the hands of the author, and falling under my perusal, I thought so well of it, that I persuaded him to make some additions and alterations to it, and let it appear upon the stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and liked it the better, for the want of those studied similies and repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that has prevailed for many years in the British theatre. I believe the author would have condescended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he, before the writing of it, been often present at theatrical representations. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the play, by the opinion of better judges to whom it was communicated, who observed that the scenes were drawn after Moliere's manner, and that an easy and natural vein of humour ran through the whole.

I do not question but the reader will discover this, and see many beauties that escaped the audience; the touches being too delicate for every taste in a popular assembly. My brother sharers were of opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not strong enough to appear at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good action as ever I saw on the stage.

The reader will consider that I speak here, not as the author, but as the patentee. Which is, perhaps, the reason why I am not diffuse in the praises of the play, lest I should seem like a man who cries up his own wares only to draw in customers.

RICHARD STEELE.

PROLOGUE.

In this grave age, when comedies are few,
We crave your patronage for one that 's new;
Though 'twere poor stuff, yet bid the author fair,
And let the scarceness recommend the ware.
Long have your ears been filled with tragic parts,
Blood and blank-verse have hardened all your hearts;
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party strokes,
Round-heads and wooden-shoes are standing jokes;
The same conceit gives claps and hisses birth,
You're grown such politicians in your mirth!
For once we try (though 'tis, I own, unsafe)
To please you all, and make both parties laugh.
  Our author, anxious for his fame to-night,
And bashful in his first attempt to write,
Lies cautiously obscure and unrevealed,
Like ancient actors in a mask concealed.
Censure when no man knows who writes the play,
Were much good malice merely thrown away.
The mighty critics will not blast, for shame,
A raw young thing, who dares not tell his name:
Good-natured judges will th' unknown defend,
And fear to blame, lest they should hurt a friend:
Each wit may praise it, for his own dear sake,
And hint he writ it, if the thing should take.
But if you're rough, and use him like a dog,
Depend upon it—he'll remain incog.
If you should hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,
And, like a culprit, join the hue-and-cry.
  If cruel men are still averse to spare
These scenes, they fly for refuge to the fair.
Though with a ghost our comedy be heightened,
Ladies, upon my word, you shan't be frightened;
O, 'tis a ghost that scorns to be uncivil,
A well-spread, lusty, jointure-hunting devil;
An am'rous ghost, that's faithful, fond, and true,
Made up of flesh and blood —as much as you.
Then every evening come in flocks, undaunted,
We never think this house is too much haunted.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir George Truman, . . .	Mr. Wilks.
Tinsel, ...	Mr. Cibber.
Fantome, the Drummer, . . .	Mr. Mills.
Vellum, Sir George Truman's Steward,	Mr. Johnson.
Butler, ...	Mr. Pinkethman.
Coachman, ...	Mr. Miller.
Gardener, ...	Mr. Norris.

WOMEN.

Lady Truman, ...	Mrs. Oldfield.
Abigal, ...	Mrs. Saunders.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*A Great Hall.*

Enter the Butler, Coachman, *and* Gardener.

But. There came another coach to town last night, that brought a gentleman to inquire about this strange noise we hear in the house. This spirit will bring a power of custom to the George——If so be he continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, and set up the sign of the drum.

Coach. I'll give Madam warning, that's flat——I've always lived in sober families. I'll not disparage myself to be a servant in a house that is haunted.

Gard. I'll e'en marry Nell, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam, not but that Madam's a very good woman—if Mrs. Abigal did not spoil her—come, here's her health.

But. It's a very hard thing to be a butler in a house that is disturbed. He made such a racket in the cellar last night, that I'm afraid he'll sour all the beer in my barrels.

Coach. Why then, John, we ought to take it off as fast as we can. Here's to you——He rattled so loud under the tiles last night, that I verily thought the house would have fallen over our heads I durst not go up into the cock-loft

this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me.

GARD. I thought I heard him in one of my bed posts——I marvel, John, how he gets into the house when all the gates are shut.

BUT. Why, look ye, Peter, your spirit will creep you into an augre-hole:——he'll whisk ye through a key-hole, without so much as justling against one of the wards.

COACH. Poor Madam is mainly frighted, that's certain, and verily believes 'tis my master that was killed in the last campaign.

BUT. Out of all manner of question, Robin, 'tis Sir George. Mrs. Abigal is of opinion it can be none but his honour; he always loved the wars, and you know was mightily pleased from a child with the music of a drum.

GARD. I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

BUT. Found! why, ye fool, is not his body here about the house? Dost thou think he can beat his drum without hands and arms?

COACH. 'Tis master, as sure as I stand here alive, and I verily believe I saw him last night in the town-close.

GARD. Ay! how did he appear?

COACH. Like a white horse.

BUT. Pho, Robin, I tell ye he has never appeared yet but in the shape of the sound of a drum.

COACH. This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night without my lanthorn, I fell across a beam, that lay in my way, and faith my heart was in my mouth——I thought I had stumbled over a spirit.

BUT. Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw; why, a spirit is such a little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance ye a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle——As I sat in the pantry last night counting my spoons, the candle methought burnt blue, and the spay'd bitch look'd as if she saw something.

COACH. Ay, poor cur, she's almost frighten'd out of her wits.

GARD. Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him many a time, and often when we don't.

BUT. My lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

GARD. I fancy, when one goes to market, one might hear of somebody that can make a spell.

COACH. Why may not our parson of the parish lay him?

BUT. No, no, no, our parson cannot lay him.

COACH. Why not he as well as another man?

BUT. Why, ye fool, he is not qualified—He has not taken the oaths.

GARD. Why, d'ye think, John, that the spirit would take the law of him?——Faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

COACH. How's that?

GARD. I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]——I fancy Mrs. Abigal might scold him out of the house.

COACH. Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if anything could.

BUT. Pugh, this is all froth! you understand nothing of the matter——The next time it makes a noise, I tell you what ought to be done,——I would have the steward speak Latin to it.

COACH. Ay, that would do, if the steward had but courage.

GARD. There you have it——He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghost, I'd tell him his own! but, alack, what can one of us poor men do with a spirit, that can neither write nor read?

BUT. Thou art always cracking and boasting, Peter, thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a silly dog as thee should offer to speak to it. For aught I know, he might flay thee alive, and make parchment of thy skin to cover his drum with.

GARD. A fiddlestick! tell not me——I fear nothing; not I! I never did harm in my life, I never committed murder.

BUT. I verily believe thee, keep thy temper, Peter; after supper, we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

GARD. Why, that's well said, John, an honest man that is not quite sober has nothing to fear——Here's to ye——why, how if he should come this minute, here would I stand. Ha! what noise is that?

BUT. *and* COACH. Ha! where!

GARD. The devil! the devil! Oh, no; 'tis Mrs. Abigal.

BUT. Ay, faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. Abigal! a good mistake! 'tis Mrs. Abigal.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIG. Here are your drunken sots for you! Is this a time to be guzzling, when gentry are come to the house! Why don't you lay your cloth? How come you out of the stables? Why are not you at work in your garden?

GARD. Why, yonder's the fine Londoner and Madam fetching a walk together, and methought they looked as if they should say they had rather have my room than my company.

BUT. And so, forsooth, being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this same drummer out of our heads.

GARD. For you must know, Mrs. Abigal, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for him, unless one be as drunk as a drum.

COACH. I am resolved to give Madam warning to hire herself another coachman; for I came to serve my master, d'ye see, while he was alive, but do suppose that he has no further occasion for a coach, now he walks.

BUT. Truly, Mrs. Abigal, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after all, to fright Madam and his old servants at this rate.

GARD. And truly, Mrs. Abigal, I must needs say, I served my master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living (that is, no man that is not living) without double wages.

ABIG. Ay, 'tis such cowards as you that go about with idle stories, to disgrace the house, and bring so many strangers about it; you first frighten yourselves, and then your neighbours.

GARD. Frightened! I scorn your words. Frightened, quoth-a!

ABIG. What, you sot! are you grown pot-valiant?

GARD. Frightened with a drum! that's a good one! it will do us no harm, I'll answer for it. It will bring no blood-shed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a train-band drum as ever I heard in my life.

BUT. Prithee, Peter, don't be so presumptuous.

ABIG. Well, these drunken rogues take it as I could wish. [*Aside.*

GARD. I scorn to be frightened, now I am in for't; if old Dub-a-dub should come into the room, I would take him——

BUT. Prithee hold thy tongue.

GARD. I would take him——

[*The drum beats, the Gardener endeavours to get off, and falls.*

BUT. *and* COACH. Speak to it, Mrs. Abigal.

GARD. Spare my life, and take all I have.

COACH. Make off, make off, good butler, and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar. [*They all run off.*

ABIGAL *sola.*

ABIG. So now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my drummer.——But first let me shut the door lest we be surprised. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out, the enemy's fled——I must speak with you immediately——don't stay to beat a parley.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers Fantome with a drum.*

FANT. Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast managed this thing so well, that I could take thee in my arms, and kiss thee——if my drum did not stand in my way.

ABIG. Well, o'my conscience, you are the merriest ghost! and the very picture of Sir George Truman.

FANT. There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigal; Sir George had that freshness in his looks, that we men of the town cannot come up to.

ABIG. Oh! death may have altered you, you know—besides, you must consider, you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

FANT. Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this cut cross my forehead will keep me in countenance.

ABIG. 'Tis just such a one as my master received from a cursed French trooper, as my lady's letter informed her.

FANT. It happens luckily that this suit of clothes of Sir George's fits me so well,—I think I can't fail hitting the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

ABIG. You are the very man—I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

FANT. But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

ABIG. Pray what good did your being visible do you? The fair Mr. Fantome thought no woman could withstand him——But when you were seen by my lady in your proper person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could say, she very civilly dismissed you for the sake of this empty, noisy creature Tinsel. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

FANT. Why, really I love thy lady so well, that though I had no hopes of gaining her for myself, I could not bear to see her given to another, especially such a wretch as Tinsel.

ABIG. Well, tell me truly, Mr. Fantome, have not you a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear lady, that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner, for less than a thousand pound?

FANT. Thou art always reminding me of my promise——thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring our project to bear; do'st not know that stories of ghosts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money?

ABIG. Why, truly now, Mr. Fantome, I should think myself a very bad woman, if I had done what I do for a farthing less.

FANT. Dear Abigal, how I admire thy virtue!

ABIG. No, no, Mr. Fantome, I defy the worst of my enemies to say I love mischief for mischief sake.

FANT. But is thy lady persuaded that I am the ghost of her deceased husband?

ABIG. I endeavour to make her believe so, and tell her every time your drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

FANT. Prithee make use of all thy art, for I am tired to death with strolling round this wide old house, like a rat behind a wainscot.

ABIG. Did not I tell you, 'twas the purest place in the world for you to play your tricks in? there 's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it besides myself.

FANT. Ah! Mrs. Abigal! you have had your intrigues.—

ABIG. For you must know, when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of *hide and seek*.

FANT. I believe, by this time, I am as well acquainted with the house as yourself.

ABIG. You are very much mistaken, Mr. Fantome; but no matter for that; here is to be your station to-night. This is the place unknown to any one living besides myself, since the death of the joiner; who, you must understand, being a lover of mine, contrived the wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I designed it for a wardrobe for my lady's cast clothes. Oh! the stomachers, stays, petticoats, commodes, laced shoes, and good things, that I have had in it!——Pray take care you don't break the cherry-brandy bottle that stands up in the corner.

FANT. Well, Mrs. Abigal, I hire your closet of you but for this one night—a thousand pound you know is a very good rent.

ABIG. Well, get you gone: you have such a way with you, there's no denying you anything!

FANT. I'm a thinking how Tinsel will stare when he sees me come out of the wall: for I am resolved to make my appearance to-night.

ABIG. Get you in, get you in, my lady's at the door.

FANT. Pray take care she does not keep me up so late as she did last night, or depend upon it I'll beat the tattoo.

ABIG. I'm undone, I'm undone—[*As he is going in.*] Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome, you have put the thousand pound bond into my brother's hands.

FANT. Thou shalt have it, I tell thee, thou shalt have it.

[*Fantome goes in.*

ABIG. No more words——Vanish, vanish.

Enter LADY.

ABIG. (*opening the door*). Oh, dear madam, was it you that made such a knocking? my heart does so beat—I vow you have frighted me to death—I thought verily it had been the drummer.

LADY. I have been showing the garden to Mr. Tinsel; he's most insufferably witty upon us about this story of the drum.

ABIG. Indeed, madam, he's a very loose man! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor master from resting in his grave.

LADY. Well! an *infidel* is such a novelty in the country, that I am resolved to divert myself a day or two at least with the oddness of his conversation.

ABIG. Ah, madam! the drum began to beat in the house as soon as ever this creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. Fantome made his addresses to you, there was not a mouse stirring in the family more than used to be—

LADY. This baggage has some design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [*Aside.*]—Mr. Fantome was always thy favourite.

ABIG. Ay, and should have been yours too, by my consent! Mr. Fantome was not such a slight fantastic thing as this is—Mr. Fantome was the best built man one should see in a summer's day! Mr. Fantome was a man of honour, and lov'd you! Poor soul! how has he sigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted lady.—Well! I had as lief as a thousand pounds you would marry Mr. Fantome!

LADY. To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me too much. But Mr. Tinsel makes his court to me with so much neglect and indifference, and with such an agreeable sauciness—Not that I say I 'll marry him.

ABIG. Marry him, quoth-a! no, if you should, you 'll be awakened sooner than married couples generally are—you 'll quickly have a drum at your window.

LADY. I 'll hide my contempt of Tinsel for once, if it be but to see what this wench drives at. [*Aside.*

ABIG. Why, suppose your husband, after this fair warning he has given you, should sound you an alarm at midnight; then open your curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, "What dost thou do in bed with this spindle-shank'd fellow?"

LADY. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my husband? he never had any reason to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living, and should prefer him to any man, were he so still. Mr. Tinsel is indeed very idle in his talk, but I fancy, Abigal, a discreet woman might reform him.

ABIG. That 's a likely matter indeed; did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man, when she was his wife, that had none while she was his mistress! Oh! there 's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaisance like marriage!

LADY. He is, indeed, at present, too familiar in his conversation.

ABIG. Familiar! madam, in troth, he's downright rude.

LADY. But that you know, Abigal, shows he has no dissimulation in him—Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave subjects.

ABIG. Grave subjects! he jests upon the church.

LADY. But that you know, Abigal, may be only to show his wit—Then it must be owned he is extremely talkative.

ABIG. Talkative, d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

LADY. But that, you know, Abigal, is a sign he has been used to good company——Then, indeed, he is very positive.

ABIG. Positive! Why, he contradicts you in everything you say.

LADY. But then you know, Abigal, he has been educated at the inns of court.

ABIG. A blessed education indeed! it has made him forget his catechism!

LADY. You talk as if you hated him.

ABIG. You talk as if you lov'd him.

LADY. Hold your tongue! here he comes.

Enter TINSEL.

TINS. My dear widow!

ABIG. My dear widow! marry come up! [*Aside.*

LADY. Let him alone, Abigal, so long as he does not call me my dear wife, there's no harm done.

TINS. I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you——Your servants have made a convert of my booby. His head is so filled with this foolish story of a drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a message by moon-light.

LADY. Ah, Mr. Tinsel, what a loss of billet-doux would that be to many a fine lady!

ABIG. Then you still believe this to be a foolish story? I thought my lady had told you, that she had heard it herself.

TINS. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Why, you would not persuade us out of our senses?

TINS. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. There's manners for you, madam. [*Aside*

LADY. Admirably rally'd! that laugh is unanswerable! Now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last night.

TINS. Fancy.

LADY. But what if I should tell you my maid was with me!

TINS. Vapours! vapours! Pray, my dear widow, will you answer me one question?——Had you ever this noise of a drum in your head, all the while your husband was living?

LADY. And pray, Mr. Tinsel, will you let me ask you another question? Do you think we can hear in the country, as well as you do in town?

TINS. Believe me, madam, I could prescribe you a cure for these imaginations.

ABIG. Don't tell my lady of imaginations, sir, I have heard it myself.

TINS. Hark thee, child——art thou not an old maid?

ABIG. Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.

TINS. Whims! freaks! megrims! indeed, Mrs. Abigal.

ABIG. Marry, sir, by your talk one would believe you thought everything that was good is a megrim.

LADY. Why, truly, I don't very well understand what you meant by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that everything we saw was made by chance.

ABIG. A very pretty subject, indeed, for a lover to divert his mistress with.

LADY. But I suppose that was only a taste of the conversation you would entertain me with after marriage.

TINS. Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced in less than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

LADY. You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was made by chance!

TINS. Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain!

LADY. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

TINS. Ah, widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

LADY. Though you give no credit to stories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as spirits!

TINS. Simplicity!

ABIG. I fancy you don't believe women have souls, d ye, sir?

TINS. Foolish enough!

LADY. I vow, Mr. Tinsel, I'm afraid malicious people will say I'm in love with an atheist.

TINS. Oh, my dear, that's an old-fashion'd word——I'm a Freethinker, child.

ABIG. I'm sure you are a free speaker!

LADY. Really, Mr. Tinsel, considering that you are so fine a gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this learning! I wonder it has not spoil'd your breeding.

TINS. To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into these dry matters myself, but I am convinced by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a coffee-house I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses, that the world has been in an error for some thousands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting those two or three worthy gentlemen, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozled——

ABIG. Madam, how can you hear such a profligate? he talks like the London prodigal.

LADY. Why, really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying ——She need not be afraid to lie by herself.

TINS. Ah! my dear! are husbands good for nothing but to frighten away spirits? Dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other comforts of matrimony?

LADY. Ah! but you are a man of so much knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my ignorance——You learned men are so apt to despise one!

TINS. No, child! I'd teach thee my principles, thou should'st be as wise as I am——in a week's time.

LADY. Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

TINS. Prithee, widow, don't be queer.

LADY. I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

TINS. Well enough, faith! where's the jest of rallying anything else?

ABIG. Ah, madam, did you ever hear Mr. Fantome talk at this rate? [*Aside.*

Tins. But where's this ghost? this son of a whore of a drummer? I'd fain hear him, methinks.

Abig. Pray, madam, don't suffer him to give the ghost such ill language, especially when you have reason to believe it is my master.

Tins. That's well enough, faith, Nab; dost thou think thy master is so unreasonable as to continue his claim to his relict after his bones are laid? Pray, widow, remember the words of your contract, you have fulfill'd them to a tittle——Did not you marry Sir George to the tune of, "till death us do part?"

Lady. I must not hear Sir George's memory treated in so slight a manner——This fellow must have been at some pains to make himself such a finish'd coxcomb. [*Aside.*

Tins. Give me but possession of your person, and I'll whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a country lady come to London with frightful stories of the hall-house being haunted, of fairies, spirits, and witches; that by the time she had seen a comedy, play'd at an assembly, and ambled in a ball or two, has been so little afraid of bugbears, that she has ventur'd home in a chair at all hours of the night.

Abig. Hum——sauce-box. [*Aside.*

Tins. 'Tis the solitude of the country that creates these whimsies; there was never such a thing as a ghost heard of at London, except in the playhouse,——Oh, we'd pass all our time in London. 'Tis the scene of pleasure and diversions, where there's something to amuse you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the country.

Lady. Well then, you have an opportunity of showing the sincerity of that love to me which you profess. You may give a proof that you have an affection to my person, not my jointure.

Tins. Your jointure! how can you think me such a dog! But, child, won't your jointure be the same thing in London as in the country?

Lady. No, you're deceiv'd! You must know it is settled on me by marriage-articles, on condition that I live in this old mansion-house, and keep it up in repair.

Tins. How!

Abig. That 's well put, madam.

Tins. Why, faith, I have been looking upon this house and think it is the prettiest habitation I ever saw in my life.

LADY. Ay, but then this cruel drum!

TINS. Something so venerable in it!

LADY. Ay, but the drum!

TINS. For my part, I like this Gothic way of building better than any of your new orders———it would be a thousand pities it should fall to ruin.

LADY. Ay, but the drum!

TINS. How pleasantly we two could pass our time in this delicious situation! Our lives would be a continued dream of happiness. Come, faith, widow, let 's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

LADY. Ay, but the drum! the drum!

TINS. My dear, take my word for 't 'tis all fancy: besides, should he drum in thy very bed-chamber, I should only hug thee the closer.

> Clasp'd in the folds of love, I 'd meet my doom,
> And act my joys, though thunder shook the room.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Scene opens, and discovers Vellum in his Office, and a Letter in his Hand.

VEL. THIS letter astonisheth; may I believe my own eyes ——or rather my spectacles——"To Humphry Vellum, Esq., Steward to the Lady Truman."

"VELLUM,

"I doubt not but you will be glad to hear your master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being slain in the Netherlands has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the George Inn. If an old man with a grey beard, in a black cloak, inquires after you, give him admittance, he passes for a conjurer, but is, really,

"Your faithful friend,
G. TRUMAN."

"P. S. Let this be a secret, and you shall find your account in it."

This amazeth me! and yet the reasons why I should believe

he is still living, are manifold——First, because this has often been the case of other military adventurers.

Secondly, because the news of his death was first published is Dyer's Letter.

Thirdly, because this letter can be written by none but himself——I know his hand, and manner of spelling.

Fourthly——

Enter BUTLER.

BUT. Sir, here's a strange old gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a conjurer, but he looks very suspicious; I wish he ben't a Jesuit.

VEL. Admit him immediately.

BUT. I wish he ben't a Jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a conjurer.

VEL. He says right——He is no more than a conjurer. Bring him in and withdraw. [*Exit Butler.*

And, Fourthly, as I was saying, because ———

Enter BUTLER *with* SIR GEORGE.

BUT. Sir, here is the conjurer.——What a devilish long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years. [*Aside. Exit.*

SIR GEO. Dear Vellum, you have received my letter: but before we proceed lock the door.

VEL. It is his voice. [*Shuts the door.*

SIR GEO. In the next place, help me off with this cumbersome cloak.

VEL. It is his shape.

SIR GEO. So, now lay my beard upon the table.

VEL. (*after having looked on Sir George through his spectacles.*) It is his face, every lineament!

SIR GEO. Well, now I have put off the conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

VEL. Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was, in all the news-papers, in the list of those that were slain.

SIR GEO. We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement for several months. Upon my release, I was resolved to surprise my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, Vellum, you are a per-

son of so much penetration, that I need not use any further arguments to convince you that I am so.

VEL. I am—and, moreover, I question not but your good lady will likewise be convinced of it. Her ho--nour is a discerning lady.

SIR GEO. I'm only afraid she should be convinced of it to her sorrow. Is not she pleas'd with her imaginary widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

VEL. Sorely.

SIR GEO. How long did her grief last?

VEL. Longer than I have known any widow's—at least three days.

SIR GEO. Three days, say'st thou? three whole days? I'm afraid thou flatterest me!——O woman! woman!

VEL. Grief is twofold.

SIR GEO. This blockhead is as methodical as ever——but I know he's honest. [*Aside.*

VEL. There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief; she was drowned in tears till such a time as the tailor had made her widow's weeds——Indeed they became her.

SIR GEO. Became her! and was that her comfort? Truly, a most seasonable consolation!

VEL. But, I must needs say, she paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw company.

SIR GEO. That was kind indeed! I find she griev'd with a great deal of good breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

VEL. Her jointure is considerable.

SIR GEO. How this fool torments me! [*Aside.*

VEL. Her person is amiable——

SIR GEO. Death! [*Aside.*

VEL. But her character is unblemished. She has been as virtuous in your absence as a Penelope——

SIR GEO. And has had as many suitors.

VEL. Several have made their overtures.

SIR GEO. Several!

VEL. But she has rejected all.

SIR GEO. There thou reviv'st me——but what means this Tinsel? Are his visits acceptable?

VEL. He is young.

Sir Geo. Does she listen to him?

Vel. He is gay.

Sir Geo. Sure she could never entertain a thought of marrying such a coxcomb!

Vel. He is not ill made.

Sir Geo. Are the vows and protestations that passed between us come to this! I can't bear the thought of it! Is Tinsel the man design'd for my worthy successor?

Vel. You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months.——

Sir Geo. Was there ever such a dog? [*Aside.*

Vel. And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir George Truman—meaning your ho--nour.

Sir Geo. I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this story of the Drummer before I discover myself to her. I have put on this habit of a conjurer, in order to introduce myself. It must be your business to recommend me, as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts, can silence the Drummer, and dispossess the house.

Vel. I am going to lay my accounts before my lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her ho--nour to admit the trial of your art.

Sir Geo. I have scarce heard of any of these stories that did not arise from a love intrigue.——Amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

Vel. Mrs. Abigal endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your ho--nour who troubles the house.

Sir Geo. That convinces me 'tis a cheat, for, I think, Vellum, I may be pretty well assured it is not me.

Vel. I am apt to think so, truly. Ha—ha—ha!

Sir Geo. Abigal had always an ascendant over her lady, and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this ghost be not one of Abigal's familiars.

Vel. Mrs. Abigal has of late been very mysterious.

Sir Geo. I fancy, Vellum, thou could'st worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.

Vel. Mrs. Abigal hath her allurements, and she knows I have picked up a competency in your ho--nour's service.

Sir Geo. If thou hast, all I ask of thee in return is, that

thou would'st immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue, Vellum, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a woman, that she 'll like thee the better for giving her the pleasure of telling a secret. In short, wheedle her out of it and I shall act by the advice which thou givest me.

VEL. Mrs. Abigal was never deaf to me, when I talked upon that subject. I will take an opportunity of addressing myself to her in the most pathetic manner.

SIR GEO. In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me word what success you have——Well, sure I am the first that ever was employ'd to lay himself.

VEL. You act, indeed, a three-fold part in this house; you are a ghost, a conjurer, and my ho--noured master, Sir George Truman; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

SIR GEO. O, Mr. Vellum, with all my heart. You know I love you men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou dost thy business. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, Vellum, your commission is two-fold, first, to gain admission for me to your lady, and, secondly, to get the secret out of Abigal.

VEL. It sufficeth. [*The scene shuts.*

Enter LADY *sola.*

LADY. Women who have been happy in a first marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But for my part, I had a husband so every way suited to my inclinations, that I must entirely forget him before I can like another man. I have now been a widow but fourteen months, and have had twice as many lovers, all of them professed admirers of my person, but passionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my sex to make an example of this worthless tribe of fellows, who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we are obliged to provide for 'em. But of all my captives, Mr. Tinsel is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diversion I give myself with him is unblamable. I 'm sure 'tis necessary to turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear man, who has been the greatest happiness and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find these innocent methods of relieving it. But here comes

Abigal. I must tease the baggage, for I find she has taken it into her head that I am entirely at her disposal.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIG. Madam! Madam! yonder 's Mr. Tinsel has as good as taken possession of your house. Marry, he says he must have Sir George's apartment enlarged; for truly, says he, I hate to be straitened. Nay, he was so impudent as to show me the chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

LADY. Well! he 's a wild fellow.

ABIG. Indeed he 's a very sad man, madam.

LADY. He 's young, Abigal, 'tis a thousand pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

ABIG. Reform him! marry, hang him!

LADY. Has not he a great deal of life?

ABIG. Ay, enough to make your heart ache.

LADY. I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable fellow.

ABIG. He thinks himself so, I 'll answer for him.

LADY. He 's very good natured!

ABIG. He ought to be so, for he 's very silly.

LADY. Dost thou think he loves me?

ABIG. Mr. Fantome did, I am sure.

LADY. With what raptures he talk'd!

ABIG. Yes, but 'twas in praise of your jointure-house.

LADY. He has kept bad company.

ABIG. They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

LADY. I have a strong fancy a good woman might reform him.

ABIG. It would be a fine experiment, if it should not succeed.

LADY. Well, Abigal, we 'll talk of that another time; here comes the steward, I have no further occasion for you at present. [*Exit Abigal.*

Enter VELLUM.

VEL. Madam, is your ho--nour at leisure to look into the accounts of the last week? They rise very high—House-keeping is chargeable in a house that is haunted.

LADY. How comes that to pass? I hope the drum neither eats nor drinks? But read your account Vellum.

VEL. (*putting on and off his spectacles in this scene*). A hogshead and a half of ale—it is not for the ghost's drinking—but your ho--nour's servants say they must have something to keep up their courage against this strange noise. They tell me they expect a double quantity of malt in their small beer so long as the house continues in this condition.

LADY. At this rate they 'll take care to be frightened all the year round, I 'll answer for 'em. But go on.

VEL. *Item*, two sheep, and a—where is the ox?—Oh! here I have him—and an ox—Your ho--nour must always have a piece of cold beef in the house for the entertainment of so many strangers, who come from all parts to hear this drum. *Item*, bread, ten peck loaves—They cannot eat beef without bread.——*Item*, three barrels of table beer—They must have drink with their meat.

LADY. Sure no woman in England has a steward that makes such ingenious comments on his works. [*Aside*.

VEL. *Item*, to Mr. Tinsel's servants, five bottles of port wine——It was by your ho--nour's order——*Item*, three bottles of sack for the use of Mrs. Abigal.

LADY. I suppose that was by your own order.

VEL. We have been long friends, we are your ho--nour's ancient servants, sack is an innocent cordial, and gives her spirit to chide the servants when they are tardy in their bus'ness! he, he, he! pardon me for being jocular.

LADY. Well, I see you 'll come together at last.

VEL. *Item*, a dozen pound of watch-lights for the use of the servants.

LADY. For the use of the servants! What, are the rogues afraid of sleeping in the dark? What an unfortunate woman am I! This is such a particular distress, it puts me to my wit's end. Vellum, what would you advise me to do?

VEL. Madam, your ho--nour has two points to consider. *Imprimis*, To retrench these extravagant expenses, which so many strangers bring upon you.——Secondly, To clear the house of this invisible drummer.

LADY. This learned division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two points to bear?

VEL. I beseech your ho--nour to give me the hearing.

LADY. I do. But, prithee, take pity on me, and be not tedious.

VEL. I will be concise. There is a certain person arrived

this morning, an aged man, of a venerable aspect, and of a long hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white witch, a conjurer, a cunning man, a necromancer, a——

LADY. No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

VEL. Give me the hearing, my good lady. He pretends to great skill in the occult sciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this drum. If one may believe him, he knows the secret of laying ghosts, or of quieting houses that are haunted.

LADY. Pho, these are idle stories to amuse the country people; this can do us no good.

VEL. It can do us no harm, my lady.

LADY. I dare say thou dost not believe there is anything in it thyself.

VEL. I cannot say I do; there is no danger, however, in the experiment. Let him try his skill; if it should succeed, we are rid of the drum; if it should not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at least get out of this expensive way of living; so that it must turn to your advantage one way or another.

LADY. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man? I would fain see him. He must be a curiosity.

VEL. I have already discours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains, till he has done his work;——no cure, no money.

LADY. That circumstance, I must confess, would make one believe there is more in his art than one would imagine. Pray, Vellum, go and fetch him hither immediately.

VEL. I am gone. He shall be forthcoming forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BUTLER, COACHMAN, *and* GARDENER.

BUT. Rare news, my lads, rare news!

GARD. What 's the matter? hast thou got any more vales for us?

BUT. No, 'tis better than that.

COACH. Is there another stranger come to the house?

BUT. Ay, such a stranger as will make all our lives easy.

GARD. What! is he a lord?

BUT. A lord! No, nothing like it.——He 's a conjurer.

COACH. A conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my lady?

BUT. No, no, you fool, he 's come a purpose to lay the spirit.

COACH. Ay, marry, that 's good news indeed; but where is he?

BUT. He 's lock'd up with the steward in his office, they are laying their heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a figure.

GARD. Prithee, John, what sort of a creature is a conjurer?

BUT. Why he 's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard.

COACH. Look ye, Peter, it stands with reason, that a conjurer shou'd have a long grey bead—for did ye ever know a witch that was not an old woman?

GARD. Why! I remember a conjurer once at a fair, that to my thinking was a very smock-fac'd man, and yet he spew'd out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, John, if thou 'dst get him into the pantry and give him a cup of ale, he 'd show us a few tricks. Do'st think we cou'd not persuade him to swallow one of thy case-knives for his diversion? He 'll certainly bring it up again.

BUT. Peter, thou art such a wiseacre! Thou do'st not know the difference between a conjurer and a juggler. This man must be a very great master of his trade. His beard is at least half a yard long, he 's dressed in a strange dark cloak, as black as a coal. Your conjurer always goes in mourning.

GARD. Is he a gentleman? had he a sword by his side?

BUT. No, no, he 's too grave a man for that, a conjurer is as grave as a judge,——but he had a long white wand in his hand.

COACH. You may be sure, there 's a good deal of virtue in that wand——I fancy 'tis made out of witch-elm.

GARD. I warrant you if the ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drum-stick out of his hand.

BUT. No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him—let him get out again if he can. A circle, you must know, is a conjurer's trap.

COACH. But what will he do with him when he has him there?

BUT. Why then he 'll overpower him with his learning.

GARD. If he can once compass him, and get him in lobs-pound, he 'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thousand years.

COACH. Ay, ay, he 'll send him packing to his grave with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

BUT. No, no, I wou'd advise madam to spare no cost. If the conjurer be but well paid, he 'll take pains upon the ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the Red Sea——and then he 's laid for ever.

COACH. Ay, marry, that wou'd spoil his drum for him.

GARD. Why, John, there must be a power of spirits in that same Red Sea——I warrant ye they are as plenty as fish.

COACH. Well, I wish after all that he may not be too hard for the conjurer; I 'm afraid he 'll find a tough bit of work on 't.

GARD. I wish the spirit may not carry a corner of the house off with him.

BUT. As for that, Peter, you may be sure that the steward has made his bargain with the cunning man before-hand, that he shall stand to all costs and damages——But hark! yonder 's Mrs. Abigal, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

GARD. Ay, lads! if we cou'd get Mrs. Abigal well laid, too—we shou'd lead merry lives.

For to a man like me that 's stout and bold,
A ghost is not so dreadful as a scold.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Scene opens, and discovers Sir George in Vellum's Office.*

SIR GEO. I WONDER I don't hear of Vellum yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly. The fellow has been so us'd to form in business, that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that

punctual and exact behaviour which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it. [*Enter Vellum.*] Well Vellum, I'm impatient to hear your success.

VEL. First, let me lock the door.

SIR GEO. Will your lady admit me?

VEL. If this lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

SIR GEO. Prithee let the lock alone at present, and answer me.

VEL. Delays in business are dangerous——I must send for the smith next week——and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

SIR GEO. What says your lady?

VEL. This pen is naught, and wants mending—My lady, did you say?

SIR GEO. Does she admit me?

VEL. I have gain'd admission for you as a conjurer.

SIR GEO. That's enough! I'll gain admission for myself as a husband. Does she believe there is anything in my art?

VEL. It is hard to know what a woman believes.

SIR GEO. Did she ask no questions about me?

VEL. Sundry——She desires to talk with you herself, before you enter upon your business.

SIR GEO. But when?

VEL. Immediately. This instant.

SIR GEO. Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while! Why didst not tell me so? Give me my cloak—have you yet met with Abigal?

VEL. I have not yet had an opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing glances.

SIR GEO. Let thee alone for that, Vellum, I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy spectacles. Well! This is a a most venerable cloak. After the business of this day is over, I'll make thee a present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

VEL. He, he, he! wou'd you make a conjurer of your steward?

SIR GEO. Prithee don't be jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my beard.

VEL. And what will your ho--nour do with your cast beard?

SIR GEO. Why, faith, thy gravity wants only such a beard to it; if thou would'st wear it with the cloak, thou

would'st make a most complete heathen philosopher. But where 's my wand?

VEL. A fine taper stick! It is well chosen. I will keep this till you are sheriff of the county. It is not my custom to let anything be lost.

SIR GEO. Come, Vellum, lead the way. You must introduce me to your lady. Thou'rt the fittest fellow in the world to be a master of the ceremonies to a conjurer.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ABIGAL *crossing the stage,* TINSEL *following.*

TINS. Nabby, Nabby, whither so fast, child?

ABIG. Keep your hands to yourself. I'm going to call the steward to my lady.

TINS. What? Goodman Twofold? I met him walking with a strange old fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the family too. He looks very antique. He must be some of the furniture of this old mansion-house.

ABIG. What does the man mean? Don't think to palm me, as you do my lady.

TINS. Prithee, Nabby, tell me one thing; what's the reason thou art my enemy?

ABIG. Marry, because I'm a friend to my lady.

TINS. Dost thou see anything about me thou dost not like? Come hither, hussy, give me a kiss: don't be ill-natur'd.

ABIG. Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kisses her.*]—This rogue will carry off my lady, if I don't take care. [*Aside*

TINS. Thy lips are as soft as velvet, Abigal. I must get thee a husband.

ABIG. Ay, now you don't speak idly, I can talk to you.

TINS. I have one in my eye for thee. Dost thou love a young lusty son of a whore?

ABIG. Laud, how you talk!

TINS. This is a thundering dog.

ABIG. What is he?

TINS. A private gentleman.

ABIG. Ay, where does he live?

TINS. In the Horse Guards—But he has one fault I must tell thee of. If thou can'st bear with that, he's a man for thy purpose.

ABIG. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what may that be?

TINS. He's but five and twenty years old.

ABIG. 'Tis no matter for his age, if he has been well educated

TINS. No man better, child; he'll tie a wig, toss a die, make a pass, and swear with such a grace, as wou'd make thy heart leap to hear him.

ABIG. Half these accomplishments will do, provided he has an estate.—Pray what has he?

TINS. Not a farthing.

ABIG. Pax on him, what do I give him the hearing for! [*Aside.*

TINS. But as for that, I wou'd make it up to him.

ABIG. How?

TINS. Why look ye, child, as soon as I have married thy lady, I design to discard this old prig of a steward, and to put this honest gentleman, I am speaking of, into his place.

ABIG. (*aside*). This fellow's a fool—I'll have no more to say to him.—Hark! my lady's a coming!

TINS. Depend upon it, Nab, I'll remember my promise.

ABIG. Ay, and so will I too—to your cost. [*Aside.*

[*Exit Abigal.*

TINS. My dear is purely fitted up with a maid.—But I shall rid the house of her.

Enter LADY.

LADY. Oh, Mr. Tinsel, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an entertainment, that won't be disagreeable to a man of wit and pleasure of the town.—There may be something diverting in a conversation between a conjurer and this conceited ass. [*Aside.*

TINS. She loves me to distraction, I see that. [*Aside.*]—Prithee, widow, explain thyself.

LADY. You must know here is a strange sort of a man come to town, who undertakes to free the house from this disturbance. The steward believes him a conjurer.

TINS. Ay; thy steward is a deep one!

LADY. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a man.

TINS. Oh! I warrant you he has studied the black art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an Oxford scholar?—Widow, thy house is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in Christendom—I think thy four chief domestics

are—a withered Abigal—a superannuated steward—a ghost—and a conjurer.

LADY (*mimicking Tinsel*). And you wou'd have it inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary person than any of all these four.

TINS. It's a sure sign a woman loves you, when she imitates your manner. [*Aside.*]—Thou'rt very smart, my dear. But see! smoke the Doctor.

Enter VELLUM, *and* SIR GEORGE *in his conjurer's habit.*

VEL. I will introduce this profound person to your ladyship, and then leave him with you—Sir, this is her ho--nour.

SIR GEO. I know it well. [*Exit Vellum.*

[*Aside, walking in a musing posture.*] That dear woman! The sight of her unmans me. I cou'd weep for tenderness, did not I at the same time feel an indignation rise in me, to see that wretch with her: and yet I cannot but smile to see her in the company of her first and second husband at the same time.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel, do you speak to him; you are us'd to the company of men of learning.

TINS. Old gentleman, thou dost not look like an inhabitant of this world; I suppose thou art lately come down from the stars. Pray what news is stirring in the Zodiac?

SIR GEO. News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. Mars is now entering into the first house, and will shortly appear in all his domal dignities——

TINS. Mars? Prithee, Father Grey-beard, explain thyself.

SIR GEO. The entrance of Mars into his house, portends the entrance of a master into this family——and that soon.

TINS. D'ye hear that, widow? The stars have cut me out for thy husband. This house is to have a master, and that soon—Hark thee, old Gadbury, is not Mars very like a young fellow call'd Tom Tinsel?

SIR GEO. Not so much as Venus is like this lady.

TINS. A word in your ear, Doctor; these two planets will be in conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

SIR GEO. (*aside, walking disturbed*). Curse on this impertinent fop! I shall scarce forbear discovering myself——Madam, I am told that your house is visited with strange noises.

LADY. And I am told that you can quiet them. I must

confess I had a curiosity to see the person I had heard so much of; and, indeed, your aspect shows that you have had much experience in the world. You must be a very aged man.

SIR GEO. My aspect deceives you; what do you think is my real age?

TINS. I should guess thee within three years of Methuselah. Prithee, tell me, wast not thou born before the flood.

LADY. Truly I shou'd guess you to be in your second or third century. I warrant you, you have great grandchildren with beards of a foot long.

SIR GEO. Ha, ha, ha! If there be truth in man, I was but five and thirty last August. O! the study of the occult sciences makes a man's beard grow faster than you would imagine.

LADY. What an escape you have had, Mr. Tinsel, that you were not bred a scholar!

TINS. And so I fancy, Doctor, thou think'st me an illiterate fellow, because I have a smooth chin?

SIR GEO. Hark ye, sir, a word in your ear. You are a coxcomb by all the rules of physiognomy: but let that be a secret between you and me. [*Aside to Tinsel.*

LADY. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what is it the Doctor whispers?

TINS. Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

LADY. Pray, Doctor, examine this gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

SIR GEO. If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or——than you do, fair lady.

TINS. Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a cheat.

LADY. For my part I believe he's a witch—go on, Doctor.

SIR GEO. He will be cross'd in love; and that soon.

TINS. Prithee, Doctor, tell us the truth. Dost not thou live in Moorfields?

SIR GEO. Take my word for it, thou shalt never live in my lady Truman's mansion-house.

TINS. Pray, old gentleman, hast thou never been pluck'd by the beard when thou wert saucy?

LADY. Nay, Mr. Tinsel, you are angry! do you think I would marry a man that dares not have his fortune told?

SIR GEO. Let him be angry—I matter not—he is but short-liv'd. He will soon die of——

Tins. Come, come, speak out, old Hocus, he, he, he! this fellow makes me burst with laughing. [*Forces a laugh.*

Sir Geo. He will soon die of a fright——or of the——let me see your nose——Ay—'tis so!

Tins. You son of a whore! I'll run ye through the body. I never yet made the sun shine through a conjurer——

Lady. Oh, fy, Mr. Tinsel! you will not kill an old man?

Tins. An old man! the dog says he's but five and thirty.

Lady. Oh, fy, Mr. Tinsel! I did not think you could have been so passionate; I hate a passionate man. Put up your sword, or I must never see you again.

Tins. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jest, my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the Doctor's body. I would but have drill'd a little eyelet-hole in it, and have seen whether he had art enough to close it up again.

Sir Geo. Courage is but ill shown before a lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this arm can wield other weapons besides this wand.

Tins. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Well, learned sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or if you will show your courage, let it be at nine o'clock——for that is the time the noise is generally heard.

Tins. And look ye, old gentleman, if thou dost not do thy business well, I can tell thee by the little skill I have, that thou wilt be tossed in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to send thee back to the stars again.

Sir Geo. I'll go and prepare myself for the ceremonies ——And, lady, as you expect they shou'd succeed to your wishes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deserves.

[*Exit Sir George.*

Tins. The sauciest dog I ever talk'd with in my whole life!

Lady. Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may see he's no fool.

Tins. No fool! Ay, but thou dost not take him for a conjurer.

Lady. Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am resolv'd to employ him however. When a sickness is desperate we often try remedies that we have no great faith in

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIG. Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour as you ordered.

LADY. Come, Mr. Tinsel, we may there talk of this subject more at leisure. [*Exeunt Lady and Tinsel.*

ABIG. (*sola*). Sure never any lady had such servants as mine has! Well, if I get this thousand pound, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight girl——just such as I was ten years ago, (I'm afraid I may say twenty,) she shall dress me and flatter me——for I will be flatter'd, that's pos! My lady's cast suits will serve her after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a thousand pound, I shall certainly carry off the steward——Madam Vellum!—how prettily that will sound! here, bring out Madam Vellum's chaise—nay, I do not know but it may be a chariot—It will break the attorney's wife's heart—for I shall take place of everybody in the parish but my lady. If I have a son, he shall be call'd Fantome. But see Mr. Vellum, as I could wish. I know his humour, and will do my utmost to gain his heart.

Enter VELLUM, *with a pint of sack.*

VEL. Mrs. Abigal, don't I break in upon you unseasonably?

ABIG. Oh no, Mr. Vellum, your visits are always seasonable.

VEL. I have brought with me a taste of fresh Canary, which I think is delicious.

ABIG. Pray set it down——I have a dram glass just by— [*Brings in a rummer.*
I'll pledge you; my lady's good health.

VEL. And your own with it—sweet Mrs. Abigal.

ABIG. Pray, good Mr. Vellum, buy me a little parcel of this sack, and put it under the article of tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

VEL. Mrs. Abigal, your name seldom appears in my bills—and yet—if you will allow me a merry expression——You have been always in my books, Mrs. Abigal. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Vellum, you are such a dry, jesting man!

VEL. Why, truly, Mrs. Abigal, I have been looking over my papers—and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

ABIG. Your debtor; for what, Mr. Vellum?

VEL. For my heart, Mrs. Abigal——And our accounts will not be balanced between us, till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Ha, ha, ha! You are the most gallant dun, Mr. Vellum.

VEL. But I am not us'd to be paid by words only, Mrs. Abigal! when will you be out of my debt?

ABIG. Oh, Mr. Vellum, you make one blush——My humble service to you.

VEL. I must answer you, Mrs. Abigal, in the country phrase——"Your love is sufficient." Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own I love a merry man!

VEL. Let me see, how long is it, Mrs. Abigal, since I first broke my mind to you?——It was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*——We have convers'd together these fifteen years—and yet, Mrs. Abigal, I must drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he—Mrs. Abigal, you know I am naturally jocose.

ABIG. Ah, you men love to make sport with us silly creatures.

VEL. Mrs. Abigal, I have a trifle about me, which I wou'd willingly make you a present of. It is, indeed, but a little toy.

ABIG. You are always exceedingly obliging.

VEL. It is but a little toy—scarce worth your acceptance.

ABIG. Pray do not keep me in suspense; what is it, Mr. Vellum?

VEL. A silver thimble.

ABIG. I always said Mr. Vellum was a generous lover.

VEL. But I must put it on myself, Mrs. Abigal——You have the prettiest tip of a finger——I must take the freedom to salute it.

ABIG. Oh fy! you make me ashamed, Mr. Vellum; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a confusion.—

[*A feigned struggle.*

VEL. This finger is not the finger of idleness; it bears the honourable scars of the needle——But why are you so cruel as not to pare your nails?

ABIG. Oh, I vow you press it so hard! pray give me my finger again.

VEL. This middle finger, Mrs. Abigal, has a pretty neighbour——A wedding ring would become it mightily—He, he, he!

ABIG. You're so full of your jokes. Ay, but where must I find one for it?

VEL. I design this thimble only as the forerunner of it, they will set off each other, and are——indeed a twofold emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good huswife, and the other of being a good wife. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Yes, yes, I see you laugh at me.

VEL. Indeed I am serious.

ABIG. I thought you had quite forsaken me——I am sure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promises you formerly made me.

VEL. I shou'd as soon forget the multiplication table.

ABIG. I have always taken your part before my lady.

VEL. You have so, and I have item'd it in my memory.

ABIG. For I have always look'd upon your interest as my own.

VEL. It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being so.

ABIG. I must strike while the iron's hot. [*Aside.*]—Well, Mr. Vellum, there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching tongue!

VEL. How? speak that again!

ABIG. Why then, in plain English, I love you.

VEL. I'm overjoyed!

ABIG. I must own my passion for you.

VEL. I'm transported! [*Catches her in his arm.*

ABIG. Dear, charming man!

VEL. Thou sum total of all my happiness! I shall grow extravagant! I can't forbear!——to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of sack. Your lady must make haste, my duck, or we shall provide a young steward to the estate, before she has an heir to it——Prithee, my dear, does she intend to marry Mr. Tinsel?

ABIG. Marry him! my love, no, no! we must take care of that! there would be no staying in the house for us if she did. That young rake-hell would send all the old ser-

vants a grazing. You and I should be discarded before the honey-moon was at an end.

VEL. Prithee, sweet one, does not this drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

ABIG. This drum, my dear, if it be well managed, will be no less than a thousand pound in our way.

VEL. Ay, say'st thou so, my turtle?

ABIG. Since we are now as good as man and wife—I mean almost as good as man and wife——I ought to conceal nothing from you.

VEL. Certainly, my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy help-mate, thy own flesh and blood.

ABIG. Hush! I hear Mr. Tinsel's laugh, my lady and he are a coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

VEL. Give me your hand, chicken.

ABIG. Here, take it, you have my heart already.

VEL. We shall have much issue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter VELLUM *and* BUTLER.

VEL. JOHN, I have certain orders to give you——and therefore be attentive.

BUT. Attentive! Ay, let me alone for that.——I suppose he means being sober. [*Aside.*

VEL. You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business, I wou'd have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plates and glasses, laid in a method.

BUT. Ah, Master Vellum, you are such a sweet-spoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

VEL. Method, John, makes business easy, it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of families.

BUT. How he talks! I cou'd hear him all day.

VEL. And now, John, let me know whether your table-linen, your side-board, your cellar, and everything else within your province, are properly and methodically disposed for an entertainment this evening.

BUT. Master Vellum, they shall be ready at a quarter of

an hour's warning. But pray, sir, is this entertainment to be made for the conjurer?

VEL. It is, John, for the conjurer, and yet it is not for the conjurer.

BUT. Why, look you, Master Vellum, if it is for the conjurer, the cook-maid shou'd have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

VEL. This conjurer, John, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a two-fold nature——But he eats and drinks like other men.

BUT. Marry, Master Vellum, he shou'd eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

VEL. Thy conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double man, ha, ha, ha!

BUT. Ha! I understand you, he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

VEL. He is married, and he is not married.——He hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

BUT. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Master Vellum, you cou'd make a riddle. The same man old and young! How do you make that out, Master Vellum?

VEL. Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

BUT. Nay, 'tis no wonder a conjurer shou'd be like a serpent.

VEL. When he has thrown aside the old conjurer's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

BUT. Does he intend to sup in his slough?

VEL. That time will show.

BUT. Well, I have not a head for these things. Indeed, Mr. Vellum, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

VEL. I did not intend thou should'st——But to our business—Let there be a table spread in the great hall. Let your pots and glasses be wash'd, and in a readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the servants be in their best liveries.

BUT. Ay, now I understand every word you say. But I wou'd rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

VEL. I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by. ——Bid Susan lay two pillows upon your lady's bed.

BUT. Two pillows! Madam won't sleep upon 'em both! She is not a double woman too?

VEL. She will sleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. Abigal! I think I hear her chiding the cook-maid.

BUT. Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next; she, I am sure, speaks plain English, one may easily understand every word she says. [*Exit Butler.*

VELLUM *solus.*

VEL. Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them——But see Mrs. Abigal! she has a bewitching countenance, I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIG. Ha! Mr. Vellum.

VEL. What brings my sweet one hither?

ABIG. I am coming to speak to my friend behind the wainscot. It is fit, child, he shou'd have an account of this conjurer, that he may not be surpris'd.

VEL. That wou'd be as much as thy thousand pound is worth.

ABIG. I'll speak low—walls have ears.

[*Pointing at the wainscot.*

VEL. But hark you, ducklin! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the secret.

ABIG. That's a good one indeed! as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

VEL. No, no, my child, that must not be; he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

ABIG. You will always be waggish.

VEL. Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

ABIG. How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an age till I see you again.

VEL. Adieu, my pretty one.

ABIG. Adieu, sweet Mr. Vellum.

VEL. My pretty one—— [*As he is going off.*

ABIG. Dear Mr. Vellum!

VEL. My pretty one! [*Exit Vellum.*

ABIGAL *sola.*

ABIG. I have him—if I can but get this thousand pound.

[*Fantome gives three raps upon his drum behind the wainscot.*

ABIG. Ha! three raps upon the drum! the signal Mr. Fantome and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to speak with me. [*Fantome raps again.*

ABIG. Very well, I hear you; come, fox, come out of your hole.

Scene opens, and Fantome comes out.

ABIG. You may leave your drum in the wardrobe, till you have occasion for it.

FANT. Well, Mrs. Abigal, I want to hear what is a-doing in the world.

ABIG. You are a very inquisitive spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening.

FANT. I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the Doctor——I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about Tinsel. When a lady's in the case, I'm more afraid of one fop than twenty conjurers.

ABIG. To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my lady in two days, than you did in two months.

FANT. I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover so keen, as being kept up in the dark.

ABIG. Pray no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments——Really, Mr. Fantome, you're only fit to make love across a tea-table.

FANT. My dear girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

ABIG. Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my lady?

FANT. Child, I always thought your lady loved to be treated with respect.

ABIG. Believe me, Mr. Fantome, there is not so great a difference between woman and woman, as you imagine. You see Tinsel has nothing but his sauciness to recommend him.

FANT. Tinsel is too great a coxcomb to be capable of love—And let me tell thee, Abigal, a man who is sincere in his passion, makes but a very awkward profession of it—But I'll mend my manners.

ABIG. Ay, or you'll never gain a widow——Come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my lady, and let me see how you'll behave yourself.

FANT. I'm afraid, child, we han't time for such a piece of mummery.

ABIG. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

FANT. Why then, dear Mrs. Ab—— I mean my Lady Truman.

ABIG. Ay! But you han't saluted me.

FANT. That's right; faith I forgot that circumstance. [*Kisses her.*] Nectar and Ambrosia!

ABIG. That's very well———

FANT. How long must I be condemned to languish! when shall my sufferings have an end! My life! my happiness, my all is wound up in you——

ABIG. Well! why don't you squeeze my hand?

FANT. What, thus?

ABIG. Thus? Ay——Now throw your arm about my middle; hug me closer.—You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsense, till you are out of breath.

FANT. Transport and ecstasy! where am I!—my life, my bliss!—I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die.

ABIG. Go on, go on.

FANT. Flames and darts—Bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks and grottoes—flowers, zephyrs, and purling streams.

ABIG. Oh! Mr. Fantome, you have a tongue would undo a vestal! You were born for the ruin of our sex.

FANT. This will do then, Abigal?

ABIG. Ay, this is talking like a lover. Though I only represent my lady, I take a pleasure in hearing you. Well, o' my conscience, when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pound is as good as in my pocket.

FANT. I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson in practice.

ABIG. You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time; Mr. Tinsel will be here with my lady at eight, and at nine the conjurer is to take you in hand.

FANT. Let me alone with both of them.

ABIG. Well! fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to dispose everything in your favour.

[*Fantome goes in. Exit Abigal.*

Enter VELLUM.

VEL. Mrs. Abigal is withdrawn.——I was in hopes to have heard what passed between her and her invisible correspondent.

Enter TINSEL.

TINS. Vellum! Vellum!

VEL. Vellum! We are, methinks, very familiar; I am not used to be called so by any but their ho--nours. [*Aside.*] —What would you, Mr. Tinsel?

TINS. Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

VEL. What is that, good sir?

TINS. Prithee, run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy lady's estate.

VEL. The rent-roll?

TINS. The rent-roll? Ay, the rent-roll! dost not understand what that means?

VEL. Why? have you thoughts of purchasing of it?

TINS. Thou hast hit it, old boy; that is my very intention.

VEL. The purchase will be considerable.

TINS. And for that reason I have bid thy lady very high—She is to have no less for it than this entire person of mine.

VEL. Is your whole estate personal, Mr. Tinsel? he, he, he!

TINS. Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jest, d'ye? Look ye, Vellum, if you think of being continued my steward, you must learn to walk with your toes out.

VEL. An insolent companion! [*Aside.*

TINS. Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that dangling of thy arms.

VEL. An ungracious bird! [*Aside.*

TINS. Thou shalt lend me a couple of thousand pounds.

VEL. A very profligate! [*Aside.*

TINS. Look ye, Vellum, I intend to be kind to you—— I'll borrow some money of you.

VEL. I cannot but smile to consider the disappointment this young fellow will meet with; I will make myself merry with him. [*Aside.*] And so, Mr. Tinsel, you promise you will be a very kind master to me? [*Stifling a laugh.*

TINS. What will you give for a life in the house you live in?

VEL. What do you think of five hundred pounds?—— Ha, ha, ha!

TINS. That's too little.

VEL. And yet it is more than I shall give you——And I will offer you two reasons for it.

TINS. Prithee, what are they?

VEL. First, because the tenement is not in your disposal; and, secondly, because it never will be in your disposal: and so fare you well, good Mr. Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha! You will pardon me for being jocular. [*Exit Vellum.*

TINS. This rogue is as saucy as the conjurer; I'll be hang'd if they are not a-kin.

Enter LADY.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel! what, all alone? You free-thinkers are great admirers of solitude.

TINS. No, faith, I have been talking with thy steward; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, the very picture of one of our benchers. How can you bear his conversation?

LADY. I keep him for my steward, and not my companion. He's a sober man.

TINS. Yes, yes, he looks like a put——a queer old dog as ever I saw in my life: we must turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

LADY. Indeed you're mistaken, he has always had the reputation of being a very honest man.

TINS. What, I suppose he goes to church.

LADY. Goes to church! so do you too, I hope.

TINS. I would for once, widow, to make sure of you.

LADY. Ah, Mr. Tinsel, a husband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promises he made there.

TINS. Faith, very innocent, and very ridiculous! Well

then, I warrant thee, widow, thou would'st not for the world marry a sabbath-breaker!

LADY. Truly, they generally come to a bad end. I remember the conjurer told you, you were short-liv'd.

TINS. The conjurer! Ha, ha, ha!

LADY. Indeed you're very witty!

TINS. Indeed you're very handsome. [*Kisses her hand.*

LADY. I wish the fool does not love me! [*Aside.*

TINS. Thou art the idol I adore. Here must I pay my devotion——Prithee, widow, hast thou any timber upon thy estate?

LADY. The most impudent fellow I ever met with. [*Aside.*

TINS. I take notice thou hast a great deal of old plate here in the house, widow.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel, you are a very observing man.

TINS. Thy large silver cistern would make a very good coach; and half a dozen salvers that I saw on the side-board, might be turn'd into six as pretty horses as any that appear in the ring.

LADY. You have a very good fancy, Mr. Tinsel——What pretty transformations you could make in my house—But I'll see where 'twill end. [*Aside.*

TINS. Then I observe, child, you have two or three services of gilt plate; we 'd eat always in china, my dear.

LADY. I perceive you are an excellent manager——How quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods!

TINS. Now, hark ye, widow, to show you the love that I have for you———

LADY. Very well, let me hear.

TINS. You have an old-fashioned gold caudle-cup, with the figure of a saint upon the lid on't.

LADY. I have: what then?

TINS. Why, look ye, I'd sell the caudle-cup with the old saint for as much money as they 'd fetch, which I would convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a present of it.

LADY. Oh, you are generous to an extravagance. But, pray, Mr. Tinsel, don't dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

TINS. My dear, I love everything that belongs to you.

LADY. I see you do, sir, you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

Tins. Pho, pho, my dear, we are growing serious; and, let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull. Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.

Lady. Believe me, sir, whatever you may think, marriage is a serious subject.

Tins. For that very reason, my dear, let us get over it as fast as we can.

Lady. I shou'd be very much in haste for a husband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir George's decease.

Tins. Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question; dost not thou think that Sir George is as dead at present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a twelvemonth hence?

Lady. Yes: but decency, Mr. Tinsel——

Tins. Or dost thou think thou 'lt be more a widow then than thou art now?

Lady. The world would say I never lov'd my first husband.

Tins. Ah, my dear, they wou'd say you lov'd your second; and they wou'd own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

Lady. But what wou'd people think?

Tins. Think! why they wou'd think thee the mirror of widow-hood.—That a woman shou'd live fourteen whole months after the decease of her spouse, without having engaged herself. Why, about town, we know many a woman of quality's second husband several years before the death of the first.

Lady. Ay, I know you wits have your common-place jests upon us poor widows.

Tins. I 'll tell you a story, widow; I know a certain lady, who, considering the craziness of her husband, had, in case of mortality, engaged herself to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her, while her husband was alive, that one of them pink'd the t'other in a duel. But the good lady was no sooner a widow, but what did my dowager do? Why, faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

Lady. And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

Tins. Every tittle, as I hope to be married, or never believe Tom Tinsel.

Lady. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you call this talking like a wit, or like a rake?

Tins. Innocent enough, He, he, he! Why! where 's the difference, my dear?

Lady. Yes, Mr. Tinsel, the only man I ever loved in my life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other, in him.

Tins. Nay, now you grow vapourish; thou 'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the drum by and by.

Lady. If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

Tins. About this time, say'st thou? Come, faith, for the humour's sake, we 'll sit down and listen.

Lady. I will, if you 'll promise to be serious.

Tins. Serious! never fear me, child. Ha, ha, ha! Dost not hear him?

Lady. You break your word already. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you laugh to show your wit or your teeth?

Tins. Why, both! my dear——I 'm glad, however, that she has taken notice of my teeth. [*Aside.*] But you look serious, child; I fancy thou hear'st the drum, dost not?

Lady. Don't talk so rashly.

Tins. Why, my dear, you cou'd not look more frighted if you had Lucifer's drum-major in your house.

Lady. Mr. Tinsel, I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

Tins. Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of tea but just now. ——There is no such thing, I give thee my word.

Lady. Oh, Mr. Tinsel, your authority must be of great weight to those that know you.

Tins. For my part, child, I have made myself easy in those points.

Lady. Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but his ignorance. [*Aside.*

Tins. I 'll tell thee what, now, widow——I wou'd engage by the help of a white sheet and a penny-worth of link, in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their senses, and the vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*]—Hark! hark! what noise is that! Heaven defend us! this is more than fancy.

Lady. It beats more terrible than ever.

TINS. 'Tis very dreadful! What a dog have I been to speak against my conscience, only to show my parts!

LADY. It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not anger'd it by your foolish discourse.

TINS. Indeed, madam, I did not speak from my heart; I hope it will do me no hurt for a little harmless raillery.

LADY. Harmless, d' ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it would break through the wall.

TINS. What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?—— [*Scene opens and discovers Fantome.*] Mercy on us! it appears.

LADY. Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself, 'tis Sir George! 'tis my husband. [*She faints.*

TINS. Now wou'd I give ten thousand pound that I were in town. [*Fantome advances to him drumming.*]—I beg ten thousand pardons. I 'll never talk at this rate any more. [*Fantome still advances drumming.*]——By my soul, Sir George, I was not in earnest, [*falls on his knees,*] have compassion on my youth, and consider I am but a coxcomb—[*Fantome points to the door.*] But see he waves me off——ay, with all my heart——What a devil had I to do with a white sheet? [*He steals off the stage, mending his pace as the drum beats.*

FANT. The scoundrel is gone, and has left his mistress behind him. I 'm mistaken if he makes love in this house any more. I have now only the conjurer to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his reverence scamper as fast as the lover. And then the day's my own. But the servants are coming. I must get into my cupboard. [*He goes in.*

Enter ABIGAL *and Servants.*

ABIG. Oh my poor lady! This wicked drum has frighted Mr. Tinsel out of his wits, and my lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh air, and she 'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my lady, but 'tis all for her good: and I know her so well, that she wou'd not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her friends shou'd blame me for it hereafter,

> I 'll clap my hand upon my purse and tell 'em,
> 'Twas for a thousand pound and Mr. Vellum.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter SIR GEORGE *in his conjurer's habit, the* BUTLER *marching before him with two large candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little table, and another a chair.*

BUT. AN'T please your worship, Mr. Conjurer, the steward has given all of us orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect as if you were our master.

SIR GEO. Thou say'st well.

GARD. An't please your conjurership's worship, shall I set the table down here?

SIR GEO. Here, Peter.

GARD. Peter!—he knows my name by his learning. [*Aside.*

COACH. I have brought you, reverend sir, the largest elbow-chair in the house; 'tis that the steward sits in when he holds a court.

SIR GEO. Place it there.

BUT. Sir, will you please to want anything else?

SIR GEO. Paper, and a pen and ink.

BUT. Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose! my lady's mourning paper, that is black'd at the edges —wou'd you choose to write with a crow-quill?

SIR GEO. There is none better.

BUT. Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlour.

COACH. (*to the Gardener*). Peter, prithee do thou go along with me——I 'm afraid——You know I went with you last night into the garden, when the cook-maid wanted a handful of parsley.

BUT. Why, you don't think I 'll stay with the conjurer by myself!

GARD. Come, we 'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [*Exeunt Servants.*

SIR GEO. *solus.* There 's nothing, I see, makes such strong alliances as fear. These fellows are all entered into a confederacy against the ghost. There must be abundance of business done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple alliance. Who cou'd have thought these three

rogues cou'd have found each of 'em an employmer t in fetching a pen and ink!

Enter GARDENER *with a sheet of paper,* COACHMAN *with a standish, and* BUTLER *with a pen.*

GARD. Sir, there is your paper.

COACH. Sir, there is your standish.

BUT. Sir, there is your crow-quill pen——I 'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aside.*

GARD. He forgets that he 's to make a circle——[*Aside.*] Doctor, shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

SIR GEO. It is no matter.

BUT. Look ye, sir, I show'd you the spot where he 's heard oftenest, if your worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in the next room——

SIR GEO. We shall try.

GARD. That 's right, John. His worship must let fly all his learning at that old wall.

BUT. Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I wou'd have a bottle of good October by me. Shall I set a cup of old stingo at your elbow?

SIR GEO. I thank thee—we shall do without it.

GARD. John, he seems a very good-natured man for a conjurer.

BUT. I 'll take this opportunity of inquiring after a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

SIR GEO. What would'st thou!

BUT. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my silver spoons last week.

SIR GEO. Mark'd with a swan's neck—

BUT. My lady's crest! He knows everything. [*Aside.*] How would your worship advise me to recover it again?

SIR GEO. Hum!

BUT. What must I do to come at it?

SIR GEO. Drink nothing but small-beer for a fortnight—

BUT. Small-beer! Rot-gut!

SIR GEO. If thou drink'st a single drop of ale before fifteen days are expir'd—it is as much—as thy spoon—is worth.

BUT. I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aside.*

COACH. D' ye mind how they whisper?

GARD. I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him something about Nell—

COACH. I'll take this opportunity of putting a question to him about poor Dobbin: I fancy he cou'd give me better counsel than the farrier.

BUT. (*to the Gardener*). A prodigious man! he knows everything: now is the time to find out thy pick-axe.

GARD. I have nothing to give him: does not he expect to have his hand cross'd with silver?

COACH. (*to Sir George*). Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

SIR GEO. Ask it.

COACH. I have a poor horse in the stable that 's bewitched—

SIR GEO. A bay gelding.

COACH. How could he know that?— [*Aside.*

SIR GEO. Bought at Banbury.

COACH. Whew——so it was o' my conscience. [*Whistles.*

SIR GEO. Six years old last Lammas.

COACH. To a day. [*Aside.*] Now, sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitch'd by Goody Crouch, or Goody Flye?

SIR GEO. Neither.

COACH. Then it must be Goody Gurton! for she is the next oldest woman in the parish.

GARD. Hast thou done, Robin?

COACH. (*to the Gardener*). He can tell thee anything.

GARD. (*to Sir George*). Sir, I would beg to take you a little further out of hearing—

SIR GEO. Speak.

GARD. The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the same time with a certain person.

SIR GEO. A woman.

GARD. How could he know that? [*Aside.*

SIR GEO. Go on.

GARD. This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

SIR. GEO. Twins.

GARD. Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Proceed.

Gard. Now, because I us'd to meet her sometimes in the garden, she has laid them both——

Sir Geo. To thee.

Gard. What a power of learning he must have! he knows everything. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Hast thou done?

Gard. I would desire to know whether I am really father to them both.

Sir Geo. Stand before me, let me survey thee round.

[*Lays his wand upon his head and makes him turn about.*

Coach. Look yonder, John, the silly dog is turning about under the conjurer's wand. If he has been saucy to him, we shall see him puff'd off in a whirlwind immediately.

Sir Geo. Twins dost thou say? [*Still turning him.*

Gard. Ay, are they both mine d'ye think?

Sir Geo. Own but one of them.

Gard. Ah, but Mrs. Abigal will have me take care of them both——she's always for the Butler——If my poor master Sir George had been alive, he wou'd have made him go halves with me.

Sir Geo. What, was Sir George a kind master?

Gard. Was he! ay, my fellow-servants will bear me witness.

Sir Geo. Did ye love Sir George?

But. Everybody lov'd him ——

Coach. There was not a dry eye in the parish at the news of his death——

Gard. He was the best neighbour——

But. The kindest husband——

Coach. The truest friend to the poor——

But. My good lady took on mightily, we all thought it wou'd have been the death of her——

Sir Geo. I protest these fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their master again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aside.*

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Have you provided the doctor ev'rything he has occasion for? if so—you may depart. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir Geo. I can as yet see no hurt in my wife's behaviour;

but still have some certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond man. I must take the advantage of my disguise to be thoroughly satisfied. It wou'd neither be for her happiness, nor mine, to make myself known to her till I am so. [*Aside.*] Dear Vellum! I am impatient to hear some news of my wife, how does she after her fright?

VEL. It is a saying somewhere in my Lord Coke, that a widow——

SIR GEO. I ask of my wife, and thou talk'st to me of my Lord Coke——prithee tell me how she does, for I am in pain for her.

VEL. She is pretty well recover'd, Mrs. Abigal has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your skill.

SIR GEO. That I think cannot fail, since thou hast got this secret out of Abigal. But I cou'd not have thought my friend Fantome would have served me thus——

VEL. You will still fancy you are a living man——

SIR GEO. That he should endeavour to insnare my wife.

VEL. You have no right in her after your demise: death extinguishes all property.—*Quoad hanc*—It is a maxim in the law.

SIR GEO. A pox on your learning! Well, but what is become of Tinsel.

VEL. He rush'd out of the house, call'd for his horse, clapp'd spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time than I—can—tell—ten.

SIR GEO. This is whimsical enough! my wife will have a quick succession of lovers in one day——Fantome has driven out Tinsel, and I shall drive out Fantome.

VEL. Ev'n as one wedge driveth out another——he, he, he! you must pardon me for being jocular.

SIR GEO. Was there ever such a provoking blockhead! but he means me well. [*Aside.*] Well! I must have satisfaction of this traitor, Fantome; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my house, in a manner that shall throw shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives.—You must remember, Vellum, you have abundance of business upon your hands, and I have but just time to tell it you over; all I require of you is despatch, therefore hear me.

VEL. There is nothing more requisite in business than despatch——

SIR GEO. Then hear me.

VEL. It is indeed the life of business——

SIR GEO. Hear me then, I say.

VEL. And as one has rightly observed, the benefit that attends it is fourfold. First——

SIR GEO. There is no bearing this! Thou art a going to describe despatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

VEL. But your ho--nour will not give me the hearing——

SIR GEO. Thou wilt not give me the hearing. [*Angrily.*

VEL. I am still.

SIR GEO. In the first place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and sword, ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet coats. You know how Abigal has described the ghost to you.

VEL. It shall be done.

SIR GEO. Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this ghost, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real husband; tell her the whole story, and do it with all the art you are master of, that the surprise may not be too great for her.

VEL. It shall be done—But since her ho--nour has seen this apparition, she desires to see you once more before you encounter it.

SIR GEO. I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue Tinsel. I hope thou hast not told Abigal anything of the secret.

VEL. Mrs. Abigal is a woman; there are many reasons why she should not be acquainted with it; I shall only mention six——

SIR GEO. Hush, here she comes! Oh my heart!

Enter LADY *and* ABIGAL.

SIR GEO. (*aside, while Vellum talks in dumb show to Lady*). O that lov'd woman! How I long to take her in my arms! If I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed! But I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character.

[*Walks at a distance in a pensive posture, waving his wand.*

LADY. (*to Vellum*). This is surprising indeed! So all the servants tell me; they say he knows everything that has happen'd in the family.

ABIG. (*aside*). A parcel of credulous fools! they first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them. [*Exit Vellum, exchanging fond looks with Abigal.*

LADY. Learned sir, may I have some conversation with you before you begin your ceremonies?

SIR GEO. Speak! but hold—first let me feel your pulse.

LADY. What can you learn from that?

SIR GEO. I have already learn'd a secret from it, that will astonish you.

LADY. Pray, what is it?

SIR GEO. You will have a husband within this half hour.

ABIG. (*aside*). I am glad to hear that——He must mean Mr. Fantome; I begin to think there's a good deal of truth in his art.

LADY. Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir George's apparition a second time.

SIR GEO. Have courage, you shall see the apparition no more. The husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

ABIG. Mr. Fantome to be sure. [*Aside.*

LADY. Impossible! I lov'd my first too well.

SIR GEO. You could not love the first better than you will love the second.

ABIG. (*aside*). I'll be hang'd if my dear steward has not instructed him; he means Mr. Fantome to be sure; the thousand pound is our own!

LADY. Alas! you did not know Sir George.

SIR GEO. As well as I do myself——I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. Hawthorn, on her return from London.

LADY. This is astonishing!

SIR GEO. You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what ecstasy did Sir George kiss your hand, when you told him you should always follow the advice of your Mamma!

LADY. Every circumstance to a tittle!

SIR GEO. Then, lady! the wedding night! I saw you in

your white satin night-gown? you would not come out of your dressing-room, till Sir George took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand——you struggled——but he was too strong for you——You blush'd. He——

LADY. Oh! stop there! go no farther!——He knows everything. [*Aside.*

ABIG. Truly, Mr. Conjurer, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

SIR GEO. Mrs. Abigal, you know what your good word cost Sir George, a purse of broad pieces, Mrs. Abigal——

ABIG. The devil's in him. [*Aside.*] Pray, sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my lady that I refus'd to take them.

SIR GEO. 'Tis true, child, he was forced to thrust them into your bosom.

ABIG. This rogue will mention the thousand pound, if I don't take care. [*Aside.*] Pray, sir, though you are a conjurer, methinks you need not be a blab——

LADY. Sir, since I have now no reason to doubt of your art, I must beseech you to treat this apparition gently—— It has the resemblance of my deceas'd husband; if there be any undiscover'd secret, anything that troubles his rest, learn it of him.

SIR GEO. I must to that end be sincerely informed by you whether your heart be engaged to another; have not you received the addresses of many lovers since his death?

LADY. I have been oblig'd to receive more visits than have been agreeable.

SIR GEO. Was not Tinsel welcome?——I'm afraid to hear an answer to my own question. [*Aside.*

LADY. He was well recommended.

SIR GEO. Racks! [*Aside.*

LADY. Of a good family.

SIR GEO. Tortures! [*Aside.*

LADY. Heir to a considerable estate!

SIR GEO. Death! [*Aside.*] And you still love him?—— I'm distracted! [*Aside.*

LADY. No, I despise him. I found he had a design upon my fortune, was base, profligate, cowardly, and everything that could be expected from a man of the vilest principles!——

SIR GEO. I'm recover'd.

ABIG. Oh, madam, had you seen how like a scoundrel he

look'd when he left your ladyship in a swoon. Where have you left my lady? says I. In an elbow-chair, child, says he. And where are you going? says I. To town, child, says he: for to tell thee truly, child, says he, I don't care for living under the same roof with the devil, says he.

SIR GEO. Well, lady, I see nothing in all this, that may hinder Sir George's spirit from being at rest.

LADY. If he knows anything of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfied of that fondness which I bear to his memory. My sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest——Tears will not let me go on——

SIR GEO. This quite o'erpowers me——I shall discover myself before my time. [*Aside.*]——Madam, you may now retire and leave me to myself.

LADY. Success attend you!

ABIG. I wish Mr. Fantome gets well off from this old don--I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt Lady and Abigal.*

SIR GEORGE *solus.*

SIR GEO. My heart is now at ease, she is the same dear woman I left her——Now for my revenge upon Fantome. ——I shall cut the ceremonies short——A few words will do his business——Now let me seat myself in form——A good easy chair for a conjurer this!——Now for a few mathematical scratches——a good lucky scrawl, that——faith, I think it looks very astrological—These two or three magical pot-hooks about it, make it a complete conjurer's scheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha. ha, ha, sir, are you there? Enter Drummer. Now must I pore upon my paper.

Enter FANTOME, *beating his drum.*

SIR GEO. Prithee don't make a noise, I'm busy. [*Fantome beats.*]——A pretty march! prithee beat that over again. [*He beats and advances.*

SIR GEO. (*rising*). Ha! you're very perfect in the step of a ghost. You stalk it majestically. [*Fantome advances.*]——How the rogue stares! he acts it to admiration; I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half-hour in Mrs. Abigal's wardrobe. [*Fantome starts, gives a rap upon his*

drum.]——Prithee don't play the fool! [*Fantome beats.*] ——Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. Fantome.

Fant. (*aside*). Death! I'm discovered. This jade Abigal has betrayed me.

Sir Geo. Mr. Fantome, upon the word of an astrologer, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my lady Truman.

Fant. 'Tis plain, she has told him all. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. Ghost will have his bones broke.

Fant. (*to Sir George*). Look ye, old gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this secret from Mrs. Abigal.

Sir Geo. I have learn'd it from my art.

Fant. Thy art! prithee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces.——

Sir Geo. I am not mercenary! Young man, I scorn thy gold.

Fant. I'll make them up twenty.——

Sir Geo. Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an apparition, as shall———

Fant. An apparition, old gentleman! you mistake your man, I am not to be frighten'd with bugbears.——

Sir Geo. Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my art———

Fant. Why, if thou hast any *hocus pocus* tricks to play, why canst not do them here?

Sir Geo. The raising of a spirit requires certain secret mysteries to be performed, and words to be mutter'd in private——

Fant. Well, if I see through your trick, will you promise to be my friend?

Sir Geo. I will——attend and tremble.

Fantome *solus.*

Fant. A very solemn old ass! but I smoke him,——he has a mind to raise his price upon me. I could not think this slut would have used me thus——I begin to grow horribly tir'd of my drum, I wish I was well rid of it. However I have got this by it, that it has driven off Tinsel for good and all; I shan't have the mortification to see my mistress carried off by such a rival. Well, whatever happens, I must

stop this old fellow's mouth, I must not be sparing in hush-money. But here he comes.

Enter SIR GEORGE *in his own habit.*

FANT. Ha! what's that! Sir George Truman! This can be no counterfeit. His dress! his shape! his face! the very wound of which he died! Nay, then, 'tis time to decamp!

[*Runs off.*

SIR GEO. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good Sir George—— The enemy has left me master of the field: here are the marks of my victory. This drum will I hang up in my great hall as the trophy of the day.

Enter ABIGAL.

Sir George stands with his hand before his face in a musing posture.

ABIG. Yonder he is. O' my conscience he has driven off the conjurer. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand pounds now? Why does not the man speak?

[*Pulls him by the sleeve.*

SIR GEO. Ha! [*Taking his hand from his face.*

ABIG. Oh! 'tis my master! [*Shrieks.*

[*Running away he catches her.*

SIR GEO. Good Mrs. Abigal, not so fast.

ABIG. Are you alive, sir?——He has given my shoulder such a cursed tweak! they must be real fingers. I feel 'em I'm sure.

SIR GEO. What do'st think?

ABIG. Think, sir? Think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, sir, how——

SIR GEO. No questions, good Abigal. Thy curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your lady?

ABIG. Oh, I'm so frighted——and so glad!——

SIR GEO. Where's your lady, I ask you——

ABIG. Marry, I don't know where I am myself——I can't forbear weeping for joy——

SIR GEO. Your lady! I say your lady! I must bring you to yourself with one pinch more——

ABIG. Oh! she has been talking a good while with the steward.

Sir Geo. Then he has open'd the whole story to her, I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here she comes

Enter Lady *followed by* Vellum.

Lady. Where is he? let me fly into his arms! my life! my soul! my husband!

Sir Geo. Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women!

Lady. Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my senses! Now am I happy indeed!

Sir Geo. My heart is too full to answer thee.

Lady. How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? You have robbed my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it.

Sir Geo. It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmix'd. There will be now no doubts to dash it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials to talk of.

Lady. I am now satisfied that it is not in the power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

Sir Geo. And I am satisfied that it is not in the power of death to destroy that love which makes me the happiest of men.

Lady. Was ever woman so blest! to find again the darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second marriage with the only man whom she was ever capable of loving!

Sir Geo. May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter Servants.

But. Just as the steward told us, lads! look ye there, if he ben't with my lady already.

Gard. He! he! he! what a joyful night will this be for madam!

Coach. As I was coming in at the gate, a strange gentlemen whisk'd by me; but he took to his heels, and made

away to the George. If I did not see master before me, I should have sworn it had been his honour.

GARD. Hast given orders for the bells to be set a ringing?

COACH. Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done.

SIR GEO. (*to lady*). My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor neighbours and my servants shall rejoice with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

BUT. Ah! bless your honour, may you never die again!

COACH. The same good man that ever he was!

GARD. Whurra!

SIR GEO. Vellum, thou hast done me much service to-day. I know thou lov'st Abigal, but she's disappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a thousand pound with her. It is not fit there should be one sad heart in my house to-night.

LADY. What you do for Abigal, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new instance of your love.

ABIG. Mr. Vellum, you are a well-spoken man: pray do you thank my master and my lady.

SIR GEO. Vellum, I hope you are not displeased with the gift I make you.

VELLUM.

The gift is twofold. I receive from you
A virtuous partner, and a portion too;
For which, in humble wise, I thank the donors:
And so we bid good-night to both your ho--nours.

THE EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

TO-NIGHT the poet's advocate I stand,
And he deserves the favour at my hand,
Who, in my equipage their cause debating,
Has placed two lovers, and a third in waiting;

If both the first should from their duty swerve,
There 's one behind the wainscot in reserve.
In his next play, if I would take this trouble,
He promis'd me to make the number double:
In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging creature,
For though 'tis simple, yet it shows good-nature.
My help thus ask'd, I could not choose but grant it,
And really I thought the play would want it,
Void as it is of all the usual arts
To warm your fancies, and to steal your hearts:
No court-intrigue, nor city cuckoldom,
No song, no dance, no music—but a drum—
No smutty thought in doubtful phrase express'd;
And, gentlemen, if so, pray, where's the jest?
When we would raise your mirth, you hardly know
Whether, in strictness, you should laugh or no,
But turn upon the ladies in the pit,
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis wit.
Protect him then, ye fair ones; for the fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.
He draws a widow, who of blameless carriage,
True to her jointure, hates a second marriage;
And, to improve a virtuous wife's delights,
Out of one man contrives two wedding nights;
Nay, to oblige the sex in every state,
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.
Too long has marriage, in this tasteless age,
With ill-bred raillery supplied the stage;
No little scribbler is of wit so bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded pair.
Our author deals not in conceits so stale:
For should th' examples of his play prevail,
No man need blush, though true to marriage-vows,
Nor be a jest, though he should love his spouse.
Thus has he done you British consorts right,
Whose husbands, should they pry like mine to-night,
Would never find you in your conduct slipping,
Though they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.

A DISCOURSE

ON

ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING.[1]

The present age seems to have a very true taste of polite learning, and perhaps takes the beauties of an ancient author, as much as 'tis possible for it at so great a distance of time. It may, therefore, be some entertainment to us to consider what pleasure the cotemporaries and countrymen of our old writers found in their works, which we at present are not capable of; and whether, at the same time, the moderns may not have some advantages peculiar to themselves, and discover several graces that arise merely from the antiquity of an author.

And here the first and most general advantage the ancients had over us, was, that they knew all the secret history of a composure: what was the occasion of such a discourse or poem, whom such a sentence aimed at, what person lay disguised in such a character: for by this means they could see their author in a variety of lights, and receive several different entertainments from the same passage. We, on the contrary, can only please ourselves with the wit or good sense of a writer, as it stands stripped of all those accidental circumstances that at first helped to set it off: we have him but in a single view, and only discover such essential standing beauties as no time or years can possibly deface.

I do not question but Homer, who in the diversity of his characters has far excelled all other heroic poets, had an eye

[1] There can be no doubt of the genuineness of this piece. The internal marks of its author are many and unequivocal; as must, I think, appear to every attentive reader who has any acquaintance with Mr. Addison's style and manner. But I should guess that it was drawn up by him in his younger days, and that it was not retouched, or at least finished by him. The reason might be, that he had afterwards worked up the principal observations of this piece into his critical papers on Milton.

on some real persons who were then living, in most of them. The description of Thersites is so spiteful and particular, that I cannot but think it one of his own, or his country's enemies in disguise, as, on the contrary, his Nestor looks like the figure of some ancient and venerable patriot: an effeminate fop, perhaps, of those times lies hid in Paris, and a crafty statesman in Ulysses: Patroclus may be a compliment on a celebrated friend, and Agamemnon the description of a majestic prince. Ajax, Hector, and Achilles are all of them valiant, but in so different a manner, as perhaps has characterized the different kinds of heroism that Homer had observed in some of his great cotemporaries. Thus far we learn from the poet's life, that he endeavoured to gain favour and patronage by his verse; and it is very probable he thought of this method of ingratiating himself with particular persons, as he has made the drift of the whole poem a compliment on his country in general.

And to show us that this is not a bare conjecture only, we are told in the account that is left us of Homer, that he inserted the very names of some of his cotemporaries. Tychius and Mentor in particular are very neatly celebrated in him. The first of these was an honest cobler, who had been very kind and serviceable to the poet, and is therefore advanced in his poem, to be Ajax's shield-maker. The other was a great man in Ithaca, who for his patronage and wisdom has gained a very honourable post in the Odysses, where he accompanies his great countryman in his travels, and gains such a reputation for his prudence, that Minerva took his shape upon her when she made herself visible. Themius was the name of Homer's schoolmaster, but the poet has certainly drawn his own character under, when he sets him forth as a favourite of Apollo, that was deprived of his sight, and used to sing the noble exploits of the Grecians.

Virgil too may well be supposed to give several hints in his poem, which we are not able to take, and to have lain[1] many by-designs and under-plots, which are too remote for us to look into distinctly at so great a distance: but as for the characters of such as lived in his own time, I have not

[1] *To have lain.*] The perfect participle of *lay* is *laid*, not *lain*, which is the perfect participle of the verb *lie*. The same blunder occurs in his notes on Ovid, "—till he had *lain* aside the circle of rays"—speaking of Phœbus in the story of Phaeton. But see the note on that place.

so much to say of him as Homer. He is indeed very barren in this part of his poem, and has but little varied the manners of the principal persons in it. His Æneas is a compound of valour and piety; Achates calls himself his friend, but takes no occasion of showing himself so; Mnesteus, Sergestus, Gyas, and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the same stamp and character.

—Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

Besides, Virgil was so very nice and delicate a writer, that probably he might not think his compliment to Augustus so great, or so artfully concealed, if he had scattered his praises more promiscuously, and made his court to others in the same poem. Had he entertained any such design, Agrippa must in justice have challenged the second place, and if Agrippa's representative had been admitted, Æneas would have had very little to do; which would not have redounded much to the honour of his emperor. If, therefore, Virgil has shadowed any great persons besides Augustus in his characters, they are to be found only in the meaner actors of his poem, among the disputers for a petty victory in the fifth book, and perhaps in some few other places. I shall only mention Iopas, the philosophical musician at Dido's banquet, where I cannot but fancy some celebrated master complimented, for methinks the epithet Crinitus is so wholly foreign to the purpose, that it perfectly points at some particular person; who, perhaps, (to pursue a wandering guess,) was one of the Grecian performers, then in Rome, for besides that they were the best musicians and philosophers, the termination of the name belongs to their language, and the epithet is the same [Καρηκομόωντες] that Homer gives to his countrymen in general.

Now that we may have a right notion of the pleasure we have lost on this account, let us only consider the different entertainment we of the present age meet with in Mr. Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, from what an English reader will find a hundred years hence, when the figures of the persons concerned are not so lively and fresh in the minds of posterity. Nothing can be more delightful than to see two characters facing each other all along, and running parallel through the whole piece, to compare feature with feature, to find out the nice resemblance in every touch, and

to see where the copy fails, and where it comes up to the original. The reader cannot but be pleased to have an acquaintance thus rising by degrees in his imagination, for whilst the mind is busy in applying every particular, and adjusting the several parts of the description, it is not a little delighted with its discoveries, and feels something like the satisfaction of an author from his own composure.

What is here said of Homer and Virgil holds very strong in the ancient satirists and authors of dialogues, but especially of comedies. What could we have made of Aristophanes's Clouds, had he not told us on whom the ridicule turned; and we have good reason to believe we should have relished it more than we do, had we known the design of each character, and the secret intimations in every line. Histories themselves often come down to us defective on this account, where the writers are not full enough to give us a perfect notion of occurrences, for the tradition, which at first was a comment on the story, is now quite lost, and the writing only preserved for the information of posterity.

I might be very tedious on this head, but I shall only mention another author who, I believe, received no small advantage from this consideration, and that is Theophrastus, who probably has shown us several of his cotemporaries in the representation of his passions and vices; for we may observe in most of his characters, something foreign to his subject, and some other folly or infirmity mixing itself with the principal argument of his discourse. His eye seems to have been so attentively fixed on the person in whom the vanity reigned, that other circumstances of his behaviour besides those he was to describe insinuated themselves unawares, and crept insensibly into the character. It was hard for him to extract a single folly out of the whole mass without leaving a little mixture in the separation: so that his particular vice appears something discoloured in the description, and his discourse, like a glass set to catch the image of any single object, gives us a lively resemblance of what we look for; but at the same time returns a little shadowy landscape of the parts that lie about it.

And, as the ancients enjoyed no small privilege above us, in knowing the persons hinted at in several of their authors; so they received a great advantage, in seeing often the pictures and images that are frequently described in many of

their poets. When Phidias had carved out his Jupiter, and the spectator stood astonished at so awful and majestic a figure, he surprised them more, by telling them it was a copy: and, to make his words true, showed them the original, in that magnificent description of Jupiter, towards the latter end of the first Iliad. The comparing both together probably discovered secret graces in each of them, and gave new beauty to their performances: thus in Virgil's first Æneid, where we see the representation of rage bound up, and chained in the temple of Janus:

—Furor impius intus
Sæva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.

Though we are much pleased with so wonderful a description, how must the pleasure double on those who could compare the poet and the statuary together, and see which had put most horror and distraction into his figure. But we, who live in these lower ages of the world, are such entire strangers to this kind of diversion, that we often mistake the description of a picture for an allegory, and do not so much as know when it is hinted at. Juvenal tells us, a flatterer will not stick to compare a weak pair of shoulders to those of Hercules, when he lifts up Antæus from the earth. Now, what a forced, unnatural similitude does this seem, amidst the deep silence of scholiasts and commentators! But how full of life and humour, if we may suppose it alluded to some remarkable statue of these two champions, that perhaps stood in a public place of the city! There is now in Rome a very ancient statue entangled in a couple of marble serpents, and so exactly cut in Laocoon's posture and circumstances, that we may be sure Virgil drew after the statuary, or the statuary after Virgil: and if the poet was the copier, we may be sure it was no small pleasure to a Roman, that could see so celebrated an image outdone in the description.

I might here expatiate largely on several customs that are now forgotten, though often intimated by ancient authors; and, particularly, on many expressions of their cotemporary poets, which they had an eye upon in their reflections, though we at present know nothing of the business. Thus Ovid begins the second book of his Elegies, with these two lines:

Hæc quoque scribebam Pelignis natus aquosis,
Ille ego nequitiæ Naso poeta meæ.

How far these may prove the four verses prefixed to Virgil's Æneid genuine, I shall not pretend to determine: but I dare say Ovid in this place hints at them if they are so, and I believe every reader will agree that the humour of these lines would be very much heightened by such an allusion, if we suppose a love adventure ushered in with an *Ille Ego*, and taking its rise from something like a preface to the Æneid. Guesses might be numberless on this occasion, and though sometimes they may be grounded falsely, yet they often give a new pleasure to the reader, and throw in abundance of light on the more intricate and obscure passages of an ancient author.

But there is nothing we want more direction in at present than the writings of such ancient authors as abound with humour, especially where the humour runs in a kind of cant, and a particular set of phrases. We may indeed in many places, by the help of a good scholiast, and skill in the customs and language of a country, know that such phrases are humorous, and such a metaphor drawn from a ridiculous custom; but at the same time the ridicule flags, and the mirth languishes to a modern reader, who is not so conversant and familiar with the words and ideas that lie before him; so that the spirit of the jest is quite palled and deadened, and the briskness of an expression lost to an ear[1] that is so little accustomed to it. This want of discerning between the comical and serious style of the ancients, has run our modern editors and commentators into a senseless affectation of Terence's and Plautus's phrases, when they desire to appear pure and classical in their language: so that you often see the grave pedant making a buffoon of himself, where he least designs it, and running into light and trifling phrases, where he would fain appear solemn and judicious.

Another great pleasure the ancients had beyond us, if we consider them as the poet's countrymen, was, that they lived as it were upon the spot, and within the verge of the poem; their habitations lay among the scenes of the Æneid; they could find out their own country in Homer, and had every day, perhaps, in their sight, the mountain or field where such an adventure happened, or such a battle was fought. Many of them had often walked on the banks of Helicon, or

[1] *The briskness of an expression lost to an ear.*] One may swear to the author from this mode of expression.

the sides of Parnassus, and knew all the private haunts and retirements of the muses: so that they lived as it were on fairy ground, and conversed in an enchanted region, where everything they looked upon appeared romantic, and gave a thousand pleasing hints to their imaginations. To consider Virgil only in this respect: how must a Roman have been pleased, that was well acquainted with the capes and promontories, to see the original of their names as they stand derived from Misenus, Palinurus, and Cajeta! that could follow the poet's motions and attend his hero in all his marches from place to place! that was very well acquainted with the lake Amsanctus, where the fury sunk, and could lead you to the mouth of the cave where Æneas took his descent for hell! Their being conversant with the place where the poem was transacted, gave them a greater relish than we can have at present of several parts of it; as it affected their imaginations more strongly, and diffused through the whole narration a greater air of truth. The places stood as so many marks and testimonies to the veracity of the story that was told of them, and helped the reader to impose upon himself in the credibility of the relation. To consider only that passage in the 8th Æneid, where the poet brings his hero acquainted with Evander, and gives him a prospect of that circuit of ground, which was afterwards covered with the metropolis of the world. The story of Cacus, which he there gives us at large, was probably raised on some old confused tradition of the place, and if so, was doubly entertaining to a Roman, when he saw it worked up into so noble a piece of poetry, as it would have pleased an Englishman, to have seen in Prince Arthur any of the old traditions of Guy varied and beautified in an episode, had the chronology suffered the author to have led his hero into Warwickshire on that occasion. The map of the place, which was afterwards the seat of Rome, must have been wonderfully pleasing to one that lived upon it afterwards, and saw all the alterations that happened in such a compass of ground: two passages in it are inimitably fine, which I shall here transcribe, and leave the reader to judge what impressions they made on the imagination of a Roman, who had every day before his eyes the capitol and the forum.

> Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et capitolia ducit
> Aurea nunc, olim silvestribus horrida dumis.

Jam tum Religio pavidos terrebat agrestes
Dira loci, jam tum silvam saxumque tremebant.
Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,
Quis Deus, incertum est, habitat Deus. Arcades ipsum
Credunt se vidisse Jovem: Cum sæpe nigrantem
Ægida concuteret dextrâ, nimbosque cieret.

And afterwards,

—ad tecta subibant
Pauperis Evandri, passimque armenta videbant
Romanoque foro et lautis mugire carinis.

There is another engaging circumstance that made Virgil and Homer more particularly charming to their own countrymen, than they can possibly appear to any of the moderns; and this they took hold of by choosing their heroes out of their own nation: for by this means they have humoured and delighted the vanity of a Grecian or Roman reader, they have powerfully engaged him on the hero's side, and made him, as it were, a party in every action; so that the narration renders him more intent, the happy events raise a greater pleasure in him, the passionate part more moves him, and in a word, the whole poem comes more home, and touches him more nearly, than it would have done, had the scene lain in another country, and a foreigner been the subject of it. No doubt but the inhabitants of Ithaca preferred the Odysses to the Iliad, as the Myrmidons, on the contrary, were not a little proud of their Achilles. The men of Pylos probably could repeat word for word the wise sentences of Nestor: and we may well suppose Agamemnon's countrymen often pleased themselves with their prince's superiority in the Greek confederacy. I believe, therefore, no Englishman reads Homer or Virgil with such an inward triumph of thought, and such a passion of glory, as those who saw in them the exploits of their own countrymen or ancestors. And here, by the way, our Milton has been more universally engaging in the choice of his persons, than any other poet can possibly be. He has obliged all mankind, and related the whole species[1] to the two chief actors in his poem. Nay, what is infinitely more considerable, we behold in him, not only our ancestors, but our representatives. We

[1] *Related the whole species*, &c.] We say, one man is *related* to another, but we do not use the verb *relate* actively, in the sense here given to it. He should have said—"he has obliged all mankind by making the whole species related to the two chief actors of his poem."

are really engaged in their adventures, and have a personal interest in their good or ill success. We are not only their offspring, but sharers in their fortunes; and no less than our own eternal happiness, or misery, depends on their single conduct: so that every reader will here find himself concerned, and have all his attention and solicitude raised, in every turn and circumstance of the whole poem.

If the ancients took a greater pleasure in the reading of their poets than the moderns can, their pleasure still rose higher in the perusal of their orators; though this, I must confess, proceeded not so much from their precedence to us in respect of time, as judgment. Every city among them swarmed with rhetoricians, and every senate-house was almost filled with orators; so that they were perfectly well versed in all the rules of rhetoric, and perhaps knew several secrets in the art that let them into such beauties of Demosthenes, or Cicero, as are not yet discovered by a modern reader. And this I take to have been the chief reason of that wonderful efficacy we find ascribed to the ancient oratory, from what we meet with in the present; for, in all arts, every man is most moved with the perfection of them, as he understands them best. Now, the rulers of Greece and Rome had generally so well accomplished themselves in the politer parts of learning, that they had a high relish of a noble expression, were transported with a well-turned period, and not a little pleased to see a reason urged in its full force. They knew how proper such a passage was to affect the mind, and by admiring it, insensibly begot in themselves such a motion as the orator desired. The passion arose in them unawares, from their considering the aptness of such words to raise it. Accordingly, we find the force of Tully's eloquence showed itself most on Cæsar, who probably understood it best; and Cicero himself was so affected with Demosthenes, that 'tis no wonder when he was asked, which he thought the best of his orations, he should reply, The longest. But now the generality of mankind are so wholly ignorant of the charms of oratory, that Tully himself, who guided the lords of the whole earth at his pleasure, were he now living, and a speaker in a modern assembly, would not, with all that divine pomp and heat of eloquence, be able to gain over one man to his party. The vulgar, indeed, of every age, are equally moved by false strains of rhe-

toric, but they are not the persons I am here concerned to account for.

The last circumstance I shall mention, which gave the ancients a greater pleasure in the reading of their own authors than we are capable of, is that knowledge they had of the sound and harmony of their language, which the moderns have at present a very imperfect notion of. We find, even in music, that different nations have different tastes of it, and those who most agree have some particular manner and graces proper to themselves, that are not so agreeable to a foreigner: whether or no it be that, as the temper of the climates varies, it causes an alteration in the animal spirits, and the organs of hearing; or as such passions reign most in such a country, so the sounds are most pleasing that most affect those passions; or that the sounds, which the ear has ever been most accustomed to, insensibly conform the secret texture of it to themselves, and wear in it such passages as are best fitted for their own reception; or, in the last place, that our national prejudice, and narrowness of mind, makes everything appear odd to us that is new and uncommon: whether any one, or all of these reasons may be looked upon as the cause, we find by certain experience, that what is tuneful in one country, is harsh and ungrateful in another. And if this consideration holds in musical sounds, it does much more in those that are articulate, because there is a greater variety of syllables than of notes, and the ear is more accustomed to speech than songs. But had we never so good an ear, we have still a faltering tongue, and a kind of impediment in our speech. Our pronunciation is, without doubt, very widely different from that of the Greeks and Romans; and our voices, in respect of theirs, are so out of tune, that, should an ancient hear us, he would think we were reading in another tongue, and scarce be able to know his own composure, by our repetition of it. We may be sure, therefore, whatever imaginary notions we may frame to ourselves, of the harmony of an author, they are very different from the ideas which the author himself had of his own performance.

Thus we see how time has quite worn out, or decayed, several beauties[1] of our ancient authors; but to make a little

[1] *Decayed several beauties.*] It is not exact to use the verb *decay* actively.

amends for the graces they have lost, there are some few others which they have gathered from their great age and antiquity in the world. And here we may first observe, how very few passages in their style appear flat and low to a modern reader, or carry in them a mean and vulgar air of expression; which certainly arises, in a great measure, from the death and disuse of the languages in which the ancients compiled their works. Most of the forms of speech made use of in common conversation, are apt to sink the dignity of a serious style, and to take off from the solemnity of the composition that admits them; nay, those very phrases, that are in themselves highly proper and significant, and were at first, perhaps, studied and elaborate expressions, make but a poor figure in writing, after they are once adopted into common discourse, and sound over-familiar to an ear that is everywhere accustomed to them. They are too much dishonoured by common use, and contract a meanness, by passing so frequently through the mouths of the vulgar. For this reason, we often meet with something of a baseness in the styles of our best English authors, which we cannot be so sensible of in the Latin and Greek writers; because their language is dead, and no more used in our familiar conversations; so that they have now laid aside all their natural homeliness and simplicity, and appear to us in the splendour and formality of strangers. We are not intimately enough acquainted with them, and never met with their expressions but in print, and that too on a serious occasion; and therefore find nothing of that levity or meanness in the ideas they give us, as they might convey[1] into their minds, who used them as their mother-tongue. To consider the Latin poets in this light, Ovid, in his Metamorphoses, and Lucan, in several parts of him, are not a little beholden to antiquity, for the privilege I have here mentioned, who would appear but very plain men without it; as we may the better find, if we take them out of their numbers, and see how naturally they fall into low prose. Claudian and Statius, on the contrary, whilst they endeavour too much to deviate from common and vulgar phrases, clog their verse with unnecessary epithets, and swell their style with forced, unnatural expressions, till they have blown it up into bombast; so that their sense has much ado

[1] *As they might convey.*] The correlative to *that* is not *as*, but *which*.

to struggle through their words. Virgil, and Horace in his Odes, have run between these two extremes, and made their expressions very sublime, but at the same time very natural. This consideration, therefore, least affects them, for, though you take their verse to pieces, and dispose of their words as you please, you still find such glorious metaphors, figures, and epithets, as give it too great a majesty for prose, and look something like the ruin of a noble pile, where you see broken pillars, scattered obelisks, maimed statues, and a magnificence in confusion.

And as we are not much offended with the low idiotisms of a dead language, so neither are we very sensible of any familiar words that are used in it; as we may more particularly observe in the names of persons and places. We find in our English writers, how much the proper name of one of our own countrymen pulls down the language that surrounds it,[1] and familiarizeth a whole sentence. For our ears are so often used to it, that we find something vulgar and common in the sound and cant; but[2] fancy the pomp and solemnity of style too much humbled and depressed by it. For this reason, the authors of poems and romances, who are not tied up to any particular set of proper names, take the liberty of inventing new ones, or, at least, of choosing such as are not used in their own country; and, by this means, not a little maintain the grandeur and majesty of their language. Now the proper names of a Latin or Greek author have the same effect upon us as those of a romance, because we meet with them nowhere else but in books. Cato, Pompey, and Marcellus, sound as great in our ears, who have none of their families among us, as Agamemnon, Hector, and Achilles; and therefore, though they might flatten an oration of Tully to a Roman reader, they have no such effect upon an English one. What I have here said, may perhaps give us the reason why Virgil, when he mentions the ancestors of three noble Roman families, turns Sergius, Memmius, and Cluentius, which might have degraded his verse too much, into Sergestus, Mnestheus, and Cloanthus, though the three first would have been as high and sonorous to us as the other.

But though the poets could make thus free with the proper

[1] *Pulls down the language that surrounds it.*] Another instance of expression purely *Addisonian.*

[2] *But.*] It should be—*and.*

names of persons, and in that respect enjoyed a privilege beyond the prose writers; they lay both under an equal obligation, as to the names of places: for there is no poetical geography, rivers are the same in prose and verse; and the towns and countries of a romance differ nothing from those of a true history. How oddly, therefore, must the name of a paltry village sound to those who were well acquainted with the meanness of the place; and yet how many such names are to be met with in the catalogues of Homer and Virgil? Many of their words must, therefore, very much shock the ear of a Roman or Greek, especially whilst the poem was new; and appear as meanly to their own countrymen, as the Duke of Buckingham's Putney Pikes and Chelsea Cuirasseers do to an Englishman. But these their catalogues have no such disadvantageous sounds in them to the ear of a modern, who scarce ever hears of the names out of the poet, or knows anything of the places that belong to them. London may sound as well to a foreigner as Troy or Rome; and Islington, perhaps, better than London to them who have no distinct ideas arising from the names. I have here only mentioned the names of men and places; but we may easily carry the observation further, to those of several plants, animals, &c. Thus, where Virgil compares the flight of Mercury to that of a water-fowl, Servius tells us, that he purposely omitted the word Mergus, that he might not debase his style with it; which, though it might have offended the niceness of a Roman ear, would have sounded more tolerably in ours. Scaliger, indeed, ridicules the old scholiast for his note; because, as he observes, the word Mergus is used by the same poet in his Georgics. But the critic should have considered that, in the Georgics, Virgil studied description more than majesty; and therefore might justly admit a low word into that poem, which would have disgraced his Æneid, especially when a god was to be joined with it in the comparison.

As antiquity thus conceals what is low and vulgar in an author, so does it draw a kind of veil over any expression that is strained above nature, and recedes too much from the familiar forms of speech. A violent Grecism, that would startle a Roman at the reading of it, sounds more natural to us, and is less distinguishable from other parts of the style. An obsolete, or a new word, that made a strange appearance

at first to the reader's eye, is now incorporated into the tongue, and grown of a piece with the rest of the language. And as for any bold expressions in a celebrated ancient, we are so far from disliking them, that most readers single out only such passages as are most daring, to commend; and take it for granted, that the style is beautiful and elegant, where they find it hard and unnatural. Thus has time mellowed the works of antiquity, by qualifying, if I may so say, the strength and rawness of their colours, and casting into shades the light that was at first too violent and glaring for the eye to behold with pleasure.

Thus far Bishop Hurd's edition has been followed without variation. The following pieces having, in later years, been ascribed to Addison, on what appears to be sufficient evidence, it has been thought advisable to introduce them here.

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING PIECES ASCRIBED TO ADDISON, BUT NOT INSERTED IN BISHOP HURD'S EDITION OF HIS WORKS.

THE COUNTESS OF MANCHESTER,

AT PARIS.

WHILE haughty Gallia's dames that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair;
Confusion in their looks they showed,
And with unborrowed blushes glowed.

EPILOGUE

TO THE "DISTRESSED MOTHER."

A TRAGEDY.—TRANSLATED BY AMBROSE PHILIPS, FROM THE FRENCH OF RACINE.

SPOKEN BY ANDROMACH

I HOPE you'll own, that with becoming art,
I've played my game, and topped the widow's part.
My spouse, poor man, could not live out the play,
But died commodiously on his wedding day;
While I, his relict, made at one bold fling,
Myself a princess, and young Sty a king.

You, ladies, who protract a lover's pain,
And hear your servants sigh whole years in vain;
Which of you all would not on marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her jointure enter?
'Twas a strange 'scape! Had Pyrrhus lived till now,
I had been finely hampered in my vow.
To die by one's own hand, and fly the charms
Of love and life in a young monarch's arms!
'Twere a hard fate—ere I had undergone it,
I might have took one night—to think upon it.
But why, you'll say, was all this grief expressed
For a first husband, laid long since at rest?
Why so much coldness to my kind protector?
—Ah, ladies! had you known the good man Hector!
Homer will tell you, (or I'm misinformed,)
That, when enraged, the Grecian camp he stormed;
To break the tenfold barriers of the gate,
He threw a stone of such prodigious weight,
As no two men could lift, not even of those
Who in that age of thundering mortals rose:
—It would have sprained a dozen modern beaus.
At length, howe'er, I laid my weeds aside,
And sunk the widow in the well-dressed bride.
In you it still remains to grace the play,
And bless with joy my coronation day;
Take, then, ye circles of the brave and fair,
The fatherless and widow to your care.

THE TATLER.

No. 18. SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1709.

—THERE is another sort of gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for, and that is the ingenious fraternity of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member; I mean the news-writers of Great Britain, whether post-men or post-boys, or by what other name or title soever dignified or distinguished. The case of these gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the soldiers, considering that they have taken more towns, and fought more battles. They have been upon parties and skirmishes, when our armies have lain still; and given the general assault to many a place, when the besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us masters of several strong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and completed victories, when our greatest captains have been glad to come off with a drawn battle. Where Prince Eugene has slain his thousands, Boyer has slain his ten thousands. This gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his courage and intrepidity during this whole war: he has laid about him with an inexpressible fury; and, like the offended Marius of ancient Rome, has made such havoc among his countrymen, as must be the work of two or three ages to repair. It must be confessed, the redoubted Mr. Buckley has shed as much blood as the former; but I cannot forbear saying (and I hope it will not look like envy) that we regard our brother Buckley as a kind of *Drawcansir*, who spares neither friend nor foe; but generally kills as many of his own side as the enemy's. It is impossible for this ingenious sort of men to subsist after a peace: every one remembers the shifts they were driven to in the reign of King Charles the Second, when they could not furnish out a single paper of news, without lighting up a comet in Germany, or a fire in Moscow. There scarce appeared a letter without a paragraph on an earthquake. Prodigies were grown so familiar, that they had lost their name, as a great poet of that age has it. I remember Mr. Dyer,

who is justly looked upon by all the fox-hunters in the nation as the greatest statesman our country has produced, was particularly famous for dealing in whales; insomuch, that in five months' time (for I had the curiosity to examine his letters on that occasion) he brought three into the mouth of the river Thames, besides two porpoises and a sturgeon. The judicious and wary Mr. Ichabod Dawks hath all along been the rival of this great writer, and got himself a reputation from plagues and famines; by which, in those days, he destroyed as great multitudes as he has lately done by the sword. In every dearth of news, Grand Cairo was sure to be unpeopled.

It being therefore visible, that our society will be greater sufferers by the peace than the soldiery itself, insomuch that the Daily Courant is in danger of being broken, my friend Dyer of being reformed, and the very best of the whole band of being reduced to half-pay; might I presume to offer anything in the behalf of my distressed brethren, I would humbly move, that an appendix of proper apartments, furnished with pen, ink, and paper, and other necessaries of life, should be added to the hospital of Chelsea, for the relief of such decayed news-writers as have served their country in the wars; and that, for their exercise, they should compile the annals of their brother veterans, who have been engaged in the same service, and are still obliged to do duty after the same manner.

I cannot be thought to speak this out of an eye to any private interest: for, as my chief scenes of action are coffee-houses, play-houses, and my own apartment, I am in no need of camps, fortifications, and fields of battle, to support me; I do not call for heroes and generals to my assistance. Though the officers are broken and the armies disbanded, I shall still be safe, as long as there are men, or women, or politicians, or lovers, or poets, or nymphs, or swains, or cits, or courtiers in being.

No. 24. SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—
—nostri est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, June 2.

In my paper of the twenty-eighth of the last month, I mentioned several characters which want explanation to the generality of readers: among others I spoke of a Pretty Fellow. I have received a kind admonition in a letter, to take care that I do not omit to show also what is meant by a Very Pretty Fellow, which is to be allowed as a character by itself, and by a person exalted above the other by a peculiar sprightliness; as one who, by a distinguishing vigour, outstrips his companions, and has thereby deserved and obtained a particular appellation or nickname of familiarity. Some have this distinction from the fair sex, who are so generous as to take into their protection such as are laughed at by the men, and place them for that reason in degrees of favour.

The chief of this sort is Colonel Brunett, who is a man of fashion, because he will be so; and practises a very jaunty way of behaviour, because he is too careless to know when he offends, and too sanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the colonel has met with a town ready to receive him, and cannot possibly see why he should not make use of their favour, and set himself in the first degree of conversation. Therefore he is very successfully loud among the wits, and familiar among the ladies, and dissolute among the rakes. Thus he is admitted in one place because he is so in another; and every man treats Brunett well, not out of his particular esteem for him, but in respect to the opinion of others. It is to me a solid pleasure to see the world thus mistaken on the good-natured side; for it is ten to one but the colonel mounts into a general officer, marries a fine lady, and is master of a good estate, before they come to explain upon him. What gives most delight to me in this observation is, that all this arises from pure nature, and the colonel

can account for his success no more than those by whom he succeeds. For these causes and considerations, I pronounce him a true woman's man, and in the first degree "A very Pretty Fellow."

The next to a man of this universal genius is one who is peculiarly formed for the service of the ladies, and his merit chiefly is to be of no consequence. I am indeed a little in doubt, whether he ought not rather to be called a very Happy, than a very Pretty Fellow? for he is admitted at all hours: all he says or does, which would offend in another, are passed over in him; and all actions and speeches which please, doubly please if they come from him: no one wonders or takes notice when he is wrong; but all admire him when he is in the right.—By the way, it is fit to remark, that there are people of better sense than these, who endeavour at this character; but they are out of nature; and though, with some industry, they get the characters of fools, they cannot arrive to be *very*, seldom to be merely, "Pretty Fellows." But, where nature has formed a person for this station amongst men, he is gifted with a peculiar genius for success, and his very errors and absurdities contribute to it; this felicity attending him to his life's end: for it being in a manner necessary that he should be of no consequence, he is as well in old age as youth; and I know a man, whose son has been some years a "Pretty Fellow," who is himself at this hour a Very Pretty Fellow.

One must move tenderly in this place, for we are now in the ladies' lodgings, and speaking of such as are supported by their influence and favour; against which there is not, neither ought there to be, any dispute or observation. But when we come into more free air, one may talk a little more at large.

Give me leave then to mention three, whom I do not doubt but we shall see make considerable figures; and these are such as for their Bacchanalian performances must be admitted into this order. They are three brothers lately landed from Holland; as yet, indeed, they have not made their public entry, but lodge and converse at Wapping. They have merited already on the water-side particular titles: the first is called Hogshead; the second, Culverin; and the third, Musquet. This fraternity is preparing for our end of the town by their ability in the exercises of Bacchus, and measure their time and merit by liquid weight, and power of

drinking. Hogshead is a prettier Fellow than Culverin, by two quarts; and Culverin than Musquet, by a full pint. It is to be feared Hogshead is so often too full, and Culverin overloaded, that Musquet will be the only lasting Very Pretty Fellow of the three.

A third sort of this denomination is such as, by very daring adventures in love, have purchased to themselves renown and new names; as Jo Carry, for his excessive strength and vigour; Tom Drybones, for his generous loss of youth and health; and Cancrum, for his meritorious rottenness.

These great and leading spirits are proposed to all such of our British youth as would arrive at perfection in these different kinds; and if their parts and accomplishments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our nation would soon excel all others in wits and arts, as they already do in arms.

N. B. The Gentleman who stole Betty Pepin may own it, for he is allowed to be "A very Pretty Fellow."

But we must proceed to the explanation of other terms in our writings.

To know what a Toast is in the country gives as much perplexity as she herself does in town: and indeed the learned differ very much upon the original of this word, and the acceptation of it among the moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and cheerful import. A toast in a cold morning, heightened by a nutmeg, and sweetened with sugar, has for many ages been given to our rural dispensers of justice, before they entered upon causes, and has been of great and politic use to take off the severity of their sentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one ill effect, that it inclines those who use it immoderately to speak Latin, to the admiration rather than information of an audience. This application of a toast makes it very obvious that the word may, without a metaphor, be understood as an apt name for a thing which raises us in the most sovereign degree. But many of the wits of the last age will assert that the word, in its present sense, was known among them in their youth, and had its rise from an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of King Charles the Second.

It happened that, on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There

was in the place a gay fellow half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a Toast.

Though this institution had so trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal order; and that happy virgin, who is received and drunk to at their meetings, has no more to do in this life, but to judge and accept of the first good offer. The manner of her inauguration is much like that of the choice of a doge in Venice: it is performed by balloting; and when she is so chosen, she reigns indisputably for that ensuing year; but must be elected anew to prolong her empire a moment beyond it. When she is regularly chosen, her name is written with a diamond on a drinking-glass. The hieroglyphic of the diamond is to show her, that her value is imaginary; and that of the glass to acquaint her, that her condition is frail, and depends on the hand which holds her. This wise design admonishes her, neither to over-rate or depreciate her charms; as well considering and applying, that it is perfectly according to the humour and taste of the company, whether the toast is eaten, or left as an offal.

The foremost of the whole rank of toasts, and the most indisputed in their present empire, are Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Frontlet: the first an agreeable, the second an awful beauty. These ladies are perfect friends, out of a knowledge that their perfections are too different to stand in competition. He that likes Gatty can have no relish for so solemn a creature as Frontlet; and an admirer of Frontlet will call Gatty a Maypole girl. Gatty for ever smiles upon you; and Frontlet disdains to see you smile. Gatty's love is a shining quick flame; Frontlet's, a slow wasting fire. Gatty likes the man that diverts her; Frontlet, him who adores her. Gatty always improves the soil in which she travels; Frontlet lays waste the country. Gatty does not only smile, but laughs at her lover; Frontlet not only looks serious, but frowns at him. All the men of wit (and coxcombs their followers) are professed servants of Gatty: the politicians and pretenders give solemn worship to Frontlet. Their reign will be best judged of by its duration. Frontlet will never be chosen more; and Gatty is a toast for life.

THE PLEBEIAN,

BY SIR RICHARD STEEL.

"Quisquis erit vitæ scribam color." HOR. II. Sat. i. 60.
I still must write, whatever be my doom. DUNCOMBE.

WITH

THE OLD WHIG.

BY MR. ADDISON.

[THE two numbers of the Old Whig, written by Addison, would be unintelligible to the majority of readers without the papers on the Plebeian, which occasioned the controversy. They are therefore introduced here, together with an extract from Dr. Johnson's Life of Addison, which explains the circumstances.

"In 1718-19, a controversy was agitated, with great vehemence, between those friends of long continuance, Addison and Steele. It may be asked, in the language of Homer, what power or what cause should set them at variance? The subject of their dispute was of great importance. The Earl of Sunderland proposed an act called the Peerage Bill, by which the number of Peers should be fixed, and the King restrained from any new creation of nobility, unless when an old family should be extinct. To this the Lords would naturally agree; and the King, who was yet little acquainted with his own prerogative, and, as is now well known, almost indifferent to the possessions of the Crown, had been persuaded to consent. The only difficulty was found among the Commons, who were not likely to approve the perpetual exclusion of themselves and their posterity. The bill therefore was eagerly opposed, and among others by Sir Robert Walpole, whose speech was published. The Lords might think their dignity diminished by improper advancements, and particularly by the introduction of twelve new Peers at once, to produce a majority of Tories in the last reign; an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal, and by no means to be compared with that contempt of national right, with which some time afterwards, by the instigation of Whiggism, the Commons, chosen by the people for three years, chose themselves for seven. But, whatever might be the disposition of the Lords, the people had no wish to increase their power. The tendency of the bill, as Steele observed in a letter to the Earl of Oxford, was to introduce an aristocracy, for a majority in the House of Lords, so limited, would have been despotic and irresistible. To prevent this subversion of the ancient establishment, Steele,

whose pen readily seconded his political passions, endeavoured to alarm the nation by a pamphlet called the Plebeian. To this an answer was published by Addison, under the title of the Old Whig, in which it is not discovered that Steele was then known to be the advocate for the Commons. Steele replied by a second Plebeian; and, whether by ignorance or by courtesy, confined himself to his question, without any personal notice of his opponent. Nothing hitherto was committed against the laws of friendship, or proprieties of decency; but controvertists cannot long retain their kindness for each other. The Old Whig answered the Plebeian, and could not forbear some contempt of '*little Dicky, whose trade was to write pamphlets.*' *Dicky* however did not lose his settled veneration for his friend; but contented himself with quoting some lines of Cato, which were at once detection and reproof." The bill was laid aside during that session, and Addison died before the next, in which its commitment was rejected by two hundred and sixty-five to a hundred and twenty-seven.]

THE PLEBEIAN,

BY A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

No. 1. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1718-19.

CONSIDERATIONS UPON THE REPORTS RELATING TO THE PEERAGE.

"—Hoc miseræ Plebi—commune Sepulchrum."
HOR. I. Sat. viii. 10

—In this detested ground
A common tomb the vulgar found. FRANCIS.

ALL men in high stations have their enemies, who are ready to suggest on every occasion whatever may tend to lessen their credit, and make them odious to the public. The persons at present in great authority have been pursued by this Evil Spirit; but it would be unjust to give too easy belief to the insinuations of malicious people. At the beginning of this session it was reported, with much assurance, that a wonderful discovery was made, that all the charters of England were forfeited into the hands of the Crown; and this happy incident, as they called it, was to afford an opportunity of introducing a law much for the public service But this was so far from being true, that the bill which came down from the House of Peers was a confirmation of the charters, without so much as a declaration of any forfeiture.

Perhaps it might have been true, that some little lawyer had found out some mean chicane in law, worthy enough of the pursuit of such a person, in a private corporation-squabble; but such a project in order to a universal forfeiture, could never have weight with any judicious man whatever. Nobody could be so very a novice in business, or so extravagant in politics, as to put his Majesty upon an undertaking, which contributed more towards the ruin of King James, than any one thing, or perhaps than everything else besides. When this report was blown over, the next thing insinuated to the public was a design of making a jest of what justice has been accidentally done to the nation, by repealing the attainder of one of the greatest offenders of the late reign. It is very certain no such attempt will be now made. There has been a just indignation shown already at the bare mention of it, and it is unfair to charge any particular person with having had any such intention; much less should a scandalous discourse gain credit, that any great officer belonging to his Majesty would correspond abroad with an attainted fugitive, intercede for him at home, and even prostitute the character of an ambassador so low, as to become the messenger of a traitor. These two unjust accusations were laid at the door of some great people at the beginning and towards the middle of this session; and now at the end of it, the public is alarmed at the report of another design of a more dangerous nature than either of those already mentioned. But as those former reports have not proved true, so I doubt not but this will likewise vanish in the same manner. However, as I was ready to have appeared in public on either of the former occasions, if there had been a necessity for it; so, if I am a little more forward in the present affair, I hope the importance of it will justify me: and if I should lose my labour, I shall however show that good intention for the service of my sovereign and fellow-subjects, with which I have always exposed myself at a dangerous crisis.

It is affirmed by some people, that a bill will be offered to the House of Commons, in which the present sixteen Peers of Scotland are to be made hereditary, to the exclusion of their electors, and nine more added upon the same foot; and six more are to be added to the number of English Peers; and then the Crown is to be restrained from making any new Lords but upon the extinction of families.

At first sight this proposal must appear very shocking; it carries with it so great an alteration of the constitution; it implies so direct a breach of the Union, and of natural justice; and encroaches so much upon the natural prerogative of the Crown.

As to what relates to the Scottish Peerage, I must confess I am at a loss to say anything to it. If the most solemn contract betwixt two nations is to be violated; if persons are to be deprived of their right without being heard, and without any pretence of forfeiture; if those who have a power intrusted to them by their principals only for a few years, can seize it to themselves and their posterity for ever; what use will be made of power so acquired, I leave every one to judge.

The shutting up the door of the House of Lords, in the manner talked of, cannot but prove a great discouragement to virtuous actions, to learning and industry, and very detrimental to the House of Peers itself, by preventing such frequent supplies from going into it as the nature of such a body requires; for want of which, it may in time become corrupt and offensive, like a stagnated pool, which hitherto has been preserved wholesome and pure by the fresh streams that pass continually into it.

I am not unaware that it will be said, *That the frequent extinctions of families will salve this inconvenience, and make room for the rewarding of merit.* But this expedient, I fear, is not much to be depended on; for the uncertainty of the time when the Crown will have any such power, will make it much the same as if it was never to have it at all. Besides, it is to be considered, that the patrons of this proposal argue vehemently for it, *on account, that this will be a means to ease the Crown from the great importunity of Pretenders to Peerage.* If so, it is certain in what manner they will proceed in all vacancies, which will be by filling them up instantly; or else the inconvenience would be increased as to importunity, and not diminished. This being the case, it is very evident by what sort of people those vacancies will be supplied; undoubtedly by the creatures and relations of those Peers who have at that time the greatest influence in the House, and whose requests to the Throne will very much resemble *demands;* and this honour, in all probability, will only be thought proper for their own families. An instance of this

we have in the distinction of the Garter. At the first institution of that order, and till of late years, several Commoners had the honour (as the reward of merit) to be of that noble body; but at present it would be looked upon as a high presumption in any Commoner to pretend to it, let his services be never so great.

But another consequence, of a much higher nature, attending the limitation of the number of Peers, is the danger there will be of changing the Constitution by this means into an Aristocracy; and this may at any time in such case be effected by the confederacy of two or three great families, which would form such a body amongst the Lords as the Crown would not be able to control. That this kind of government is one of the worst sorts of slavery, is too well known to be disputed. In a Democracy a great many different persons may come to have a share of power by several incidents; but in the other state it is birth only that entitles to superiority; and the milk such nobles are nursed up with, is hatred and contempt for every human creature but those of their own imaginary dignity.

These being some of the inconveniences and hazards which naturally occur upon this proposal, let us see what are the advantages which, on the other hand, it is said, will flow from it.

First, "That this will be a bar upon the Crown, and prevent the King upon the throne from flinging in a great number of Lords on a sudden, only to answer a present purpose, as the late Queen once did."

Secondly, "That it will be a means to keep property or great estates in the House of Commons, from whence they are generally drawn out into the House of Peers."

These are said to be such plain Whig-points, as no Whig can oppose.

Whiggism, if I understand it aright, is a desire of liberty, and a spirit of opposition to all exorbitant power in any part of the constitution. Formerly the danger on this account was from the Crown; but since the Habeas Corpus Act, and the many restraints laid upon the Crown in King William's time, and the great and numerous limitations of the Succession Acts, the prerogative of the Crown is reduced so low, that it is not at all dangerous to the Commons. Besides, the Crown has frequent occasions for the assistance of the

Commons; but the Lords never. The Lords are judges of the property of the Commons in the last resort; and, even in cases where they themselves are concerned, they have their actions *de Scandalis Magnatum*, and exercise a power of imprisoning, not confined within any very certain boundaries. And therefore the chief circumspection of the Commons ought to be employed at present, that those who have so much power already do not get more than the Commons will be able to withstand in any manner. I confess the making a great number of Lords on a sudden has one inconvenience: it may prevent some good to the public, but cannot do any great hurt, and is more grievous in its consequences to the Crown than to the people. The increasing the number of Peers is always to be wished for by the Commons, because the greater their number, the less considerable they become, and the less within the influence of court favours; by which means alone ministers are kept in awe, and remain in a situation of being called to account for their actions. Were it otherwise, they would be out of the reach of any accusation. They would know exactly by whom they were to be tried, and their judges might be their accomplices. And should this once come to be the case, what might they not attempt with impunity?

On the other hand, if their Lordships complain of the great number of Peers as a grievance to themselves, why are they desirous any more should be made? If twelve at once was so bad a precedent, what is fifteen, taking it in one light? what is thirty-one, if you take it in another?

If, at the Union, sixteen Scottish noblemen were found to be a just proportion to represent their whole nobility, what has happened since, to give reason to increase their number to twenty-five? Why may they not as well a few years hence, especially if the head of a clan is to be taken in, who may not like the set of nobles at that time, demand to be made fifty, to give his followers the majority; and so from time to time continue to play the game into each other's hands, as long as there is one nobleman left in Scotland, or any Civil List in England? If the Commoners of England are to be excluded from the House of Lords, why are they not excluded forthwith? It cannot be supposed that titles *in petto* are kept on purpose to bribe persons of consequence

in the House of Commons, to drive such a bill through that part of the legislature.

Upon the foot the Constitution has subsisted many years, the Crown, in all great emergencies relating immediately to itself, has been able to fence against the Lords by adding to their number, and against the Commons by dissolutions; and in like manner in cases of difference betwixt the two Houses. But if such a law as is mentioned above should be made, and any difference happen hereafter betwixt the Crown and the House of Peers, or betwixt the two Houses of Parliament, the Crown may not have it in its power to influence the Lords in relation to the Commons. And therefore it must be the inevitable consequence of such a misfortune, that both the Crown and the Commons must submit to the Lords. In former times, the greatest art and care of the Crown and ministers used to be the preventing of jealousies and differences betwixt the two Houses. This proposal, I fear, would be raising an implacable animosity and hatred, scarce ever to be reconciled.

The great advantage that the number of their body cannot be increased, is at present the most valuable privilege of the Commons, and the only thing that makes them considerable. The Lords are possessed of many great privileges that they will not permit the Commons to share with them; and therefore the Commons would be highly wanting to themselves, if they should add this advantage likewise to the Lords, which is the only one that they enjoy distinct from them.

It has been used as an argument, by some people, for the increasing the number of the Lords, "That the Crown formerly increased the number of the Commons, in particular in Queen Elizabeth's reign." But I desire it may be understood, that the sending members to parliament at that time was not desired as a favour, but imposed as a burden. Queen Elizabeth erected several new corporations; but then the reason for it was, she relieved several ancient and decayed ones from sending any members at all. And how little this resembles the present case is easily perceived.

The other advantage, which it is said will accrue from this proposal is, "That it will be a means to keep property amongst the Commons."

I cannot see that there is occasion for so extraordinary a step as this, and accompanied with so many evils, to procure us this assurance. Property or wealth in every age flows faster back to the Commons by the extinction of families, but much more by the want of economy in the Peers, than it is drawn from them by the promotions of the Crown. Besides, we see estates are often extinct before families; and property is very rarely increased in the House of Peers. Indeed, if a restraining bill should pass, I do not doubt but it would soon be followed with a bill to prevent Lords from alienating their estates, for which many plausible reasons are to be produced; and then, without all dispute, the balance of property would be soon turned on the side of their Lordships.

These are all the arguments I have heard for this supposed bill; which is neither a Whig nor a Tory point, but would be a scheme that might hereafter set up some nobles above the Crown and the Commons both. For as to what is commonly said, That the Lords would get nothing, no new power would be added to them by this means: I beg leave to state this matter in a proper light. Suppose the balance to be now *even* between the Lords and the Crown, as it certainly is, or else the Constitution would not subsist in quiet; is it not plain to the most common capacity, that when two scales are upon an equal poise, if you take any weight out of one of them, you give the advantage to the other, without putting anything into it?

How dangerous it may prove to vary the balance of power in a limited monarchy, we may learn from the ruin of one of the best-founded governments among the ancients. The original power the Ephori, in the Lacedæmonian state, were invested with, besides that of being part of the legislature, was chiefly the determining law matters relating to private contracts, and such like business. In the absence of their kings they composed the regency: "Regum absentium vicarii erant," is the expression made use of by Crags, de Rep. Lac. p. 76. But afterwards, upon the diminution of the regal authority, (which indeed was voluntarily complied with by their kings, as I shall show by and by,) their power grew immense. "Eorum potestas in immensum aucta est." Crags, ibid.

They administered everything of consequence: they dis-

posed of the public treasure: they influenced the assembly of the people, and made them vote for peace or war, as they thought fit; "Concionem populi regebant; bellum pacemque concionis suffragiis sciscebant." Ubbo Emius, de Rebus Græcis, p. 293. They made or broke treaties; they raised or disbanded the army. In fine, they had or usurped the right of rewarding or punishing whom and when they pleased. At last they took upon them to dethrone, or imprison, or execute their kings themselves. Theopompus, king of Sparta, was advised against giving way to the diminution of the royal dignity, by which the power of those magistrates grew so great: but he declared he did it to settle the government by that means upon a more lasting foundation; "ut diuturniorem potestatem relinqueret." Crags, p. 74.

This unwary step proved fatal both to the Crown and the people, and ended in the ruin of the Constitution. Theopompus was one of the most virtuous, most moderate, and most gracious princes among all the Spartan kings. It appeared evidently by this very instance of his willingness to part with the power of the Crown for the good of his people: but for that very reason the people should not have suffered the authority of the Crown to have been weakened; but should rather have added to it, since power could not be lodged anywhere else so much for their safety and advantage. When the prince had no longer force enough to restrain the many-headed sovereignty, it bore down all that stood in its way, as we have heard; and in the end grew so insupportable, that the people, to be delivered from so vile a slavery, submitted to the usurpation of a private person, who, to the satisfaction of revenging them upon their oppressors, added this single act of grace: he wiped off all the public debts at once; "ut plebem demulseret, æs alienum universum delevit." Emmius, p. 349. "Et respublica in Tyrannidem conversa est." Crags, p. 72.

Those who are desirous to consult the author himself, whom I have chiefly quoted on this occasion, must have recourse to his book of the Lacedæmonian government, printed 1593, apud Petrum Santandreanum. It appears by the dedication of this treatise, that he was a follower of the first minister of the court of Denmark, upon whom he solely depended to make his fortune, "tuo patrocinio salus mea constituta," Ep. Ded. The character Ubbo Emmius (a great

lawyer of that age, who was a sort of rival to my author) gives of Crags, is, That he was a person of great boldness and industry, "ausu et industriâ," Pref. to de Reb. Græc., but not so happy in his judgment. But, begging pardon for this digression, which is only intended for the curious, and to return to my subject: There are other and more modern instances, and living historians of our own, who can satisfy us, that too great a power in the hands of the nobility has brought on the ruin of many free nations. This was the case of Sweden a few years ago, as appears plainly from the very ingenious labours of a venerable prelate[1] of the present House of Peers. This was the case of Denmark, of which a very accurate account has been given by a noble lord[2] of a neighbouring kingdom, a member of the House of Commons. Nothing can be better writ, or more instructive to any one that values liberty, than the narrative of that tragedy in that excellent treatise. I wish gentlemen would see there, how Commoners were treated by the nobility when they had the power over them. This noble lord will inform them, that "they laid heavy impositions on the Commons at pleasure; which weight they themselves would not touch with one of their fingers." And when the Commons presumed to com-

[1] Dr. John Robinson, at that time bishop of London, had in his younger days been a considerable time envoy at the court of Sweden; and published "The History of Livonia," in 1706. See "Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, 1789," vol. i. p. 436.

[2] Robert Lord Viscount Molesworth was sent envoy extraordinary to Denmark by King William, in 1692. After a residence of three years, some particulars in his conduct disobliging his Danish Majesty, he was forbid the court. Pretending business in Flanders, he retired thither without any audience of leave, and came from thence home; where he was no sooner arrived, than he drew up "an Account of Denmark;" in which he represented the government of that country to be arbitrary and tyrannical. This piece was greatly resented by Prince George of Denmark, consort to the princess, afterwards Queen Anne; and Scheel, the Danish envoy, first presented a memorial to King William, complaining of it, and then furnished materials for an answer, which was executed by Dr. William King of the Commons. From King's account it appears, that Molesworth's offence in Denmark was, his boldly pretending to some privileges, which, by the custom of the country, are denied to everybody but the king; as travelling the king's road, and hunting the king's game: which being done, as is represented, in defiance of opposition, occasioned the rupture between the envoy and that court. In the mean time, his book was well received by the public, and translated into several languages.

plain, though they were just come "from saving from a foreign yoke, not only the capital city of their country, but the whole kingdom, the royal family, nay, those very nobles that dealt so hardly by them:" I say, when the Commons ventured to complain, let any Englishman but hear the answer that was given them: "A principal senator," says his Lordship, "stood up, and in great anger told the president of the city, that the Commons neither understood nor considered the privileges of the nobility, nor the true condition of themselves, who were no other than slaves." The Commons, fired with indignation at this treatment, and resolving, if they were to be slaves, to be slaves to their prince rather than slaves to their fellow-subjects, instantly surrendered all their liberties to their King; and the Lords were forced to follow their example with so much haste, that "in four days time that kingdom was changed," says my noble and honest author, "to as absolute a monarchy as any in the whole world."

In short, it has been for our ancient Constitution that we have struggled with so much vigour for many years together: it is for that we have poured out a river of English blood, and a treasure unheard of in any former age. This Constitution may have its imperfections; but, faulty as it is, our ancestors have conveyed down liberty to us through that channel; and we ought to continue it on, as well as we can, to our posterity, and not give way to the new-modelling schemes of every extraordinary genius. It would certainly be new-modelling the Constitution in a great measure, to take a considerable part of what power is left to the Crown from the Crown, and by that means add very much to the power of the Lords.

Besides, it is to be remembered, that the evil, which may be brought upon the Commons by this means, will be irretrievable. Those persons deceive themselves, who think, that if such a law should prove destructive, it may be annulled, nothing being more usual than for one parliament to repeal the acts of another. This is true in common cases, because almost all laws relate to every part of the legislature, and any inconvenience is felt in some measure by each of them; but this will be a law which will relate chiefly, nay solely, to the Lords; and, whatever injury the Crown or the Commons may receive by it, their Lordships will be very sensible of the advantages of it to themselves: and nothing

can be more vain, than to imagine that the Commons will be ever able to shake off any exorbitant power that the Lords shall be once possessed of, unless it be by an universal destruction, like those just mentioned, which will swallow Lords and Commons and all estates together. For which reasons, this project, if it should ever be offered to the Commons, is not only to be opposed with all the zeal imaginable, but every step, every attempt towards it, is to be detested. He that gives the power of blood, is a murderer; and he that gives the power of tyranny, is a tyrant. I shall add but one word more: The greatest traitor to civil society that ever yet appeared, will be the man, if such a one can be found, who shall contend for such a bill, should it be proposed amongst the Commons, with the assurance in his pocket of being a Peer as soon as the bill passes: and should he succeed, (which God forbid!) that honour, which is to be the reward of so base a treachery, will be a lasting mark of infamy to the family that bears it, whilst any notion of honesty remains amongst mankind.

THE OLD WHIG.

No. 1. THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1718-19.

ON THE STATE OF THE PEERAGE

WITH REMARKS UPON THE PLEBEIAN.

"— quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo
Auderet, volvendo dies en attulit ultro." VIRG. ÆN. ix. 7.

What none of all the gods could grant thy vows,
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows. DRYDEN.

I FIND that men, who have turned their thoughts to what is now the great subject, not only of our parliamentary debates, but of our private conversation, are apt to complain, it is a matter of such a perplext nature, and admits of so many arguments on either side, that they are rather bewildered than instructed, by what they have heard in discourse, or seen in print, upon this occasion. But, as I think this perplexity does not arise in men's minds from the nature of the thing itself, so much as from the way of handling

it, I shall endeavour to draw out the whole state of this affair with such brevity and method, as may neither tire nor puzzle the reader; but carry his thoughts through a series of observations and arguments, that will regularly grow out of one another, and set this matter in its full light.[1]

[1] Among the pamphlets occasioned by the Peerage Bill, we may reckon, "The Thoughts of a Member of the Lower House, in relation to a project for restraining and limiting the power of the Crown, in the future creation of Peers. Printed for J. Roberts. Price 3*d*."

"Si violandum jus, regnandi causa violandum."

"Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven."

Devil's speech in MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

Published March 17, 1718-19. Written by Mr. Asgill.]

"Some Considerations relating to the Peerage of Great Britain; wherein the arguments for the reasonableness and expediency of a Bill said to be depending are stated pro and con. Printed for Bez. Creake. Price 6*d*." March 18.

"A Letter from a member of the House of Commons to a gentleman without doors, relating to the Bill of Peerage lately brought into the House of Lords; together with two Speeches, for and against the Bill, supposed to be spoke in the House of Commons. Printed for J. Roberts. Price 1*s*." March 19.

"Considerations concerning the Nature and Consequences of the Bill now depending in Parliament, relating to the Peerage of Great Britain. In a letter from one member of the House to another. Printed for J. Roberts. Price 4*d*." March 19.

"The OLD WHIG," March 19. [Two numbers only; both here annexed.]

"Some Reflections upon a Pamphlet called the Old Whig. By the author of the Thoughts of a Member of the Lower House."

"The evils that I have done cannot be safe
But by attempting greater; and I find,
A spirit within me chides my sluggish hands,
And says, Go on." Vid. CATILINE'S CONSPIRACY.

"Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo."

"Printed for J. Roberts. Price 6*d*." March 2.

"Two Lists, showing the alterations that have been made in the House of Commons, from the beginning of the reign of King Henry VIII. to the end of that of King James I. And in the House of Peers, from the accession of King James I. to this time. Printed for J. Roberts. Price 6*d*." March 20.

"An Exact List of the Peers of Scotland at the time of the Union. Printed for J. Morphew. Price 2*d*." March 21.

"Some Considerations humbly offered relating to the Peerage of Great Britain. By a Gentleman."

"Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes." HOR. EP. AD AUGUSTUM, ver. 2.

"Printed for Bez. Creake. Price 6*d*." March 21.

1. Those who are thought the best writers upon government, both ancients and moderns, have unanimously agreed in opinion, that the most perfect and reasonable form is a mixt government, in opposition to that of any single person, or any single order of men. For whether the supreme, that is, the legislative power, be lodged entirely in a prince, or in an aristocracy, or in a democracy, it is still looked upon as tyrannical, and not properly calculated for the happiness of the whole community.

2. It is also established as a maxim among political writers, that the division of the supreme or legislative power is most perfect, when it is distributed into three branches. If it all centres in one man, or in a body of men of the same quality, it is that form of government which is called tyrannical. If it be thrown into two branches, it wants a casting power, and is under such a divided authority as would often draw two different ways, and produce some time or other such a discord as would expose the weaker to that which had most strength in it, and by degrees end in a single authority. If it consist of four branches, it wants likewise a casting power, and is liable to the same inconveniences as when it is composed of two. And if it be divided into five or more parts, it necessarily runs into confusion, and will not long retain either the form or the name of government. For this reason, three branches in a legislature have been always fixed upon as the proper number; because it affords a casting power, and may moderate any heats in any two contending branches, and overpower the third in case it should prove unreasonable, or refuse to come into measures apparently necessary for the good and preservation of the community.

3. The most natural and equitable division of these three branches of the legislature is, the regal, the noble, and the plebeian; because the whole community is cast under these

"The Patrician. To be continued weekly. No. 1. Being Considerations on the Peerage. In answer to the Plebeian."

"—that sins against his reason,
Calls sawcy loud Sedition public zeal,
And Mutiny the dictates of his spirit." OTWAY'S ORPHAN.

"By one who is neither a Knight, nor a Member of the House of Commons. Printed for J. Roberts. Price 3*d*." March 21.

Three more numbers were published.

several heads, and has not in it a single member who is without his representative in the legislature of such a constitution.

4. In the next place, it is necessary that these three branches should be entirely separate and distinct from each other, so that no one of them may lie too much under the influence and control of either of the collateral branches. For if one part of the legislature may any ways be invested with a power to force either of the other two to concur with it, the legislative power is in reality, whatever it may pretend to, divided into no more than two branches.

5. It is the usual boast of Englishmen, that our government is fixed upon this triple basis, which has been allowed even in speculation, and that by persons who could have no eye to our Constitution, a form the most accommodated to the happiness of a community, and the most likely to stand secure in its own strength. But if upon examination one branch of its legislature is liable on any occasion to be entirely mastered and controlled by one of the other, it is certain that nothing can be more desirable than such an improvement in our constitution as may remove out of it this visible imperfection. If a king has power, when he pleases, to add what number he shall think fit to a body of nobles who have a vote in the legislature, it is plain he may secure his point in that branch of the legislature, and by that means command two votes out of three. This has made many assert, and I wish I could hear a satisfactory answer to it, that there are not probably more than two branches in our legislature, notwithstanding we flatter ourselves that they are three.

6. In this case, a precarious power of nobles, so far subject to the regal power in their legislative capacity, might sometimes be more pernicious to the public than if the power of both the branches were confessedly united in the sovereign; because we might well suppose a bad king would scarce venture upon some things, were the whole odium of them to turn upon himself; whereas a body of Peerage, should they only be created in an emergency to carry any unjustifiable design, would serve to divert or silence the murmurs of the public.

7. It is a known saying of the late British king, "That if his friends could gain him a House of Commons, he would

throw his troop of guards into the House of Lords, rather than miscarry in his measures." And whether it is possible for a court to gain a House of Commons of what complexion they please, and what would be the consequences at some time or other of their success in such an attempt, whilst the Crown is possest of a certain means, by virtue of its prerogative, of filling the House of Lords with its own creatures, are points too evident in themselves to be insisted upon.

8. The foregoing reflections are like first principles that have scarce been ever called into dispute, and have not only been the avowed maxims of those who have been distinguished by the name of Whigs, but have furnished matter of complaint to every party in its turn. This power of the prerogative has always occasioned murmurs, when either side has found it exerted to their prejudice. We have often wished for a redress of it, and have now an opportunity of coming at it, which, if we do not lay hold of, is not likely to offer itself again so long as we are a people.

9. It is proposed, to prevent those many inconveniences which may arise from an arbitrary creation of Peers, in what proportion and at what time the sovereign shall please, to restrain the Peers to a certain number. It is evident that such a law would remedy those many evils that may proceed from such sudden and numerous additions which have been made to the House of Lords in the most critical conjunctures. But I find there are objections made to this expedient, from the consequences it would have upon the Crown.

10. It is represented, that it will be the cutting off a branch from the prerogative. But if this be only the cutting off a branch which is pernicious to the public, it is certainly a very good argument for doing it, when we can; and that this power is of such a nature, can scarce admit of a dispute. Besides, that the Crown, far from being lessened by it, will receive a greater lustre, by parting with a prerogative that has so often given offence, and may some time turn to the destruction of the subject.

11. The Crown, as a branch of the legislature, cannot desire a greater prerogative than that of a negative in the passing of a law; and as it ought not to influence either House in their debates, what can a good king desire more than the power of approving or rejecting any such bill as cannot pass into a law without the royal assent?

12. The Crown will have still all the power in it of doing good to the people, in which the prerogative of our British kings will be still unlimited. In short, it neither touches the executive nor the legislative power of the Crown, nor takes away the prerogative of creating Peers, but only of doing it in such a manner as seems repugnant to reason and justice. The British king will still be the source of nobility, and hold in himself the principle of Peerage, though it is not to be lavished away on multitudes, or given occasionally to the detriment of the public.

13. Besides, what does the Crown do more in parting with a branch of its prerogative, than what the two other parts of the legislature have frequently done, with regard to their respective bodies, when they have found any of their rights or privileges prejudicial to the community? All such self-denying acts are of a popular nature, and have been passed with the good-liking and applause of their fellow-subjects. Nay, the Crown has never more recommended itself to the affection of the people, than when it has retrenched itself in any exorbitance of power that did not seem consistent with their liberty; as in passing the bill of Habeas Corpus, and that for establishing Triennial Parliaments.

14. Indeed, were this a point extorted from the Crown in its necessities, it might be generous at such a juncture to appear in the defence of the prerogative; but this is not our case: we are only disputing whether we shall accept of a voluntary concession made by the sovereign himself, who out of his unparalleled goodness has shown, by this instance, that he places the true dignity of the British monarch, where it always ought to be placed, in the liberty of his people.

15. Having considered this alteration proposed to be made in our Constitution with relation to the Crown, let us now consider it with regard, first, to the House of Commons, and, in the next place, to the whole body of the English commonalty; and if we find that it will prove advantageous in its consequences under both these views, it is undoubtedly an alteration very much to be wished for.

16. The number of Peers is in a few reigns increased from fifty-nine to near two hundred and twenty; and there is no question but that in as few succeeding reigns their present number will be doubled; nor will posterity be able to see an end of them, unless it be timely prevented. Nay, we have

all the reason in the world to apprehend that their number will hereafter swell in greater proportions than it has done hitherto. It is a general remark, that since the act has passed for triennial elections, Commoners of great estates are more desirous than ever of gaining a place in the Upper House, which will exempt them from such a constant dependence on their electors, and the frequent returns of trouble and expense in their elections. At least, it is natural to suppose that every king will make such additions as will give his friends a majority; nay, if we may conclude from experience, every minister who differs in his politics from his predecessor, will bring to his assistance a sufficient number to turn the balance in his favour. And it is obvious to every one how quick is the succession of ministers in this country.

17. The first good consequence, therefore, of the proposed alteration to the House of Commons will be this, That it will fill that House with men of the largest fortunes and the greatest abilities; for we may well suppose that such men will set themselves forward to be elected into such a seat, when it is the highest honour they can have immediately in view. By this means, those will be the representatives of the people, who have the greatest stake among them. Those will have the giving of money in their power, who have the most of it in their possession. But, above all, the influence of the House of Commons, and consequently of all the Commons of England, will preserve itself in its due strength; for, of all maxims, none is more uncontested than that power follows property. But what additional strength would this give the House of Lords, if the richest members of the House of Commons may be draughted out of it in such numbers as the present frame of our Constitution permits? Nor would the inconvenience be less with respect to men of great parliamentary abilities, if, instead of continuing to add weight and authority to the Lower House, they may be called up at any time to employ the same abilities in aggrandizing the figure of another House.

18. And as the proposed alteration will be a proper means to give a figure to the House of Commons, so will it likewise be an expedient to preserve their integrity, as it will take off one method, and indeed the most effectual method, of bribing men of over-grown fortunes. When a Peerage dangles

before the eyes of the most wealthy Commoner, it may have charms in it to one, who would have a contempt for any offers of another kind. A man's ambition is as susceptible of bribes as his avarice, and it should be the care of a legislature to cut off all temptations to corruption in the one as well as the other. It is true, the alteration proposed would not utterly remove the influence of such a motive; but it would certainly very much weaken it, and render it infinitely more ineffectual than what it is at present.

19. If this method restrains men of the greatest figure of the Lower House from making their way so easily to the Upper, it will evidently tend to the bringing a greater number of places of the highest trust, honour, or profit, into the hands of the most able and wealthy Commoners. Men so accomplished will have a diffusive influence both in their own House and in their respective counties; and it will be necessary for all governments to find out proper rewards and gratifications for such men; and gratifications of this kind no Commoner will envy them, since they enable them to be beneficial to the body of people whom they represent, and do not in their nature deprive us of their strength and assistance in that branch of the legislature to which we belong.

20. However, the proposed restraint on the number of Peers is far from being an exclusion of such Commoners who are recommended by their fortunes, or their abilities. According to the calculation generally received, there may happen two extinctions or vacancies, taking one year with another, in the body of Peers, as fixed and ascertained by the new scheme, in case it should obtain. And surely the Commons of England will think it sufficient to lose annually two of their most considerable members, whatever may be the opinion of particular persons, who are in haste to leave their company.

21. A restraint upon the number of the Lords will necessarily restrain the influence of that body in the election of members to serve in the Lower House. It is very well known, that few members of the House of Commons are advanced to Peerage, who have not one or more corporations under their direction; nay, that very often this is one reason for their promotion. If, therefore, this perpetually increasing body of Lords continues on the foot it is now, in proportion as their number is augmented, their influence in

elections will grow more general, till at length, as the Upper House are the creature of the Crown, the Lower House may be in a great measure the creature of the Lords. And it is worth while to consider whether in process of time, unless seasonably prevented, the House of Commons may not be filled with the stewards and bailiffs of our Peers.

22. In the next place, let us see what would be the consequences from such an alteration upon the whole bulk of the English commonalty, which should always find the first place in the thoughts of their representatives. If they should gain only this single advantage, I think it is a very considerable one, that it will hinder the nation from being overrun with Lords. We know that, in the sale of an estate, it is no small recommendation to the buyer, that there is no Lord within so many miles of it, and the distance of such a borderer is often looked upon as an equivalent to a year's purchase. But who can be secure from such a neighbour, whilst the species is so apt to increase and multiply? I shall not insist upon paying of debts, which is looked upon as a moral duty among Commoners, who cannot but be sorry to see any additions to an order of men that are sheltered by privileges from the demands of their honest and industrious creditors. To which many considerations of the like nature may be added, were they not obvious to the private reflection of every reader.

23. But the great point, and which ought to carry the chief weight with us in this case, is, that the alteration now proposed will give such a mighty power to the bulk of the English Commons, as can be never counterbalanced by the body of the nobility. Should we suppose two hundred and thirty-five Peers possest, one with another, of £5000 *per annum*, this would amount to no more than £1,175,000 *per annum*; and what is such a property, and the power arising out of it, compared with the power arising out of the property of those many millions possest by the Commons? Besides, that the great accessions of wealth yearly made in the body of the Commons would give it continually an increase of property and power, which would accrue to the body of the nobles, in case their door was always open to men of overflowing fortunes, who might find no great difficulty in procuring an entrance.

24. I shall now offer two fair questions to any man who impartially weighs these matters.

First, If two schemes of government were proposed to him, in both of which the legislature should consist of three branches, whether he would prefer that scheme, in which one of the branches might be increased at pleasure by another of them; or that scheme in which every branch should be limited to a certain stated number. Nay, if the two schemes were placed in parallel with one another, and considered in their respective consequences, whether the first would not appear a most wild and indigested project?

In the second place, I would propose this question. If the Lords had been limited to a certain number by our constitution, whether it would not have been thought unpardonable in any one who should have proposed to have taken off that limitation, and left it to the pleasure of the Crown arbitrarily to add to them any number at any time.

Nobody can be at a loss to determine himself in these questions, who considers this subject by those plain lights which are already exhibited in this discourse, and which may be strengthened by many other considerations.

25. This subject naturally engages me in one talk more, which is, to examine the objections that have been started against this alteration proposed to be made in the constitution of the House of Peers. And here I cannot discover any inconvenience which can be said to follow from such an alteration, that does not now subsist, or is not answered by some much greater inconvenience in the present state of the Peerage. But, that I may not follow the example of those who have appeared in print on the other side of this debate, in putting weak arguments into the mouth of their antagonists, I shall answer such objections as have been the most approved by those who declare themselves against this bill, as they are laid together in a pamphlet, entitled, The Plebeian.

26. As for the introduction, the digression upon the Ephori, and the concluding paragraph, they are only arguments *ad conflandam invidiam*, and such as are not to be answered by reason, but by the same angry strain in which they are written, and which would discredit a cause that is able to support itself without such an assistance.

27. "At first sight," says the Plebeian, "this proposal must appear very shocking; it carries with it so great an

alteration of the Constitution." This is the first general objection, and I wish it had been pursued regularly; but because it is dropt and resumed in the following part of the discourse, I must be forced to collect those scattered passages on this head, as I find them in different parts of the book. This great objection will be sufficiently answered, if this alteration of the Constitution is from worse to better; which I think has been fully proved. As everything is formed into perfection by degrees, the wisdom of all legislatures has embraced every opportunity of making such changes in their government, as have been advantageous to those who live under it. This author himself gives us an eminent instance of a great alteration of our Constitution in the Lower House, under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "when the Crown erected several new corporations, and relieved several ancient and decayed ones from sending any members at all." I do not make use of this increase in the number of the Commons, as an argument for an increase in the number of Lords, which the author produces as the reasoning of some people who are for the bill. Such people, if any there are, must talk inconsistently with themselves, since it is the purport of the bill to prevent the House of Lords from growing too numerous. But it is an unanswerable argument to show that there has been as great an alteration in one branch of our legislature, as is now proposed to be made in another; and that such an alteration should be introduced into our form of government, when there are good reasons for it; on which account our author himself justifies the above-mentioned alteration in the House of Commons. Our author furnishes us with another very good argument in this particular against himself. "Whiggism," says he, "if I understand it aright, is a desire of liberty, and a spirit of opposition to all exorbitant power in any part of the Constitution. Formerly the danger on this account was from the Crown; but since the Habeas Corpus Act, and the many restraints laid upon the Crown in King William's time, and the great and numerous limitations of the Succession Acts, the prerogative of the Crown is reduced so low, that it is not at all dangerous to the Commons." As we have the author's confession in the afore-mentioned instance of an alteration in the Plebeian, he has here given us an account of as remarkable changes in the regal branch of our govern-

ment. The prerogative was retrenched in those several instances, because without such retrenchment the power of it appeared exorbitant and dangerous to the Commons. If therefore there still inheres in the Crown a power that is exorbitant and dangerous to the Commons, there is the same reason why the Commons should lay hold of the present opportunity to retrench it. This is the matter in debate betwixt us; but, be that as it will, the argument which the author here makes use of against the bill in question, "that it carries in it too great an alteration of the Constitution," would have been as good an argument against the Habeas Corpus Act, or any other of those above-mentioned. What is further said upon this subject, in p. 271, would make a handsome sentence in a popular speech, but will never stand the test of a strict examination in a discourse addrest to the reasons and not the passions of men. "In short, it has been for our ancient Constitution," says the author, "that we have struggled with so much vigour for many years together; it is for that we have poured out a river of English blood, and a treasure unheard of in any former age. This Constitution may have its imperfections; but, faulty as it is, our ancestors have conveyed down liberty to us through that channel: and we ought to continue it on, as well as we can, to our posterity, and not give way to the new-modelling schemes of every extraordinary genius." This is not arguing, but declaiming. Our ancestors remedied several imperfections from time to time, and we are obliged to them for having conveyed liberty down to us through the channel which they had so often altered and reformed. And will not our posterity be as thankful to us, if we transmit to them their liberty through the same channel, when it shall be only altered for the better conveyance of it?

28. Having taken off the force of this main objection, I shall follow others as the author leads me. He tells us that "the shutting up the door of the House of Lords, in the manner talked of, cannot but prove a great discouragement to virtuous actions, to learning and industry, and very detrimental to the House of Peers itself, by preventing such frequent supplies from going into it, as the nature of such a body requires: for want of which, it may in time become corrupt and offensive, like a stagnated pool, which hitherto has been preserved wholesome and pure by the fresh streams

that pass continually into it." This consideration, if it has any force, cuts down all the other arguments drawn from the new accessions of figure and power, which he supposes would accrue to the House of Lords, by the passing of the bill so much talked of. Can it be detrimental to the House of Lords, and at the same time throw into their hands all the places and honours that the Crown can confer upon them? Will that body of men, which would become mean and despicable, and offensive as a stagnated pool, by the means of this alteration, be raised by the same means to be the most formidable, and the most honoured part in our Constitution? Or could the same body degenerate into a public nuisance, as our author represents it, and at the same time be able to overawe both king and people? Can two such contrary effects be produced from one and the same cause? But could we suppose that this body of men might thus degenerate; would they be able, without numerous recruits of wealth, learning, and industry, to oppose anything for the good of the community, in contradiction to the king and people? But more of this hereafter.

29. Our author adds, "I am not unaware, it will be said, that the frequent extinctions of [noble] families will salve this inconvenience, and make room for the rewarding of merit. But," says he, "this expedient, I fear, is not much to be depended on; for the uncertainty of the time when the Crown will have any such power will make it much the same as if it were never to have it at all;" which is as much as to say, that unless the Crown has power of making what number of Lords it pleases, and at what time it pleases, and to serve what turn it pleases, it had as good have no power at all of making Peers, which the author supposes is the only adequate power it has of rewarding merit. Not to ask the author whether it be generally virtuous actions, learning, or industry, that recommend Commoners to the Peerage, or of what other kind the merit is which has been often thus rewarded; I shall only ask him, whether any man has so crying a merit as immediately requires a Peerage for its reward; or whether the extinction of two titles in a year will not leave room enough for the Crown to reward those extraordinary persons, whose merits give them such a demand upon it? As for another argument which the author puts into the mouth of those whom he calls patrons of the bill

proposed, "that it will ease the Crown of importunities," as I think it has no great weight in it, I am not concerned to urge anything in its defence against the Plebeian's answer to it.

30. We come now to the most considerable paragraph of the whole book, which I shall therefore transcribe at length. "But another consequence, of a much higher nature, attending the limitation of the number of Peers, is the danger there will be of changing the Constitution by this means into an aristocracy. And this may at any time in such case be effected by the confederacy of two or three great families, which would form such a body in the House of Lords, as the Crown would not be able to control. That this kind of government is one of the worst sorts of slavery, is too well known to be disputed. In a democracy, a great many different persons may come to have a share of power by several incidents, but in the other case it is birth only that entitles to superiority: and the milk such nobles are nursed up with, is hatred and contempt for every human creature but those of their own imaginary dignity." The question to be stated here is, Whether the House of Lords under their present constitution is not as likely to run into an aristocracy, as it would be in case their number should be limited. It appears very plain to me, that a body of Peers perpetually increasing, and capable of additions, has in it a natural tendency to an aristocracy. Supposing that the House of Lords from sixty members is now swelled to two hundred: these, if increased by the same proportion, would in the same number of years amount to six hundred and sixty-six, to which we may presume there would be still the like proportionable additions. By this means they would in time receive such vast accessions of property, as might encourage them, not only to entertain so ambitious a design, but in a great measure to render it effectual: especially when any men could be admitted into their own order, with their great abilities in parliament, or their great influence among the people, who might be most capable of opposing their encroachments upon the Commons. I do allow that such additions would be prejudicial to the Crown; but this is no reason why they would not be made, as it has not prevented the additions that have been made in our own memory. For though the Crown in general would be a sufferer by this method; yet it would naturally have

recourse to it, as it has formerly, when it labours under any present exigency, that can only be removed by such an expedient. This danger of an aristocracy, every one must confess, would be very much abated, and, I think, utterly removed, by the limitation of the Lords to such a number as is now proposed. In such a case, their property would be so very inconsiderable, when compared with that of the Commons, (as I have before showed to a demonstration,) that it would render such a design in them the most chimerical, and the most impracticable. And since it is impossible that the whole body of Lords in their united strength could be able to establish themselves into an aristocracy, the author's imagination vanishes, that "this may at any time, in such a case, be effected by the confederacy of two or three great families, which would form such a body among the Lords as the Crown would not be able to control." If the author means in this place, by the Crown not being able to control the Lords, that it would be restrained from pouring in such a number as would always sway them to its inclinations, it is what ought to be wished for. If he means that this want of power in the Crown would enable them to erect an aristocracy, it is certainly a wrong consequence, because not only the Crown, but the people, would have a superior power in them to the body of nobles, and are equally concerned to preserve their stations in the government. The author after this brings an argument to prove, that an aristocracy is a bad form of government, and that a democracy is preferable to it, in which I entirely agree with him; but must add, that a mixt government, made out of aristocracy, democracy, and monarchy, is better than either of them. The author subjoins, that "the milk which nobles are nursed up with is hatred and contempt of every human creature, but those of their own imaginary dignity." If so, the fewer of them the better. What Commoner would not desire to put a stop to the increase of them?

31. The next objection I meet with is from the great privileges the Lords are already possessed of, with relation to actions *de Scandalis Magnatum*, &c., which is likewise a very good reason why we should hinder the increase of persons invested with these privileges; and as for the judicial power, with that of imprisoning, they are such as subsist in their body as it is now constituted, and therefore cannot be ob-

jected to the proposed alteration, which would only leave them as they are.

32. "The increasing the number of Peers," says the author, "is always to be wished for by the Commons." We have seen sufficient reasons why it should not. "Because the greater their number, the less considerable they become;" the contrary of which has been evidently proved; "and the less within the influence of court favours." What! when by this very power of increasing them at will, it can secure any point among them that it pleases? "By which means alone ministers are kept in awe, and remain in a situation of being called to account for their actions. Were it otherwise, they would be out of the reach of any accusation. They would know exactly by whom they were to be tried, and their judges might be their accomplices. And should this once come to be the case, what might they not attempt with impunity?" Is this inconvenience better prevented in a House of Peers on the bottom it now stands? Can any one who has been a good minister be secure, if the Crown should add a sufficient number of his enemies to those who sit in judgment upon him? Or is a bad minister in any danger, when he may be sheltered by the addition of a sufficient number of his friends?

33. I must not pass over another remarkable paragraph of the author upon the same argument for increasing the Lords at pleasure. "The great advantage," says he, "that the number of their body cannot be increased, is at present the most valuable privilege of the House of Commons, and the only thing that makes them considerable." This is indeed a very poor advantage, to found upon it the grandeur of the House of Commons. Is not the power of giving money and raising taxes confined to that body, and which can never fail to give them the greatest weight in the legislature? Will not this be always the most valuable privilege of the Commons? and what other privilege can make them more considerable? He goes on, "The Lords are possessed of many great privileges that they will not permit the Commons to share with them; and therefore the Commons would be highly wanting to themselves, if they should add this advantage likewise to the Lords, which is the only one that they can enjoy distinct from them." Our author, as it may turn to his account, sometimes considers

the Lords in their personal privileges as they are individuals, and sometimes as they are a body of men in the legislature. If he here means their privileges in the former view, I do allow they are very great ones, and therefore certainly every Commoner cannot desire an increase of such individuals. But if he here means their privileges as a legislative body, it is certain that all their privileges together are not equal to that one of commanding the purse of the community. So that it is wonderful how he could advance, that the number of the House of Commons, not being subject to an increase, "is the only advantage that they enjoy distinct from the House of Lords."

34. Our author next proceeds to speak of the proportion of property between the two Houses of Lords and Commons, which is a point already so fully discussed, that I shall not trouble the reader with any repetitions; but cannot omit what the author asserts as an indisputable point, and which in itself is the greatest paradox I ever heard advanced. His words are, "Indeed, if a restraining bill should pass, I do not doubt but it would be soon followed with a bill to prevent Lords from alienating their estates, for which many plausible reasons are to be produced; and then, without all dispute, the balance of property will be soon turned on the side of their Lordships." Which is as much as to say, in plain English, that the Lords will have as much wealth amongst them as the whole body of the British Commons, or that one million will be a balance against a hundred millions. Indeed the House of Lords in their present constitution may be always approaching to a balance in property with the Commons, from whence they are continually receiving into their body such large supplies; but if their number be once limited, you cut off their recruits, and lay them under an impossibility of ever rivaling the other branch of the legislature in this particular.

35. Our author's argument, that a new power would arise to the House of Lords from the alteration so much talked of, is founded upon a fact which every one denies at first sight. His words are these: "For as to what is commonly said, that the Lords would get nothing, no new power would be added to them by this means; I beg leave to state this matter in a proper light. Suppose the balance to be now even betwixt the Lords and the Crown, as it certainly is, or

else the Constitution would not subsist in quiet; is it not plain to the most common capacity, that when two scales are upon an equal poise, if you take any weight out of one of them, you give the advantage to the other without putting anything into it?" The author here supposes that the balance between the two parts of the legislature should be even; and so far I concur with him, that being the chief end which this alteration has in view. But I can by no means suppose with him that they are even, because it is contrary to matter of fact. For we plainly see that the Sovereign has it always in his power to make what division of party or opinion he pleases prevail in that House. As for the reason of their present supposed equality, "that otherwise they could not subsist in quiet," it has no force in it, because we see very ill-constituted governments will subsist in quiet for many ages, not that they are preserved by a rightly tempered Constitution, which would give them the greatest strength, but by other accidental causes. The ill consequences of such an inequality may be frequently felt and complained of, though they may not shake the tranquillity of the public.

36. I have now gone through everything that carries the face of an argument for the constitution of the House of Lords, as it now stands, or of an objection against the alteration proposed to be made; having only avoided saying anything in this case as it affects the Scottish nobility, because I have here considered it only as an English Commoner, and because I have thoughts of prosecuting the subject, as it relates to Scotland, in another pamphlet, being unwilling to swell this to a greater bulk.

37. Since the writing of the foregoing discourse, I have perused a pamphlet, intituled, "The Thoughts of a Member of the Lower House," &c.,[1] in which the author first approves our Constitution as divided into its three branches, and through the whole course of his book contends in effect that it should consist of no more than two; for he supposes the House of Lords instituted only as guardians and ornaments to the throne, and to be augmented by the Crown in such a proportion, as may strengthen it in opposition to the House of Commons. The reader may see his scheme in the following words: "There is not," says this writer, "a more certain

[1] By Mr. Asgill.

maxim in politics, than that a monarchy must subsist by an army, or nobility. The first makes it despotic, and the latter a free government. I presume none of those nobler personages themselves, who have the honour to make up that illustrious body, do believe they are so distinguished and advanced above their fellow-subjects for their own sakes: they know they are intended the guardians, as well as ornaments of the monarchy, an essential prerogative of which it must be to add to and augment their number in such proportion, as to render them a proper balance against the democratical part of our Constitution, without being formidable to the monarchy itself, the support of which is the reason of their institution." This is a most extraordinary notion of government, that one branch of a legislature should be instituted, only to be subservient to the strength and support of another, but it is on this bottom that he founds his whole discourse; and as for his objections to the proposed alteration, I find they are such as I have already obviated in the course of this pamphlet. If anything remains in them unanswered, it will fall under the last objection against the matter in debate, which I should not take notice of, did not I find that it makes an impression upon some people's minds.

38. Suppose, says the objection, there should be an inflexible obstinacy in the House of Peers, what method would there be left to bring them to a concurrence with the two other branches of the legislature, when it will not be in the power of the King to bring them over to reason, by flinging in sufficient numbers among them? To this I answer, That if the Lords are obstinate in a point that is *reasonable* and *beneficial* to the community, it will be happy for their country that they should be invested with the proper power of a legislative branch, not to be overruled to wrong measures. This may sometimes be of great advantage to the public, if we can possibly suppose that the two other branches may concur in anything that is not consistent with justice, or the national interest. If the Peers are thus inflexibly obstinate in any methods that are *dishonourable*, *unjust*, or *pernicious* to their country; can we imagine they could not be influenced into a compliance by the authority of the two sharing branches in the legislature? Or can we think they would persist in measures which would draw upon them the displeasure of the Crown, and the resentments of the whole

Commons of Great Britain? Every body of men takes as much care as possible to preserve their credit, and to render themselves popular; and we cannot think that any branch of a legislature would be made up of madmen, or pursue such measures as must necessarily end in their infamy, or their destruction; especially when they are infinitely weaker than either of the other constituent parts of our legislature. Could any person apprehend such a behaviour from them, I am sure the same person cannot in his heart apprehend their growing up into an aristocracy. The Peers are so little a match for the Crown in power, or the Commons in property, much less able to cope with the united force of both; that it is wildness to suppose them guilty of such an unjust and unreasonable obstinacy, as they know might endanger their very being in the British Constitution. And now I shall only propose it to every one's thoughts, whether an expedient, which will remedy the greatest inconvenience that may arise to us, from one of the branches of the legislature, and of which we have had experience, as has been already sufficiently explained, should prevail with us to lay it aside, out of a groundless fear, that it should expose us to an inconvenience from another branch of the legislature, which must suppose them destitute of common sense, void of honour and equity, and regardless of self-preservation, before it can possibly befall us. To this I shall only add, that whatever objections are made against this alteration in the Constitution, may be made against every form of government, in which the legislature consists of three distinct branches, and that is, against such a form as has been pronounced the most perfect by those who have been the most skilful politicians, and the most famous for their observations on the nature of government.

*** A letter in the Weekly Medley, March 28, 1719, pays some merited compliments to an ingenious artisan, Mr. Price, of St. Andrew's, Holborn, "for restoring the ancient beautiful art of staining and painting glass to perfection; an art now so long lost, its loss so lamented, and its re-invention so much coveted. Too luminous a church is too gay for the business that is done there; it shows in too clear a point of sight, too many objects for distraction; but that which pervades and penetrates the coloured glass, strikes one with a religious awe, a spirit of recollection and meditation, and has in it something, I do not know what, of solemn and sacred. Besides, it draws frequently the eye off from the book of prayer in a church; and then, while the eye is looking through the win-

dow towards the heavens, the passages represented on the glass being taken out of holy writ, lift and elevate the mind, as they do the eye, to heaven. A better pattern of this old art (and that is great to say) is not to be found in any old church, than is now to be seen in the east window of St. Andrew's, Holborn, where the Passion of our Saviour, whose Divinity some would be permitted to deny, and yet to enter that church, is represented in a lively manner. And the red part of the colour is so beautifully strong, that it would cast a blush upon any guilty wretch, that standing opposite to it should say, that the Saviour, whose Passion it represents, had not the Divinity joined with the humanity."

†‡† "At the Blue Leg in Bow-Lane, near Watling-street, are sold Lottery Tickets, and Shares, Whole Tickets at the same price as upon the Exchange; and, for the conveniency of such as cannot purchase whole tickets, or would extend their chances to a larger latitude, they may have half tickets, quarter tickets, fifth parts, tenth parts, or twentieth parts of tickets; a person for 4*s.* may have the 20th part of one ticket, for 8*s.* a share in two tickets, for 20*s.* a share of five tickets, for 40*s.* a share of ten tickets, for 4*l.* a share of 20 tickets, for 10*l.* a share of 50 tickets, for 20*l.* a share of 100 tickets, all several numbers; and in the same proportion to any other number. There are but 5 blanks to one prize: the lowest is 10*l.* and the highest 20,000*l.* There are but a small number left, therefore those who intend to have any must be expeditious."

THE PLEBEIAN.

No. 2. MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1718-19.

CONSIDERATIONS UPON THE REPORTS RELATING TO THE PEERAGE CONTINUED; AND REMARKS UPON THE PAMPHLETS THAT HAVE BEEN WRIT FOR THE SUPPOSED BILL. BY A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"Quis enim jam non intelligat artes
Patricias?"— JUV. SAT. IV. 101.
"Who sees not now through the Lords' thin disguise?" DRYDEN

THOSE who are not particularly acquainted with the vocation of Pamphlet-writing, have very much wondered that matter of so great consequence as the affair of the Peerage and espoused by such persons as are very well known to be its patrons, could have been so long a while upon the stage and no champion appear for it; but others, who are more versed in this kind of business, know, there could not be wanting persons enough to make their court, by producing their lucubrations on this head. But as it is a subject that

will not very well bear debating, their masters, without doubt, were of opinion, that the best way was, to let all manner of writing alone, and keep all that could be said on the subject for the time and place where it was absolutely necessary to say something.

The agitators for the bill assured themselves, that nobody would be so bold as to attack first; and consequently judged themselves out of all danger. But the Plebeian starting forth unexpectedly, they were forced, like people in a surprise, or on an invasion, to march immediately any troops they had; and indeed these are some of the most tattered I ever saw.

The first champion that appeared for this bill, was a person who exhibited himself in the St. James's Post, of Wednesday, March 18, in this advertisement: "Some Considerations relating to the Peerage of Great Britain. Wherein the arguments *for* the reasonableness and expediency of a bill, said to be depending, are stated *Pro* and *Con*."

This performance I have not been able to venture upon; for he that can state arguments *for* the bill, both *Pro* and *Con*, is too slippery a person for anybody to lay hold of.

The next that entered the lists, on the same side of the question, having been more fortunate than to *discover himself beforehand*, I have perused his labours. The account he gives of himself is, "That he is a member of the House of Commons, who has a friend with whom he uses to talk over in *private* all arguments and considerations which concern anything of moment, as far as they could collect and remember them: and they having both agreed that this was a matter of a very extraordinary nature, the one entreated the other to put his thoughts about it in writing, that he might be better able to judge of them all together. And in order to continue the privacy of this correspondence, those thoughts came out, printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane."

This notable introduction was very near having the same effect upon me, as to this pamphlet, as the advertisement just mentioned had to the former; but with much ado I went through the performance. All I can learn from it is, that this gentleman was present at the debates of the House of Lords; where he does not seem to have been mightily enlightened as to the true state of the case, the debate having in all probability run pretty much one way.

The next that follows these two combatants for this bill, is somebody or other that is used to masquerading, as I suppose; and indeed he is so well disguised, that it is impossible to know him. When I first read the title, *The Old Whig*, I expected no less than the utmost wrath and indignation against the House of Lords. I could not help thinking but he would have been for *voting them useless* at least, as his ancestors did formerly: but I was extremely surprised to find just the contrary; that he is for giving them such a power, as would make the *House of Commons useless;* and therefore he might as well have taken any other title in the world, as *The Old Whig*. I am afraid he is *so old a Whig*, that he has quite *forgot his principles*.

But I shall show now more plainly, what is said in the former Plebeian, that this is neither a *Whig* nor a *Tory* point, but is a jumble, a hodge-podge, a confusion of all parties and all persons together; and must inevitably in its consequences destroy first *Whig* and *Tory*, and afterwards *Crown* and *people*. As all sorts of people unite for it, so ought all sorts, and of every denomination, that have any value for their Constitution, to unite against it.

This pamphlet, by the marks it appears with, being in all probability the best performance that is to come from that quarter, the Plebeian will consider it thoroughly; and in order to proceed more methodically, for this author's satisfaction—

First, I will answer the objections made to the last Plebeian.

Secondly, I will consider the argument, as the *Old Whig* states it himself.

The first objection the author of the Remarks makes to the Plebeian, is page 299, where he says, "That the *Introduction*, the Digression upon the *Ephori*, and the *Conclusion*, are all arguments *ad conflandam invidiam*." He who says that arguments drawn from history, which can only show what has happened in former times, are arguments *ad conflandam invidiam*, gives up the matter in dispute, and lets the world know, by passing them so slightly over, that he feels their force: for it is a tacit admission, that in all probability the like disasters will happen from the alterations now projected in our Constitution, which, history informs us, were the real consequences of alterations of the like nature in

other countries; otherwise those arguments could not now contribute to make persons invidious. Besides, I always thought that bringing examples from history was looked upon as the most impartial and unexceptionable method of arguing, as it is abstracted from the passions and interests of the present times; for what is learning and history, if it be not to draw inferences of what may happen, from what has happened?

As to the digression upon the *Ephori*, the Plebeian was very careful to avoid giving offence. Amongst the many extraordinary powers exercised by those magistrates, there was one of a very uncommon nature; which was, that as they took upon themselves the sole inspection of the youth, they were particularly curious of the persons of the *boys*. They employed every tenth day in examining the youths of about fifteen, stark-naked, *Oportebat Ephebos decimo quoque die Ephoris se sistere sine veste*, Ubbo Emmius, de Rep. Lac. p. 235, with whom *Crags* agrees almost in the same words, in the Treatise mentioned in the former Plebeian, p. 284. What an ill use was made of this power, we may see in *Emmius*, p. 236, where speaking of the manner how the *Ephori* lived with those young men they liked best, he says, *iis* (Ephebis) *assiduo fere adhærebant*. Which words, for fear of offending the Plebeian ladies, I am not at liberty to translate. However, it is very plain all this was omitted to avoid the least appearance of personal reflection.

The first argument of the Plebeian, which the *Old Whig* objects to, is, p. 299. "That though the Plebeian declares against the proposed bill, because it will make so great an alteration in our Constitution, yet he produces an eminent instance of a great alteration of our Constitution in the Lower House under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Crown erected several new corporations, and relieved several ancient decayed ones from sending any members at all."

This, the Remarker says, was as great an alteration in one branch of our legislature, as is now proposed to be made in another. The Remarker quite mistakes this point; for, instead of being an alteration of so great consequence to the constitution of the Commons, as this new proposal is of that of the Lords, it was an alteration of no consequence at all. Suppose the towns of Watchet and Dunster, two sea-ports in Somersetshire, to have been destroyed in the wars with

Ireland in Queen Elizabeth's time. The inhabitants, on account of poverty, apply to the Crown to be exempted from the charge of paying four members to represent them in parliament. The Crown some time after grants charters to two neighbouring towns in flourishing circumstances, and directs the writs at a following summons of a parliament to be sent to Tiverton and Honiton, instead of Watchet and Dunster. Let anybody judge if this alteration can be of any consequence to the House of Commons. Here is nothing else but the places changed; and four members from Tiverton and Honiton are the same thing as four from Watchet and Dunster. But to state this matter with nicety would require much more labour and time than I am able to allow it.

Another argument, which the Remarker says the Plebeian furnishes against himself, is, "That he owns the prerogative has been retrenched in several instances; because without such retrenchment the power of it appeared exorbitant and dangerous to the Commons." But these retrenchments being now made, the question at present is, Whether the Commons ought to go on stripping the Crown of every jewel, till it becomes less resplendent than a Doge of Venice's coronet, or less comfortable than the Sword-bearer's cap of maintenance; and, what is of the greatest moment to the Commons, less able to protect them against the power of a House of Lords, if ever their Lordships should be disposed to claim a larger share of authority than belongs to them?

As to the complaint the Remarker makes, That the Plebeian *applies to men's passions, and not their reasons; and declaims instead of arguing;* what must be said in answer to this is, That people must make use of what arm they have. On the one side, it is evident there can be nothing but arguing and reasoning, and declaiming and exemplifying; but on the other, the Plebeian is afraid there are more irresistible arts of applying to the *passions*, rather than to the *reasons* of men, or else he would not have one minute's pain for the issue of this question.

The manner in which the Remarker states the Plebeian's argument, relating to the *shutting up the door of the House of Lords*, shows he either wilfully or ignorantly mistakes that part of the controversy: "For, after having cited the words of the Plebeian, he asks, if it can be detrimental to the House of Lords, and at the same time throw into their

hands all the places and honours that the Crown can confer upon them? Will that body of men, which would become mean and despicable, and offensive as a stagnated pool, by the means of this alteration, be raised by the same means to be the most formidable and most honoured part of the Constitution? Or would they be able, without numerous recruits of wealth, learning, and industry, to oppose anything for the good of the community?" To this I answer, It will not be detrimental to them in point of power, but will be detrimental on account of those talents that ought to accompany power; the want of which the Commons will feel in their *judicature*, and in many more particulars. They will be *offensive* to others, but not perceive it themselves; they will be *formidable*, but not *honoured*. These are natural *effects* that all *exorbitant power produces*. As to wealth, they will take it, it is to be feared, where they can find it; and learning and industry will be as useless baubles to their Lordships, as *dangling Peerages* (as my author describes them excellently well) are to men of sense amongst the Commons.

The next objection of the Old Whig to the Plebeian is, "That he avers the uncertainty of the extinction of families will leave so little opportunity for the Crown to reward merit by Patrician honours, that it will be much the same thing as if the Crown were never to have any such power at all." *Whereas* (says he) *there will be two titles extinct every year, according to the calculation generally received.*

By the *calculation generally received*, I suppose the Remarker means the list published by way of prelude to this project. Whether it be true or false, if some heralds know anything of this matter, would take more time to examine into, than, I dare say, the Constitution it is intended to introduce would subsist. But supposing, for argument' sake, that that calculation is right, and that in one hundred and sixteen years there have been one hundred and fifty-four extinctions, there will be found wanting seventy-eight to make up his number of two a year; so that the extinctions have not been during that time quite so many as after the rate of one *Lord and a half* per annum. But besides this error in arithmetic, there is another error of an *odd nature* in this *computation;* which, unless some method is proposed to ascertain it, will reduce the extinctions to fewer than even

one a year. And if so, those who expect to have their services rewarded by reversions so uncertainly computed, may have time enough to try all their patience, and at last find that, instead of advancing themselves to dignity, they have been forging their own chains. In the *computations of the titles extinct*, all those are comprehended who have been extinguished by *the edge of the law, for treason, rebellion, and other capital offences;* and who, without the spirit of prophecy, can foretell what *vacancies* may happen by such means for the future? But if, in favour of this *scheme*, it be admitted that in all probability there may be as many and as great *criminals* hereafter in that noble body as there have been for the time past, is it not to be feared that the *path to justice may be more difficult, after this narrowing the way up to the House of Peers, than it has been formerly.*

As to what the Remarker has objected to the arguments of the Plebeian, which prove, "That the limitation of the number of the Lords will run the Constitution into an aristocracy;" this matter shall be fully considered presently, when I come to examine the Old Whig's state of the case.

In a following paragraph, where the Remarker takes notice of what the Plebeian urges on the side of the King and Commons, viz. "That an ill minister might be screened against them both, if this law should take place, by reason that in such case he would know exactly his judges, (who might likewise be his accomplices,) and so act with impunity; the Remarker argues, That if this bill does not pass, an innocent minister cannot be secure, nor a guilty one punished, if the Crown should add to the House of Peers a sufficient number of the enemies of the one, or of the friends of the other." In either of which cases the utmost iniquity must be supposed in the Crown, which, I confess, I cannot bring myself to do, and therefore my argument remains entire. And it would grieve me to the heart, if I could think there were any *innocent ministers*, who ought to be emboldened by the consciousness of their integrity, and yet should have greater apprehensions from honest actions, than have been hitherto shown by men of the most guilty consciences, through the many ages that this Constitution has subsisted, without the alteration now desired.

The Remarker thinks it wonderful how the Plebeian could advance, "That the number of the House of Commons not

being subject to an increase, is the only advantage that they enjoy distinct from the House of Lords;" and alleges, that *all their Lordships' privileges together are not equal to that one of commanding the purse of the community.* Were it true, that the Commoners enjoyed this privilege of *commanding the purse of the community*, distinct from the House of Lords, they would be very easy as to the increasing, or diminishing, or fixing their number, or as to anything else that might belong to that noble assembly. But, alas! this is not the case; for their Lordships' concurrence is as necessary to a money-bill, as to any other bill: nay, whether a money-bill may not originally take its rise in their House, is a point never yet clearly given up by their Lordships, if I am not very much misinformed; and whether they may not be more inclinable to dispute this matter, if ever their door comes to be shut in the manner now proposed, may deserve very serious reflection.

Thus having answered every objection made to the former Plebeian by the Old Whig, except such as will occur in considering this argument, as he states it himself; I shall now proceed to that point which I proposed at first setting out.

I agree with our author, "That the best kind of government is that which is composed of these three branches, the *regal*, the *noble*, and the *plebeian*." This is at present our happy Constitution: "But then," says this author, "we have one imperfection or defect in it, which wants to be remedied; and that is, the Crown has too great a power over one branch of this Constitution, namely, the *noble;* in that the Crown can, whenever it pleases, add so many to their number as to influence their actions." And this author likewise assures us, p. 4, "That the Crown has power enough also to gain a House of Commons of what complexion it pleases." From whence I observe, first, That if it be a fault in the Constitution, that the Crown has so great power over one branch of the Constitution, the *noble*, as this author affirms, it is as great an imperfection that the Crown has so great a power, as he also affirms it has, over the Plebeian. And therefore this author should have proposed some method to have remedied this defect in the latter, as well as in the former branch; or else that perfection in the Constitution, he seems to be desirous of, cannot be arrived at. He contends, that it is absolutely necessary the *Lords*

should be entirely independent of the Crown. An impartial friend to the *whole body of the people,* and to sound reason, would have said as much for the Commons. Then these two estates would have been upon a level. But even by such an alteration, which is the only equal one, our Constitution would not be mended, but made much worse; for if both Lords and Commons were as independent of the Crown as this author desires the Lords may be, the unhappy consequence that must ensue would be, that if any discord should arise betwixt them, and each remain inflexibly resolved, here the Constitution would certainly want a casting power; and the only way of ending the dispute must be like a *Polish* Dyet, *by getting up on horseback.* And therefore this power now in the Crown, and which has been in it for so many ages, is necessary for the good of the whole community, to prevent the greatest confusion, which might otherwise arise from the passions of men.

The Crown once parted with this power out of its hands to the Commons; and that concession produced the ruin of the monarchy, and of the Peerage. If the Crown should part with the power now to the Lords, that it has over them, why may it not be very reasonably apprehended, that the same fatal consequence may ensue to the King and the Commons?

If it be necessary, as it has been plainly shown, that the power now in the Crown should remain there, for the good of the people in general; it is as necessary for the defence and advantage of the Crown itself. The Lords (by the power the Crown has of adding to their number) are a fluctuating, uncertain body. This is all that gives the Crown any influence over them, and prevents combinations, cabals, and factions against the Crown. But if the door comes once to be shut, so that the Crown cannot make any considerable addition to their number in any exigencies whatever, what a door is opened at the same time to form a power superior to that of the Crown, and superior to all human control! Then they will become a fixed certain body: and should three or four ambitious bold men combine together hereafter, of the greatest families and the greatest estates, where would the difficulty be of getting a majority of two hundred thirty-five? and, if once obtained, what remedy could be provided in so desperate a case? Whilst they act in the

common methods of government, they would command all *favours;* and, should they ever act in an *arbitrary* manner, necessity and self-defence would make the union amongst them the stronger.

I will now examine what the author of the Old Whig calls the *great point*, and which ought to carry the chief weight with us in this case; which is, "That the alteration now proposed will give such a mighty power to the bulk of the *English* Commons, as can never be counterbalanced by the body of the nobility. Should we suppose two hundred thirty-five Peers possessed, one with another, of 5000*l. per annum*, this would amount to no more than 1,175,000*l. per annum*. And what is such a property, and the power arising out of it, compared with the power arising out of the property of those many millions possessed by the Commons?"

By this state of the case, we are to suppose, on the one hand, a certain, limited, fixed, hereditary body, of two hundred thirty-five Peers, enjoying great privileges above the Commons, and possessed of an annual revenue amounting to 1,175,000*l.*, which they have entirely in their own power; and this estate not so equally divided as 5000*l. per annum* to every individual, but to some the command of 50,000*l.* a year apiece, others not 500*l.* a year. On the other hand, you must suppose a body of above twice the number fluctuating, unfixed, in the power of their prince every moment, at furthest not able to subsist above a few years, and possessed of not near half the estate before-mentioned; is it not too evident which of these two bodies must destroy the other, if once this should come to be really the case? The Lords are principals, and act entirely for themselves: the Commoners are no further principals than as to the estates they possess themselves. As our author has stated this matter, in order to magnify the power of the wealth of the Commons, though he is all along speaking of the aggregate body, yet he would insinuate as if they had as great command over the universal body of the people, as the Lords have over themselves. This is as much as to say, that the four members of the city of London have as absolute command over the estates of all the inhabitants of that great *metropolis*, as any four Lords have over their tenants. Indeed, if the Commons had a power of laying taxes upon the estates of all those they represent, that would be the same thing in this case, provided

they had it abstractedly from the Lords. But this fallacy, which is often insinuated in this pamphlet, has been already detected. The Commons have no more power over their fellow-subjects' estates than the Lords; they cannot lay any tax without their Lordships' concurrence. And all that is peculiar to the Commons in this matter is, that they have hitherto been allowed to choose what tax they judged easiest for the people: but every day's experience shows us, that, if the Lords differ in opinion from the Commons, their power is at an end. The better to illustrate this *great point*, as our author properly calls it; as he has computed the value of the wealth of the body of Peers, I will take the liberty to compute the value of the wealth of the body of the Commons. Supposing them to be worth, one with another, 800*l*. *per annum*, including personal estates, which I am certain is not disparaging this, or any other House of Commons that has sat in a British parliament; the annual income of five hundred fifty-eight Commoners will amount to 446,400*l*.; which is so insignificant a sum, in proportion to the value of the property of the Lords, that I will beg leave to compute his Majesty's whole Civil List with the property of the Commons, both sums together making but one million forty-six thousand four hundred pounds; and there will still remain a balance on their Lordships' side, of one hundred twenty-eight thousand six hundred pounds *per annum*. *Therefore, if it is an uncontested maxim, That power follows property*, p. 295; here is power, here is property; and let the body that possesses both in such a degree be but once made so independent as is proposed, would not the Crown, would not the Commons, be absolutely under the dominion of the Lords, according to this author's own way of reasoning?

I am satisfied the controversy is ended here: but I will suppose my author not to have been mistaken so very grossly, and examine his argument upon an imagination that the property of the House of Commons was ten times superior to that of the Lords, whereas the property of the Lords is near three times as much as theirs; yet, even in this case, the Lords would have the advantage of them; because a united constant body of men, always acting for the same interest and grandeur, and pursuing a continued scheme, must be an over-match for so transitory a body, and made up of persons of such different views and interests, as the House of Com-

mons is. To bring an example on this head. Let us imagine the stock of the Bank of England to be of the value of one million, and the stock or cash of all the bankers, scriveners, goldsmiths, and dealers in money throughout London, to be four times or eight times that sum; is there anybody who does not believe the bank, incorporated and well compacted in all respects for its own private interest, will not have a greater power, greater credit and authority, than all those particular proprietors of a much larger capital, who cannot possibly be ever put into any posture, so as to act with that weight for their interest, as the bank will do for itself in the circumstances above-mentioned? The great power of all such fixed bodies is chiefly owing to this circumstance, that two or three persons always govern the rest; and it is as well the common interest of the society that they should be so governed, as the particular interest of the governors. In this their strength chiefly consists; and for this reason five or six hundred Lords (if anybody can be so wild as to suppose the Crown will ever increase their number to such a degree) will not be so terrible to the Crown or the people, as two hundred thirty-five, or any such fixed number. For to suppose that the majority of two hundred thirty-five Lords, were they so fixed, would not be entirely directed and influenced by three or four amongst them of the greatest wealth, abilities, and resolution, is as absurd and improbable to common reason and constant experience, as anything that can be thought of.

If it be allowed then, as it certainly must be, that the weight of so great power, and of such disproportionable property, may by this means come into a very few hands; what havoc may it not make of the dignity of the Crown, and of the liberty of the people?

Thus I have shown the certain destructive consequences of this project, as stated by the Plebeian, and even as stated by the Old Whig himself. I must confess I do not believe that the authors of this scheme were apprehensive how far it would go; but since it is now so plain, that *he who runs may read*, I hope they themselves will desist from so desperate an undertaking.

I cannot help observing, that his Majesty is treated with great indignity by the author before me, in several passages of his pamphlet. In one place he says, "Whilst the door of

the House of Lords is always open, people of overflowing fortunes may find no great difficulty in procuring an entrance." In another, he insinuates, that "there is another kind of merit besides what arises from virtuous actions, learning, and industry, that has been often rewarded with Peerage." I am satisfied his Majesty has used this prerogative, as he has done every other prerogative of the Crown, with the greatest discernment, and therefore I am willing to trust it still in his hands. The House of Lords is treated by this author still more *en cavalier* than his Majesty. His words are these: "If the English Commonalty should (by this bill) gain only this single advantage, I think it a very considerable one, that it will hinder the nation from being overrun with Lords. We know, that in the sale of an estate it is no small recommendation to the buyer, that there is no Lord within so many miles of it; and the distance of such a borderer is often looked upon as an equivalent to a year's purchase. But who can be secure from such a neighbour, whilst the species is so apt to increase and multiply? I shall not insist upon paying debts, which is looked upon as a moral duty amongst Commoners, who cannot but be sorry to see any additions to an order of men that are sheltered by privileges from the demands of their honest and industrious creditors. To which many considerations of the like nature might be added, were they not obvious to the private reflection of every reader."

I cannot very well account for it, how this author comes to take so great a liberty as he has done here; even so far, as to endeavour to make it believed, that the Lords are sheltered from their just debts; whereas every one knows, a Lord's goods and effects are liable to the pursuit of his creditors, though his person is always protected. This author and I differ on every account, as to what relates to this branch of the legislature. They seem to me to have been for many years, and to be at present, a just and honourable body. This, I think, is owing to the frame of that body, and the situation it is in. I am against altering either, lest they should become tyrannical and odious. The Old Whig represents them to be at present a species of such a nature as I dare not venture to repeat, but must refer to his own words; and yet contends to vest them with much greater powers than they now have.

I have but one remark more to make upon this author, which is indeed in a matter of the last consequence, and which cannot be thoroughly considered till the next paper. The author of the Old Whig has very truly stated the power of the Crown, as it relates to the legislature, in these words:

"The Crown, as a branch of the legislature, cannot desire a greater prerogative, than that of a negative in the passing of a law: and as it ought not to influence either House in their debates, what can a good king desire more, than the power of approving or rejecting any such bill as cannot pass into a law without the royal assent?"

As I readily admit of all that is here advanced, That the regal part of the legislature is to wait for the advice of its great council, both Houses of parliament, and to give its negative to what it does not approve; that doing otherwise would be influencing the debates of one or both Houses, and turning the Constitution quite upside down: as I sincerely allow, a good king cannot desire any more than the approving or rejecting any bill offered him; and as I believe, from the bottom of my heart, that we never had so good a king as we have now: what credit can I give to what this author asserts, that *his Majesty has already signified his consent on this point*, of so great consequence to himself, and to the very being of his faithful Commons, before he has so much as once heard their opinion? Our author calls this an *act of unparalleled goodness*. But what I have to say upon this subject, I shall reserve to another opportunity, if what this author seems to be assured of should prove true.

*** On the 28th of March was advertised, "The Patrician, No. II. Considerations on the Peerage, in answer to the Plebeian, continued.

> 'But the wild vulgar, ever discontent,
> Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
> Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
> And sure the monarch, whom they have, to hate,
> Madly they make new Lords.' POPE'S THEB."

In an advertisement of the same date, announcing the Third Number of the Plebeian, is this caution: "N. B. Whereas it is suspected by a great many people, that the Patrician, said to be writ against the Plebeian, is really writ by one of the same side, which is an old trick amongst writers; the public is hereby assured, that the author of the Plebeian has not any hand in that paper."

†‡† "To-morrow, being the day appointed for the call of the honourable House of Commons, will be published, by J. Roberts, 'A discourse

upon Honour and Peerage. Occasioned by the present Reports of a Bill now depending relating to the State of the House of Peers. By an Elector, Peer of Scotland.

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
taminatis fulgit honoribus. Hor. iii. Od. ii. 17.'
St. James's Port, April 1, 1719."

THE PLEBEIAN.

BY A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

No. 3. MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1719.

FURTHER CONSIDERATIONS UPON THE REPORTS RELATING TO THE PEERAGE.

The Plebeian expected before now to have heard again from the Old Whig, especially as to his making good the last particular taken notice of in the paper, Number 2, which relates to the part he was pleased to affirm his Majesty had already taken in this affair; and for which there does not seem to be any foundation. However, as *age is apt to be slow*, the Plebeian is willing to wait some time longer to be satisfied in that point. In the mean while, to show with how much candour he proceeds in this dispute, he will not decline publishing in this paper a speech made in a kind of a private-public[1] company, for the bill; in which all the arguments on that side the question are urged with that great strength of reason, and with all that advantage of oratory, for which the honourable person who made it is so deservedly admired.

The form in which it was sent to the Plebeian is as follows:

A Speech in the Long Room at the Comptroller's.[2]

"Optat *Ephippia* bos."[3] Hor. i. Ep. xiv. 43.

"Mr. Bladen,

Though the worthy gentleman that spoke last has represented the bill that occasions this meeting as destructive

[1] In a committee of the House of Commons.

[2] Martin Bladen, Esq., Chairman of the Committee on the Peerage Bill, was Comptroller of the Mint.

[3] "The ox would trappings wear." Duncombe.

of all that ought to be dear to every one that values his country, yet I am not ashamed to appear for it *with all the little zeal I am master of.* According to the *way that I have the honour of thinking of this matter*, this seems to me to be the best bill that ever was offered us, and therefore *I shall be for it to the last drop of my breath.* I wish any gentleman would lay his hand upon his heart, and answer me whether the making twelve Lords at once in a late reign, was not the wickedest thing that ever was heard of. And such a thing I am certain may be attempted again, if we do not show them a *new game*, and give them *one and thirty* of our own friends, to prevent any such practice for the future. The worthy gentleman was pleased to say, that the noble Lord who was the author of that advice might in some measure be excused, if that matter is compared with what is now proposed.

"That Lord says, he plainly showed that he thought what he did was a justifiable action, because he left the door open for himself to be called to account for it, in the same manner as all other ministers had done before him; and did not endeavour to put himself out of all reach, by fixing those persons to be his judges, who concurred with him in what he did. Sir, I must tell that worthy gentleman, that though it has often happened that wicked men have been infatuated, and slipped their opportunity; yet that should not prevent honest gentlemen from providing for their own safety upon the like occasion. In all these cases, that worthy person added, that we ought to consider *quo animo* a man acts. I have already given my judgment in another place as to those words, and I shall give the same opinion here again. The gentleman, he thinks that this is a very bad bill; that is his *quo animo.* I think it a very good one; that is my *quo animo.* As to what he said about the Scotch Lords, that this would be invading their property, and taking away their birthright, out of a pretence of curing a public inconvenience; and that in the same way of arguing, any parliament may as well take away the funds; nothing being more inconvenient to the public, than paying such great and endless taxes: I hope the gentleman will allow there is a great deal of difference between what is done by friends, and what is done by enemies. If we do take away their property, I hope there is nobody here that imagines that we do it out of ill-

will; and the world must allow, that what is done is rather out of kindness to ourselves, than out of malice to them. Besides, I have been informed, by a very *honourable gentleman, that three of them are boys at school;* and I hope nobody can imagine at this time of day, that any of those gentlemen, for whom I own I have the greatest esteem, would be so barbarous *as to hurt young boys, out of an aversion to their persons.* As for those of *riper years*, there are several of them *Jacobites*, as the same *honourable person* has assured me; and I hope no such sort of people will meet with any encouragement here. Gentlemen are pleased to dwell much upon the Scotch nobility in this case, as if their representatives intended to take their property from them: whereas it is very plain, they intend to make a Pr—— of them; and is not that the same thing to the whole nation, so long as it is all amongst their *own countrymen?* And therefore I cannot imagine how anybody can be so absurd, as to look upon this as a branch of the Union: and I hope we shall hear no more of that matter.

"There has been one thing often insinuated in this debate, as if some gentlemen were influenced to come in to this proposal *by assurance of Peerages*, as if *they had warrants in their pockets*, and I do not know what. For my part, sir, I act according to the best of my *understanding*, and none of those mean considerations can have any weight with me. As for all their titles and honours, *I cast them all behind my back, like chaff before the wind.* For all which reasons, I shall be heartily for the bill."

*** "The Patrician, No. III., was published April 4, 1729.

> 'We are best of all led to
> Men's principles by what they do.' HUD."

On the same day appeared, "The Moderator, No. I. To be continued occasionally. The Arguments for and against such a Bill as is talked of, for regulating the Peerage, fairly stated, with some Reflections upon the whole. By a Member of Parliament, *Medio tutissimus.* Printed for J. Roberts. Price 6*d.*" This seems to have been the only Number.

"The complicated Question divided upon the Bill now depending in Parliament, relating to Peerage, written by Mr. Asgill. Sold by J. Darby and J. Roberts. Price 6*d.*"

"Remarks on a Pamphlet, intituled, The Thoughts of a Member of the Lower House. Printed for J. Roberts. Price 6*d.*"

On the 11th of April, 1719, the fourth Number of the Patrician was published, with this note from the Cato of Mr. Addison.

" —While the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate—
With love of freedom—
I 'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's British in them."

THE OLD WHIG.

No. 2. THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1719.

WITH REMARKS UPON THE PLEBEIAN.

—Eja !
Quid statis? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.
Quid causæ, est meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet ; neque se fore posthàc
Tam facilem dicat? HOR. I. Sat. i. 18.

Why stand you thus? whence springs this strange delay?
None will be blessed, yet every mortal may,
Since Heaven, incensed, no more will condescend
To their next suit a gracious ear to lend. SHARD.

THE author of the Plebeian, to show himself a perfect master in the vocation of pamphlet-writing, begins like a son of Grub Street, with declaring the great esteem he has for himself, and the contempt he entertains for the scribblers of the age. One would think, by his way of presenting it, that the unexpected appearance of his pamphlet was as great a surprise upon the world as that of the late meteor, or indeed something more terrible, if you will believe the author's magnificent description of his own performance. The Plebeian, says he, starting forth unexpectedly, they were forced, like people in a surprise, or on an invasion, to march immediately any troops they had. If Cardinal Alberoni's attempt, which furnishes the allusion, succeeds no better than that of his friend the pamphleteer, he will not have much to boast of.

Our author, in his triumphant progress, first animadverts on a writer, whom he says he never read, which being my

own case, I shall leave that writer to defend himself. The second he mentions, considering the strength of his arguments, and the closeness of his reasoning, deserved a little more regard from the Plebeian, who, it seems, with much ado went through the performance. This would certainly have been true, had he gone through it with a design to answer it.

Having routed Baronius, and confounded Bellarmine, pass we on to the next, said the country curate to his admiring audience. Our author pursues his conquests with the same satisfaction and intrepidity. In the first place, he is angry with a writer for assuming the name of the Old Whig, who may more justly recriminate upon this author for taking that of the Plebeian, a title which he is by no means fond of retaining, if we may give credit to many shrewd guessers. But he tells the Old Whig, that he expected from that title no less than the utmost wrath and indignation against the House of Lords. How does this agree with the censure he passes upon him afterwards, for treating that species in such a manner as he dares not venture to repeat? I must however remind this author of the milk with which he nurses our nobles, not to omit his stagnated pool; passages of such a nature, that, in imitation of the author, I shall despatch them with an Horresco referens!

The author, in the next paragraph, gives us a definition of the point in debate, viz. that it is a jumble and a hodge-podge; a most clear, comprehensive, and elegant account of the matter!

The author then continues his animosities against the Ephori of Lacedæmon; but this passage I shall waive for two reasons: First, because it is nothing to the purpose; Secondly, because I am informed there are two or three keen disputants, who will return a proper answer to it, when they have discovered the author.

The Plebeian proceeds to detect the imaginary mistake in the Old Whig, for having asserted that there has been as great an alteration in one branch of the legislature, as is now proposed to be made in another. A fact immediately puts an end to a dispute, and, in the case before us, stands thus:

King Henry VIII. added to the House of Commons,	38 members.
King Edward VI.,	44
Queen Mary,	25
Queen Elizabeth,	62
King James I.	27

The question now is, whether the restraining the number of the House of Commons to what it is at present, was not as great an alteration in that branch of the legislature, as the restriction now proposed would be to the other branch of the legislature, should it take place in it. To which I shall add the following question: Whether the inconveniences, arising from that continual increase in the House of Commons, did not make the restraint upon it prudent and necessary; and, Whether, if the like inconveniences arise from this perpetually increasing House of Lords, it is not as necessary and as prudent to put a stop to it? As for the little towns of Watchet and Dunster, our author can draw nothing from them to the advantage of his cause, if he can bestow labour and time enough, of which he finds it necessary to be very sparing in this argument, to peruse the printed list of counties and boroughs, to whom the privilege of sending representatives to parliament was granted or restored by the several princes above-mentioned; and to answer the short query proposed to him at the end of it, with relation to Queen Elizabeth:

After having proposed these questions in plain terms, I come, in the next place, to one of the Plebeian's, which is carried on in metaphor, till it ends in something that is past my understanding. But these retrenchments being now made, the question, says he, at present is, whether the Commons ought to go on stripping the Crown of every jewel, till it becomes less resplendent than the Doge of Venice's coronet, or less comfortable than the Sword-bearer's cap of Maintenance? I shall only confront this metaphorical query with one that is adapted to men of ordinary capacities. "These retrenchments being made, whether the Commons ought to accept the offer of the Crown, to part with a prerogative that is still exorbitant and dangerous to the community?"

But our author's chief concern is for the poor House of

Commons, whom he represents as naked and defenceless, when the Crown, by losing this prerogative, would be less able to protect them against the power of a House of Lords. Who forbears laughing, when the Spanish friar represents LITTLE DICKEY, under the person of Gomez, insulting the colonel that was able to fright him out of his wits with a single frown? This Gomez, says he, flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado on bastinado, and buffet upon buffet, which the poor meek colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian patience. The improbability of the fact never fails to raise mirth in the audience; and one may venture to answer for a British House of Commons, if we may guess from its conduct hitherto, that it will scarce be either so tame or so weak, as our author supposes.

The Plebeian, to turn off the force of the remark upon another paragraph, has recourse to a shift that is of great use to controversial writers, by affirming that his antagonist mistakes his meaning. Let the impartial reader judge whether an answer, that proves this alteration would not be detrimental to the House of Peers, is not suited to an objection which says in so many words, that it would be detrimental to the House itself. But, says the Plebeian in this his reply to the Old Whig, it will not be detrimental to them in point of power, but it will be detrimental on account of those talents which ought to accompany power, the want of which the Commons will feel in their judicature. Which is, in other words, "I do not mean when I say that it will be detrimental to the House of Peers itself, that it will be detrimental to the Peers, but that it will be detrimental to the Commons." I appeal to any man, whether the Old Whig ignorantly mistook the natural sense of those words, or whether the Plebeian ignorantly expressed that which he now says was his meaning in those words. The Plebeian having in his former paper represented, that this old standing body of Peers, without receiving numerous additions from time to time, would become corrupt and offensive like a stagnated pool, tells us here in excuse for them, that they will be offensive to others, but not perceive it themselves. If I could suppose, with the author, that they would ever be in this lamentable pickle, I should be of his opinion, that they

ought to be sweetened by such wholesome, pure, and fresh streams as are continually passing into them.

The Plebeian next objects to the Old Whig's calculation of the probable extinction of two titles, taking one year with another. By the calculation generally received, says this author, I suppose he means the list published by way of prelude to this project. Whereas, the Old Whig could not take that list for his calculation, but formed his calculation from that list, and from the nature of the alteration which is proposed. This objection will immediately vanish upon discovering the fallacy of the Plebeian's argument. He supposes no greater number of extinctions would happen among the English Lords, were their numbers settled at 184, than happened in that body when they were only 59, 104, 142, 153, 162, or 168. At this rate of calculating, the Plebeian will be sure of gaining his point, and affirms very truly that the extinctions by a just medium amount to no more than a Peer and a half for every year. But I appeal to honest Mr. Wingate,[1] who was never looked upon as a party-writer, whether my calculation will not appear very just, if examined by his golden rule, and other curious operations of arithmetic, which are to be met with in his works; especially when the bill, as it evidently tends to multiply extinctions, by preventing the Peerage from running into collateral lines, or descending to females, will more than answer my computation, if I should have the misfortune to disagree with the Plebeian about some very minute fraction of a Lord, that might happen in the space of 116 years. As for those contingent vacancies which may be made by the edge of the law, our author regards the uncertainty of them as a very uncomfortable prospect to the candidates for Patrician honours, since they may have time enough to try all their patience, if they live in hopes of such an expedient for their promotion. The ascertaining of this point is indeed what I am not equal to, and must therefore leave it to the masters of political calculation. But our author is afraid, that if such lucky opportunities of extinction should happen, Lords may still sit with their heads on, unless a seasonable increase may be made to them in such critical junctures. This, I must confess, is to me one very great reason for the

[1] The well-known arithmetician.

alteration proposed; being fully of opinion with the Old Whig, as expressed in the following words, "Is this inconvenience better prevented in a House of Peers on the bottom it now stands? Can any who has been a good minister be secure, if the Crown should add a sufficient number of his enemies to those who sit in judgment upon him? Or is a bad minister in any danger, when he may be sheltered by the addition of a sufficient number of his friends?" The Plebeian's answer to this passage is highly satisfactory: In either of these cases, says he, the utmost iniquity must be supposed in the Crown, which I must confess I cannot bring myself to do, and therefore my argument remains entire. I very much approve of the author's dutiful and submissive behaviour to the Crown, which puts one in mind of the worthy alderman, who, upon hearing a member of the common council call the emperor Nero a monster of cruelty, told him, he ought not to speak disrespectfully of a crowned head. But if the author will only go such lengths with me, as to allow there ever has been a bad sovereign, or, not to shock him with such a supposition, that there ever has been a wicked ministry, and that it is not utterly impossible but there may be such in times to come, my argument stands entire. God be thanked, we are now blessed with a good king, and with the prospect of such for our days, but cannot answer for those who are yet unborn, since they will still be men, and therefore liable to imperfection.

The Plebeian was hard-set by the answer of the Old Whig to his arguments, That the limitation of the number of the Lords would run the Constitution into an aristocracy, and has therefore very prudently shuffled the consideration of that point under another head, where he forgets the Old Whig's reply to what was urged against his opinion in that case, so that he has visibly given up the point which was most material in his first Plebeian. The Old Whig's remark therefore still stands out against him unanswered, and plainly turns his own ill consequence upon him, by showing there is a visible tendency to an aristocracy as the Constitution now stands, which would be taken away by the alteration proposed. But it is ungenerous to insult a baffled adversary; I shall therefore proceed to the next particular in dispute.

The Old Whig affirms, that the power of giving money

and raising taxes is confined to the body of the Commons, and that all the privileges together of the Lords are not equal to that one of commanding the purse of the community. The Plebeian allows the consequence, but cavils at the position, which is a received maxim among the Commons of England, the doctrine of the House of Commons in particular, and established by the practice of every parliament in the memory of man. Let us now see what the Plebeian affirms in contradiction to it, and by the way observe whether he personates his part well, and speaks the language of one who writes himself a member of the House of Commons. The author asserts, That whether a money-bill may not originally take its rise in the House of Lords, is a point never yet clearly given up by their Lordships, if he is not very much misinformed. This point, if I am not very much misinformed, was never claimed by the House of Lords, and has not a single precedent in the practice of that body in the legislature. He afterwards asserts that the Commons have no more power over their fellow-subjects' estates than the Lords. Is not the power of granting a supply, fixing the quantum of that supply, appropriating every part of it to particular uses, and settling the ways and means for raising it; is not this power over their fellow-subjects' estates much greater than that of the Lords, who can neither add to, diminish, nor alter any one of these particulars? And if the power of the Commons extends itself to all these points, how can the author further affirm, that all which is peculiar to the Commons in this matter is, that they have hitherto been allowed to choose what tax they judged easiest for the people! But what shadow of reason is there for him to proceed in asserting, that every day's experience shows us, that if the Lords differ in opinion from the Commons, their power is at an end; since, on the contrary, experience shows us, that whenever the Lords have pretended to such a power, they have always been over-ruled by the Commons! Our author tells us, the concurrence of the Lords is as necessary to a money-bill as to any other bill. That is not denied; but he must allow that the Lords' concurrence to a money-bill is not of the same nature with their concurrence to any other bill, which they may undoubtedly change, amend, and return, upon the hands of the House of Commons, for their concurrence in such amendments as the

Lords shall think proper. Besides, to show the Plebeian how much the purse of the community is at the command of the Commons, let him consider the case of a vote of credit, which is transacted wholly between the sovereign and the Lower House. To this we may add, that the sovereign himself, in his speeches to parliament, applies that part which relates to money to the House of Commons, distinct from that of the Lords; by which method it is plain the Crown supposes those privileges are vested in the House of Commons, to which every member of that House has always pretended, except the present author.

The Plebeian in the next paragraph makes use of a very sure and wise method of confounding his antagonist, by putting his own sense upon a passage in that author's pamphlet. The Old Whig represents how dangerous it would be to our Constitution, if the Crown, which is already possessed of a certain means to over-rule one branch of the legislature, should ever be able to influence the elections of a House of Commons, so as to gain one to its measures; in which case, if liberty was endangered in the Lower House, it could not make a stand in the other. The Plebeian perverts this meaning after the following manner: This author, says he, assures us, that the Crown has power enough to gain a House of Commons of what complexion it pleases; and, after puzzling himself in his own voluntary blunder, is displeased with the Old Whig for not proposing to cure an inconvenience which he never affirmed to be in the House of Commons, as well as that which he proves to be in the House of Lords; so that he would have had him quit the subject which he had undertaken, to speak of one which he had nothing to do with. But, supposing the Plebeian had rightly stated the sense of the author, the inconvenience in the House of Lords is that which is woven into its very Constitution, and therefore at all times exposes us to its ill consequences; whereas what the Plebeian suggests with regard to the House of Commons is only extrinsic, and accidental to that body, if it ever happens in it.

It is not probable that this dispute between the Plebeian and the Old Whig will last many weeks; but, if there was time to discuss the whole point, I think it may be shown to a demonstration, that the check of the Crown upon the House of Commons, which is the power of dissolution, is,

by infinite degrees a weaker check than that it has in the present Constitution upon the House of Lords, which is the power of adding to it what number, at what time, and for what purpose it pleases: nay, that the power of dissolution is also in its nature a check upon the House of Lords, as it dissolves them in a legislative capacity, and may break the most dangerous cabals against the Crown, which are such as may be formed between the leaders of the two Houses. These two points, if drawn out into such considerations as naturally rise from them, would fully establish the necessity of three branches in a perfect legislature, and demonstrate that they should be so far separate and distinct from each other, as is essential to legislative bodies: or, as the Old Whig has before explained it, "If one part of the legislature may any ways be invested with a power to force either of the other two to concur with it, the legislative power is in reality, whatever it may pretend to, divided into no more than two branches."

I have hitherto followed the Plebeian in his own method, by examining, first, his replies to the objections made by the Old Whig; and come now to his second general head, wherein he formally proposes to consider the argument as the Old Whig states it himself. And here I was not a little surprised to find, that, instead of answering the several distinct arguments urged by that author in defence of the bill as drawn from the nature of government in general, from the British Constitution, from its effects on the Crown, on the House of Commons, on the whole body of the English commonalty, and from the ill consequences it would remedy in the present Constitution; the Plebeian contents himself with attacking but one single argument of his antagonist. Till the Plebeian shall have answered those other points, I shall take it for granted that he gives them up. Not to multiply words, I believe every reader will allow me that an author is not to be much regarded, who writes professedly in answer to a discourse which proceeds on many arguments, when he singles out that argument only which he thinks is the weakest; especially when he fails in his answer even to that single argument. A famous French author compares the imaginary triumphs of such a kind of disputant, whom he was then dealing with, to those of Claudius, which, instead of being represented by the strong towns he had taken,

and the armies he had defeated, were testified to the people of Rome, by a present of cockle-shells that he had gathered up on the sea-shore.

But to come to the matter before us. The Old Whig, after having considered it in several views, examines it with regard to the whole bulk of the British Commons. Under this head he has the following words: "But the great point, and which ought to carry the chief weight with us in this case, is, that the alterations now proposed will give such a mighty power to the bulk of the English Commons, as can be never counterbalanced by the body of the nobility." Now, what the Old Whig here calls the great point with regard to the commonalty of England, the Plebeian insinuates he calls the great point with regard to the whole controversy, and descants upon it accordingly. Whereas it is evident the author insists upon many points as great as this in other views of the question. The Old Whig affirms, that the commonalty has infinitely more wealth than the nobility, which was the proper consideration of this place. The Plebeian returns for answer, that the commonalty is indeed much richer than the nobility, but that the House of Commons is not so rich; which was not the proper consideration of this place. It is impossible for a disputant to lose the cause, who is a master of such distinctions. I remember I was once present at an university disputation, which was managed on the one side by a notable Peripatetic. The question which he defended in the negative was, Whether comets are above the moon? The sophister, being pressed very hard by the force of demonstration, very gravely extricated himself out of it by the following distinction. Comets, said he, are two-fold, supra-lunar and sub-lunar. That supra-lunar comets are above the moon I do allow; but that sub-lunar comets are above the moon I utterly deny. And it is of this latter kind of comets that the question is to be understood.

The fallacy of the Plebeian's answer being thus far discovered, all that he further adds in his own way of arguing will be easily confuted by unravelling the matter which he has very artificially perplexed. The Old Whig supposes that every Lord in the legislature, taken one with another, may be worth 5000*l.* a year, in which, for argument's sake, every one knows his concession has been vastly too liberal. The

Plebeian values every member of the House of Commons at 800*l.* per annum one with another, in which it is plain he has been exceeding scanty. Nay, many are of opinion, that upon casting up the whole sum of property that now resides in the House of Lords, it would not exceed that which is in the House of Commons. If this particular approaches to the truth, all arguments of a superior power arising from its greater property fall to the ground of themselves, as being raised on a false foundation. To which I must further add, that if this increasing power still continues in the Crown, the property of the House of Peers will indisputably surmount that of the House of Commons; and that, on the contrary, if the bill passes, it visibly tends to prevent the impoverishment of the House of Commons in point of property, and to fill it with men of such estates as in a few years will be more than a counter-balance to the House of Lords, even under this view.

But further, to show the weakness of the Plebeian's reasonings upon this head, I will allow that the House of Lords enjoy at present, and may still continue to enjoy, a greater share of property than the House of Commons. But notwithstanding this concession, to which the nature of the thing does not oblige me, it is still evident that the immense property which subsists in the bulk of the English Commons will render their representatives more powerful than the body of the Lords. This will plainly appear from considering the very nature of representatives; from those junctures which can possibly give them an occasion of exerting their power; and from matter of fact.

It is implied in the very nature of representatives, that they are backed with the power of those whom they represent; as the demands of a plenipotentiary, let his personal wealth or power be as little as you please, have the same weight with them as if they were made by the person of his principal. I will beg leave to borrow from the Plebeian an example of the bank of England, which, as he makes use of it, has no manner of analogy with the subject of the dispute. Is not the whole flock of that numerous community under the guidance of a few directors? And will any one say, that these directors have no other influence on the public, than what arises to them from the share which they personally enjoy in that stock? The author urges that the Peers are

principals, which in reality is the reason why their power is not to be apprehended in opposition to that of the Commons: whereas, were they only representatives of a body immensely rich and numerous, they would, beside their own personal property, have such a support as would make them truly formidable. The whole Commons of England are the principals on one side, as the Lords are the principals on the other; and which of these principals are armed with most power and property?

To consider, in the next place, those junctures that can possibly give them an occasion of exerting their power. It is on both sides supposed to be in such cases as will affect the rights of the English commonalty, in which case every commoner of England is as much concerned as any of their representatives. Thus, if four London citizens, to make the case exactly parallel, were deputed to maintain the rights of their principals, as citizens, who can imagine that they would not be supported by the whole power and property of the city, and not be too hard for any two or three great men, who had ten times their personal estates? Now as the Plebeian's supposition reduces things to the last extremity, it can only take place in a rupture, which is never likely to happen. And in that case, as these two great bodies must act separately, there is no room for considering how far the concurrence of the House of Lords is necessary in a money-bill, which entirely takes away the author's reasoning in page 321.

But matters of fact are the best arguments. We both agree that power arises out of property; and the author himself has given an instance of the power of the House of Commons, in having been able to effect the ruin of the Monarchy and Peerage. Whence had the Commons this power, but from being supported by their principals?

The Plebeian thinks he strengthens his point, by adding that the Lords are a fixed body. To this I might reply, that the principals of the House of Commons are as fixed a body as the Lords; and therefore, however their representatives may vary, they will continue intent, from age to age, to assert and vindicate their peculiar rights and privileges, unless we can believe that any body of men will act against those two strong motives of self-interest and self-preservation. I might further venture to say, that men of the greatest

wealth and weight in the House of Commons are almost as sure of a seat there, as if it came to them by inheritance. But supposing the House of Lords never so much fixed, and so manageable by two or three great men, (for which very reason, additions are very often made to them, which the alteration would prevent,) we have seen that their united power, if their number is limited, can never be a match for that of the House of Commons, supposing still such a rupture as the Plebeian all along imagines, in which each body is to act separately for itself.

The author, in the remaining part of his pamphlet, appears like every writer that is driven out of all his holds. He endeavours to set the Crown, and the whole body of Peers, upon his adversary; accuses him in effect of *Scandalum Magnatum;* nay, and gives very broad intimations that he ought to be indicted for high-treason.

I should not have given myself, or the public, all this trouble, had I not been so peremptorily called to it by the last Plebeian. I do assure him, my silence hitherto was not the effect of old age, as it has made me slow, but to tell him the truth, as it has made me a little testy, and consequently impatient of contradiction, when I find myself in the right. I must own, however, that the writer of the Plebeian has made the most of a weak cause, and do believe that a good one would shine in his hands; for which reason, I shall advise him, as a friend, if he goes on in his new vocation, to take care that he be as happy in the choice of his subject, as he is in the talents of a pamphleteer.

*** The author of a pamphlet, intituled, "Six Questions, stated and answered, upon which the whole force of the arguments for and against the Peerage Bill depends, printed for J. Roberts, 1719, 8vo," sets out thus: "It is my opinion that much darkness and perplexity have been introduced into the question now in agitation, by words and things, very foreign to a matter which touches only the peculiar constitution of government, in which we of this nation are concerned. If we strip the debate of such words as Patrician and Plebeian, which do not at all answer to Lords and Commons joined with a King in all acts of legislation: if we leave off talking of the nature of aristocracies and democracies, which only amuse and distract the mind of the inquirer: if we take out of the question all allusions to the Ephori of the *Lacedæmonians*, as distant in their condition from the state of our Peers as in the situation of their country; all stories of the nobles of *Denmark*, or of the power of our barons in times of old, which has no relation to the power of the Peers of *Great Britain*, in the condition in which this bill leaves them, surrounded

with a world of rich and free commoners: I say, if these and the like words and things be quite removed, and the consideration of men confined to a few points which ought, and which must, determine the equity or iniquity the wisdom or weakness, of the scheme now before the parliament, we might hope that gentlemen might, on both sides, be more clear, and less perplexed in their sentiments, than they yet seem to be."

THE PLEBEIAN.

No. 4. MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1719.

CONSIDERATIONS UPON THE REPORTS ABOUT THE PEERAGE, CONTINUED; IN PARTICULAR, WITH RELATION TO THE SCOTS NOBILITY. WITH REMARKS ON THE PATRICIAN, NO. II. AND THE OLD WHIG, NO. II BY A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

—Quorum melior sententia menti.
—Pelago Danaum insidias, suspectaque dona
Præcipitare jubent. VIRG. ÆN. ii. 35.

—The rest, of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames designed,
Or to the watery deep. DRYDEN.

THE Plebeian has been obliged to object to the Old Whig, one of the *infirmities* of *age*, viz. *slowness*; and he must now take notice of another, though he does it with great reluctance, that is, *want of memory*; for the *old gentleman* seems to have forgot, that at his first appearance he promised the public a particular Treatise on the subject of the *Peerage*, as it relates to *Scotland*, p. 304.

There is at present very little probability that he will be so good as his word, and therefore I shall not delay any longer publishing something that is come to my hands on that head, which in my opinion may be of use in this controversy. Indeed, I am informed, that it has already been produced in a weekly pamphlet, which very few people, I fear, ever read, called *The Honest Gentleman*; and therefore I hope at least to be excused in making it more public, and in using this worthy person as an ally in this quarrel, since I have so strong a confederacy against me. What I am speaking of, is a *Letter from a Nobleman of* Scotland *to a Gen-*

tleman of England. When I mention a Scottish nobleman, I would not have it understood to be one of the *elect*, but one of the *outcasts;* and as the case of those unfortunate persons will be, if possible, more abject and deplorable than that of the Commons of England, it is not strange that the Plebeian should endeavour to do them what service he can.

THE LETTER IS AS FOLLOWS.

"SIR,

If the pleasure of doing good be indeed its own reward, you will easily excuse the trouble of this letter. Nothing is so talkative as misfortune: but they surely may be allowed to speak for themselves, who, as they find to their great surprise, have none to speak for them.

"I was born a Peer of Scotland, formerly a character of some importance, but at present (I am afraid) degenerating into so little significancy, that perhaps this is the last time there will be any reputation to me in owning it.

"Every one that is acquainted with our history sees very well how much we gained, and what we lost, by the Union. We lost our senate and our senators; we lost the service of many of our great men, and they seem to have lost —— I know not what. But yet it might be remembered by your free and generous nation, that when we resigned ourselves to that Union, we intended at least to have retained the rights of men and subjects, without the least suspicion of any encroachments upon us, which you have ever so bravely rejected from yourselves. And even at this Union, there were some articles agreed to, which seem to make for our country, and which it would be very proper for the party in the present design to consult; and if after that they can deliberately give us up, they merit all the reproaches that the injuries of a betrayed, ruined people can extort from them. We justly call ourselves a ruined people: for if at present we are anything short of it, what may we not expect from those, if any such there are, who shall dare to assume a power which we never gave them; and that not to be used for our advantage, but to the injury of the nation they represent, and the Peerage of which they are part? It is certain, a principle that can at any time prevail above the love of one's country, may engage them at some time or other in any designs, to the very extinction of it.

"Next to the pleasure that flows from the conscious innocence of an honest heart and a good meaning, the art of disguising and palliating a bad one gives the greatest, though the falsest satisfaction Thus I have heard it has been alleged by some who have been too advantageously engaged on one side of the question, that there is a very ingenious distinction to be made between absolutely violating such and such articles, and a commodious deviation from them, for certain reasons; though a plain man would not immediately find out the real difference.

"I have read in very old books, that justice was once the end of power, and that the great were such as were meritorious and useful. But if this bill should pass, it would seem that those errors are to be exploded by this bill; and yet many of the most ancient families among us believe, that they and their descendants are thereby to be made unhappy and uneasy to themselves, and useless to their country. They think the title of a Lord is the most insignificant part of his character; but when it is worn to adorn the merit and services of a truly great man, it exposes virtue in the most amiable light to universal emulation.—How irksome will it be to many a great spirit to be thought a mere Lord, to reflect on the worth of his great ancestors, and to inherit only their title; to have every talent of being useful, but the power; to hear his fathers called good, and great, and wise, and himself his Lordship!—May we not expect that if great men should find themselves thus managed out of their birthrights, they will not easily resign themselves to a life of indolence and supineness, but still hope that some occasion or other may court them to action elsewhere? God forbid it should be against that country which shall have so injuriously rendered them supernumerary to its happiness, and which would then, perhaps too late, find them fatal to it.

"In such case they will, no doubt, pretend in their justification, that by having been thus divested of their birthright, in representing themselves, or the right at least of electing their representatives, that they apprehended they were implicitly disclaimed by the government, and reduced to the condition of outlaws, and thereby discharged from the obligations and laws of society.

"But as the injuries, which we fear may be done us by this bill, do not so nearly affect you, I might give several rea-

sons, why as Englishmen you should reject it; and show you, that at the same time that it will be the greatest discouragement to the merit of the commonalty, it may end in equal dishonour to the Peerage.

"As to the commonalty, it is apparent that almost every great genius has for a long time been produced among them, and all the posts of service have been filled by such who were born commoners, while the offices of mere favour and show have been supplied from elsewhere. The reason of this is evident. A commoner finds a great deal of merit necessary to his character, as an *equivalent* for the want of quality; while the young Lord, infinitely satisfied with the adulations of his creatures and dependants, with ease believes what is their interest to tell him, and so aims no higher. But, should this bill pass, a commoner will have as little incitement to great actions as a Peer, and be as far below the possibility of rising as a Lord is often above it.

"As to the Peerage, if we look into their assembly, and compare the many that sit there by right of descent, with the characters of those who were first created to those honours, and consider the modern education by which they are usually formed to their future greatness, how much looseness, flattery, and false politeness they affect from their first entrance into life; we shall be able to form some notion of what sort of geniuses that assembly will be composed twenty years hence, in case this bill should pass, which is ever to be our supreme court of judicature, but will be incapable of receiving into it even the most conspicuous merit of the age: I fancy it will very little resemble the body of ancient barons of this kingdom, whose actions supply such an illustrious part of our history. On the contrary, we may expect, that as they have before been voted *useless*, they will be in danger of being really so; and if that is ever the case, though now and then a family should be extinct, and thereby an obstacle to virtuous actions be removed, it will be in vain to endeavour to retrieve their honour, by thinking to supply the extinction with a man of worth and merit, who will not be over-fond of making one in so indifferent an assembly. So that this project, which pretends to do so much for the honour of the House, may prove as injurious to it, as to every one that is excluded from it.

"A commoner should not too carelessly reply to this ob-

jection, That the more insignificant that House appears, the greater weight is in the representatives of the people; for the Commons are the guardians of the Constitution in general, as well as the private rights of their electors in particular: besides, it does not seem upon just reflection so expedient, that that court, which is the *dernier resort* of justice, should ever be filled with such judges as they might despair or disdain to apply to for relief.

But, in fine, if public justice is as obligatory as private; if what is so injurious to our country may be as fatal to yours; if such a bill would be the greatest provocation to disaffection and uneasiness to a powerful body among us, and the greatest discouragement to merit both to you and us; if it would prove prejudicial to the reputation of the Peerage, though not to their power, which is worst of all, for at the same time it would lay the foundation of a most wretched aristocracy; if the notions of faith and honour are not obliterated; if the most solemn engagements are any more than words; if we ought not to violate the rights of nations for mere private convenience; this bill will be rejected with the detestation with which all true Britons will treat every encroachment on the rights of mankind, or their fellow-subjects. I am, Sir, &c."

I cannot but think that what this noble Briton has here said on the proposal for turning sixteen Scottish elective Peers into twenty-five hereditary ones, to the exclusion of all the rest of their principals, must make great impression upon every one that thoroughly considers it. I have not yet troubled the public, throughout the whole course of this affair, with my thoughts on this point. For my part, I am so far from being of opinion that this *precarious situation* of the Scotch Peers is an *evil* in the body of the House of Lords that wants to be remedied, that it seems to me to be a very *fortunate circumstance, and the best remedy that can be provided for the ill that both the Lords and Commons complain of.* Indeed, if the Lords can be satisfied with nothing less than being made *absolutely independent*, which, as it has been plainly shown, is entirely destroying the Constitution; I must confess this will not answer their purpose: but if it be reasonable they should be under some influence of the Crown, as the other branch of the legislature is, and, how-

ever, may be desirous that their dignity be not debased, nor their weight diminished, by the frequent additions of Peers, which the necessities of affairs may require to be made to their body; is it not in this case a *desirable circumstance*, that the Crown can change once in three or four, or a few years more at farthest, so many of their members as may answer the intentions of the government, and not add to their number? And in like manner, if the Commons are apprehensive that the frequent draughts out of their body, to make an over-balance in the House of Peers, are detrimental to their power, in point of property, by taking so many considerable estates from them; are they to be instrumental in changing that precarious situation of so many members of the Upper House, as leaves it in the power of the Crown to make such alterations in that House, from time to time, as the Crown may think expedient without taking one member from the Commons?

Besides, there is a reason of another nature why the Commons, in my judgment, ought to rest very well satisfied that the Crown has this power over so many members of the other House; because it is just the same kind of power as the Crown has over the Commons themselves. And in some circumstances this may prove even such a check upon the Crown as the Commons may reap advantage from, and prevent the putting such sudden periods to their being, as have been known formerly. Nay, I very much suspect, that if the proposed alteration should be made, the effect of it would be very soon felt; and if so, I beg gentlemen would consider with themselves, what reception they may in all probability meet with from the general body of the Commons of England, immediately after their having given such power to the House of Peers, as no one ever ventured to mention to their ancestors. How this matter is understood in the country, we hear from all parts already; and this is indeed an *advantage from the late recess* on the side of those who are against the bill.

But to return from this digression. How little soever what has been said may relish with some of those of another body, I am speaking here as a commoner of England; as one that has no ambitious desire of *being a Lord*, but very great apprehensions of *being a vassal*. As the House of Lords now stands, there are several members of it in the same cir-

cumstances with myself; what reason have I to consent to anything that shall put any of them into a more independent state than I found them? Is there any one of their Lordships that would not laugh at a proposal for making any numbers of the Commons *hereditary*, who are now *all elective*, though it might be done with the same justice as to their principals? Their Lordships would all say, *That is the Constitution of the House of* Commons, *and there we will leave it.* And has not this been the Constitution of the House of Lords ever since the British nation was united?

It is allowed that, according to the treaties between the two kingdoms, confirmed by the most solemn acts of parliament, this is true. But then, say they, other things were promised, without which they would never have consented to the Union. For my part, I have as bad an opinion of *oral tradition in politics, as in religion;* and therefore nothing of this kind can weigh at all with me. But supposing that there is some inconvenience, in the present situation of the Peerage, to the House of Lords, that difficulties may happen in relation to the seats of some noblemen amongst them: are not those difficulties arisen entirely from themselves? And is it not an odd compliment to the Commons, that if the Lords *feel a thorn in their feet, they should desire the Commons to take it out, to put it into their own!* Surely they will never be brought to do this; much less to endanger their utter ruin, for the convenience of another body of men.

Whilst I am writing this, the Old Whig, Number II., is come to my hands. I really thought he had been *departed*: and whether it be him*self*, or his *ghost* that walks, I am not thoroughly satisfied.

The first Old Whig, I must confess, had stated his argument, and was going on very regularly, if he had not been disturbed in his progress; but this *second* is as inconsistent as possible. In the first paragraph of the performance before me, he treats the Plebeian as a *Grub Street* writer; but in the last, and several other paragraphs, as a very *able shrewd fellow.*

As to his remarks on the Plebeian, Number II., he owns himself, "That he was very unwilling to have been concerned any further in the dispute, and *nothing could have engaged him to have given himself or the public any more trouble*, had he not been so peremptorily called to it by the last Plebeian.

But as to what that Plebeian calls upon him for, which was to make good what he had asserted in relation *to his Majesty's concession*, he does not say one word about it. Indeed in his *motto* he hints at it, and a *fellow-labourer* of this author has spoken out something more plainly on this subject. Upon the whole, it is very extraordinary. Here is at present the greatest favour or bounty, call it which you will, offered to the Commons, that ever was known, and the like it is probable will never be made to them again; and yet I do not know how it happens, they are so blind, or so perverse, that they will not see what is *so prodigiously for their good;* nay, one can hardly tell how to get them into it *by any means whatever*. The Patrician says, "It is an affront of the highest nature to the Crown, and a petty kind of rebellion, to refuse this offer." And the Old Whig seems to be of opinion, that they deserve *to have their ears boxed for it*. As to the rest of his *motto*, *Nil ultra quæro Plebeius*.[1] But whether this project was chiefly intended for the benefit of the Commons, I leave every one to judge from both these authors, one of which plainly discovers, "That he has a prodigious concern for innocent ministers, and trembles for what may happen to them from kings who are yet unborn." But the Patrician has two paragraphs, which I shall transcribe without any commentary. "The general clamour, &c., as if the design of limiting the number of Peers, and restraining the prerogative of the Crown, was at first projected with a view of insulting the Prince of Wales, who by this proceeding will be debarred the liberty of creating Peers as his predecessors have done, is so low a reflection on the present ministry, that I should not have regarded it, but that I find it a popular one.

"In short, we never know into whose hands the reins of government may devolve. It therefore behoves us to secure our privileges, that we may not fall the victims of any aspiring Prince's enraged dispositions."

But to return to the Old Whig. I confess, I am uncapable to answer what he calls his remarks, or his objections. When I talked to him last, it was, as to the Commons, upon a foot, as he had stated it himself, That the Crown could have a House of Commons of what complexion it pleased;

[1] Horace, 2 Sat. ii. 188.—My questions I restrain,
A mean Plebeian born. DUNCOMBE.

which are his own words. As to the Lords, that they had a very considerable property of one million a hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds *per annum:* but now he says all that was only a *jest.* And as to the Commons, the Crown has no power at all over them; and as for the Lords, he pleads poverty in their behalf. And he behaves in the same evasive, contradictory manner, on every other point in dispute between us. But what is worst of all, he very frequently, for want of any the least shadow of an argument, has recourse to telling *old stories,* as if they were things that happened but yesterday; which, I confess, is another of the *defects of age.* And if he will not continue to be *testy,* I shall admonish him, that he has *everywhere* proved himself Old, but *no*where a Whig. As to what he seems to insinuate in relation to what is said in the second Plebeian concerning the *Ephori,* the Plebeian can maintain it by the best authority. *Crags* is the man I have all along depended upon on this head, and he says, *they led the most abandoned, dissolute lives;* and certainly he ought to know. His words are these, *Quamvis ipsi* Ephori *viverent indulgentius et dissolutius;* p. 78.

The rest of this paragraph is very mean; and this author's menaces in this place are as vain, as his compassion in another part of his pamphlet is insolent.

"I must own, however, that the writer of the Plebeian has made the best of a weak cause, and do believe that a good one would shine in his hands; for which reason, I shall advise him, as a friend, if he goes on in his new vocation, to take care that he be as happy in the choice of his subject, as he is in the talents of a pamphleteer."

Authors in these cases are named upon *suspicion;* and if it is right as to the Old Whig, I leave the world to judge of *this cause* by comparison of this *performance* to his *other writings.* And I shall say no more of what is writ *in support of vassalage,* but end this paper, by firing every free breast with that noble exhortation of the tragedian:

> Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
> The generous plan of power, delivered down
> From age to age by your renowned forefathers,
> (So dearly bought, the price of so much blood).
> O let it never perish in your hands!
> But piously transmit it to your children. MR. ADDISON'S CATO.

POSTSCRIPT.

I BEG pardon for giving my reader this irregular trouble, having omitted something of consequence in this affair. It is said that by the bill, which perhaps may be proposed to the Commons,[1] his Majesty is to have the naming of the twenty-five hereditary Scottish Peers; that they are all to be named before the next session: but that if it should happen that any of the present sixteen should not be of the number of those not named by his Majesty, in such case the present temporary Peers are to remain Lords of parliament so long as this parliament subsists, and their hereditary successors are during that term to be withheld from what, it is probable, they may be more than a little desirous of, viz. *a seat in the House of Peers.* If this is to be the case, I beg leave to ask these two questions: The first is, Whether any of those Lords, who at present are of the House of Peers, will continue to be *very easy company*, when they shall find themselves excluded at the end of this parliament? For that some of them are to be excluded seems to be indisputable, if what is mentioned above is a right state of the case; for otherwise the sixteen might have been all declared here-

[1] On Monday, April 6, 1719, the day on which the Fourth Plebeian was published, the Peerage Bill was reported in the House of Lords, and ordered for a third reading on the 14th: but when that day arrived, a noble Lord in a very high station observed, "That the bill had made a great noise, raised strange apprehensions; and since the design of it had been so misrepresented, and so misunderstood, that it was like to meet with great opposition in the other House, he thought it advisable to let that matter lie still, till a more proper opportunity:" and thereupon the third reading of the said bill was put off to that day fortnight. The bill, which was in consequence dropt for that session, was revived in December following, when Steele again figured away on the subject, as may be seen in page 381 *et seq.* Several also of the pamphlets relating to that affair, printed during the preceding session, were revived, and new ones printed; among these were,

1. "An account of the Conduct of the Ministry with relation to the Peerage Bill, in a Letter to a Friend in the Country."

2. "Considerations on the Peerage Bill, addressed to the Whigs, by a Member of the Lower House."

3. "The Constitution explained; in relation to the Independency of the House of Lords; with Reasons for strengthening that Branch of the Legislature most liable to abuse; and an Answer to all the Objections made to the new-revived Peerage Bill."

ditary, and his Majesty only left to add nine to the Scots, as he is six to the English.

The next question I would ask is, Whether it is not very natural to think, that those Scottish Peers who are to be the hereditary successors of the present elective ones, will not be very pressing to be put in possession? Should both these points be allowed, as I believe they must, and likewise that the patrons of this project do not wish for anything so much as to be in the full enjoyment of this salutary scheme, then I will venture to affirm, that there is no one expedient to gratify the ardent desires of those gentlemen, to deliver them from the *disquietude* of those that *are in*, and from the *importunity* of those that are *to come in*, but the dissolution of this parliament. On the other hand; if this bill should not be offered to the House of Commons, or, if offered, should not pass, I leave every one to judge whether the present sixteen Scottish Peers will not be very solicitous of sitting out the remainder of the septennial term, to wear off the impressions which it is to be feared such an attempt as is talked of may have made upon the minds of their electors.

†‡† This day is published "The Occasional Paper, Vol. III. Numb. X. Of Genius." Printed for Em. Matthews, J. Roberts, &c., where may be had, the second edition of "The Occasional Paper, Vol. III. Numb IX., of Plays and Masquerades." St. James's Post, March 29, 1719

THE READER

John Nichols' Preface to the Edition of 1789.

"The Reader was published in opposition to "The Examiner." The Lover and the Reader, first published together, as the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, in half sheets, were soon collected into one volume in 12mo, and a small number of them were printed in 8vo upon royal and demy paper to complete sets of the author's works. They are now republished with care and illustrations, in the same forms and with the same view. This step a consideration of the elegance and usefulness of Steele's writings and publications prompted, and will abundantly justify. With a more particular design, Steele assumed a very general title for his paper, that gave him a great latitude in the choice of his subjects, and left him at liberty to treat with propriety on any topic the productions of the press might supply or suggest for entertainment, correction, or instruction, in whatever way he judged requisite or expedient. The chief scope and design of this work, will best be discovered by a general account of the paper above-mentioned, to which it was directly opposed. For this purpose it may be sufficient to quote some passages from a more full and particular account given in the notes on the Tatler, to which the curious are referred for further satisfaction, and especially to the notes on the Tatler, in 6 vols. crown 8vo, edit. of 1786, No. 210, and No. 229.

"The paper intituled, The Examiner, was an engine of state *ad captandum vulgus*, in the four last inglorious years of the reign of Queen Anne. It was employed occasionally, most commonly once, sometimes twice a week, to display the wisdom and blazon the integrity of her ministers during that period; to contrast their skill and virtues with the ignorance and vices of their predecessors; to whitewash or blacken characters; to state or misstate facts; to varnish men and things, as simulation and dissimulation thought proper, and just as the nature and exigencies of their weak and wicked administration required. As it was directed to a variety of purposes, it was played off by a variety of hands, who, from the highest to the lowest, were venal prostitutes who did as they were desired to do, and all wrought, to borrow the elegant words of one of their principals, like 'Scrub hang-dog instruments of mischief, and under-spur leathers,' rather *fortiter in re* than *suaviter in modo*."

Some lucubrations in the Tatler of a political nature, of which Steele was the author, or at least the publisher, exceedingly offended the ministry above-mentioned, and gave birth to the Examiner. The animadversions in it on Steele and his politics, are penned with so much asperity and so little wit, that now that personal malice is passed, they counteract the ends of their original publication.

This work, in its early infancy, was committed to the care and conduct of Dr. Swift, who, as he declares in a confidential letter to Mrs. Johnson, with the assistance of under-spur leathers, penned and published the papers by the encouragement and direction of the great men, who assured him that they were all true. See Swift's "Works," Vol. XXII. p. 120, ed. cr. 8vo, 1769. Of this ill-employed clergyman, and all concerned with him in this ignominious service, it may be truly said, as Swift himself says, that for the value of sixpence a woman from Billingsgate, prompted by the great men, who were the directors, might have done the business better than the best of them. Swift, in his Journal Letters to Mrs. Johnson, has given the history of the Examiner very particularly; the curious may have recourse to that source for further information, or save themselves the trouble by consulting the fair, impartial statement of Swift's own account in the notes on the Tatler, to the numbers above-mentioned. See Tatler in 6 vols. cr. 8vo, No. 210, and No. 229, *ut supra*."

The two following papers, out of the nine of which the series consists, are the only ones attributed to Addison.

No. 3. MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1714.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi. VIRG. Ecl. iii. 90.

Who hates not living Bavius, let him be,
Dead Mævius, damned to love thy works and thee. DRYDEN.

IN my last I took notice of that sublime writer, "The Examiner." The next to him among the journalists in dignity and order is "The Post-Boy:" this writer is excellent in his kind; but presenting them both to my imagination at one view, makes me turn to a passage of a paper published in the volume of Medleys, called "The Whig-Examiner." There the author, speaking of a paper intituled, "A Letter to the Examiner," finds it necessary to consider the nature of Nonsense: and afterwards very pleasantly, exquisitely pleasantly, represents to us the difference we ought to make between *high* nonsense and *low* nonsense. A reader cannot see anything anywhere that has more wit and humour in it, nor that is more necessary to prepare him for the reading the authors of whom I am speaking. A page or two of his will make up for many a page of mine, therefore I shall rehearse him. "The Whig-Examiner," No. 4, has it thus:

"Hudibras has defined *nonsense* (as Cowley does *wit*) by Nonsense (says he) is that which is neither true

nor false. These two great properties of *nonsense*, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own *basis* like a rock of adamant, secured by its natural situation against all conquests or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches: the *major* and the *minor* are of equal strength. Its questions admit of no reply, and its assertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to distinguish colours in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve and disapprove in *nonsense*. You may as well assault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms anything, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of *nonsense*, that in the most abstruse and profound tract of school divinity.

"After this short panegyric upon *nonsense*, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary reader as Erasmus's '*Encomium* of Folly;' I must here solemnly protest, that I have not done it to curry favour with my antagonist, or to reflect any praise in an oblique manner upon the 'Letter to the Examiner;' I have no private considerations to warp me in this controversy, since my first entering upon it. But before I proceed any further, because it may be of great use to me in this dispute to state the whole nature of *nonsense*, and because it is a subject entirely new, I must take notice that there are two kinds of it, viz. *high* nonsense, and *low* nonsense.

"*Low* nonsense is the talent of a cold, phlegmatic temper, that in a poor, dispirited style creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion. A writer of this complexion gropes his way softly amongst self-contradictions, and grovels in absurdities: *Videri vult pauper* and *est pauper;* he has neither *wit* nor *sense*, and pretends to none.

"On the contrary, your *high* nonsense blusters and makes a noise: it stalks upon hard words, and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. It has something in it like manliness and force, and makes one think of the name of Sir *Hercules* Nonsense, in the play called 'The Nest of Fools.' In a word, your *high* non-

sense has a majestic appearance, and wears a most tremendous garb, like Æsop's 'Ass clothed in a lion's skin.'

"When Aristotle lay upon his death-bed, and was asked whom he would appoint for his successor in his school, two of his scholars being candidates for it, he called for two different sorts of *wine*, and, by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that showed themselves in the style and writings of each of the competitors. As rational writings have been represented by *wine*, I shall represent those kinds of writings we are now speaking of, by *small-beer*.

"*Low* nonsense is like that in the *barrel*, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. *High* nonsense is like that in the *bottle*, which has in reality no more strength and spirit than the other, but frets, and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

"We meet with a *low, grovelling* nonsense in every Grub Street production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the *sublime* in nonsense, besides Dr. Sacheverell in divinity, and the author of this letter in politics; between whose characters in their respective professions there seems to be a very nice resemblance.

"There is still another qualification in nonsense which I must not pass over, being that which gives it the last finishing and perfection. This is when an author without any meaning seems to have it, and so imposes upon us by the sound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they signify something. After having perused such writing, let the reader consider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately discover the deceit."

As this excellent discourse was admirably suited to the day or time on which it was published, viz. October 5, 1710;[1] so, like all things that are truly good, it is still new and useful, and will prove very serviceable to persons who would be critics in the modern writings, especially those of the journalists. The Examiner began with that sort of spirit which is described by "*high* nonsense;" but of late has used that kind only which was last described, as putting off no meaning "by the sound and ranging of words." Give me

[1] See Whig-Examiner, No. 4; with this motto, "*Satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum.*" SALLUST.

leave therefore to express as a reader what sentiments arise in me, and what temper I am left in by the perusal of the Examiner, and Post-boy. The chief aim and purpose of these authors are *defamation*, which both carry on with security. The Examiner escapes punishment by being concealed; the Post-boy, by being below resentment. There was about the time of the Revolution a natural fool they called *Job* in one of the colleges of Oxford. The wags of that time used to teach him scandalous verses, which he had memory enough to repeat, though not wit enough to understand. The Post-boy is thus made use of by our dabblers in politics; he is the vent for their crudities, before they appear themselves, and the Examiner is to argue them into reputation. Both these good works are carried on by the vehicle of nonsense. The nonsense of the Examiner is composed of *malice* and *impudence;* that of the Post-boy, of *ignorance* and *stupidity*. The Examiner is a criminal which is not yet taken; the Post-boy an accessory that we know could not of himself have entered into the guilt. The Examiner flies from the law; the Post-boy need not fly, because he is exempt from it as an idiot. But as this is really the state of the case, I must own I cannot but be highly surprised why several of the good subjects of this realm are afflicted or exalted at any of the nonsense uttered by those authors; for no one ought to hold himself commended or disparaged by those who do not themselves stand in the view of mankind under the same rules of examination as to their own actions with the rest of the world. I therefore, by the force of natural justice and reason, pronounce all the nonsense which the Examiner ever has or ever shall utter, let it be *never* so sublime, or *never* so mischievous in itself, to be of no effect of any moment, with regard to life, limb, honour, or fame of her Majesty's subjects, because no one knows who he is; and I pronounce the same of the Post-boy, because everybody knows who he is.

Indeed, I could not but wonder how the Post-boy should grow so very famous in this nation as he has, ever since I was showed the man's person; for he is a personage of a very inconsiderable figure for one that makes so much noise in the world; whereas all others who have risen by nonsense have had something overbearing and arrogant, and have had usually robust figures, and lofty language to set themselves

off. But I shall do my endeavour in my future lectures to explain to the world how it has happened that nonsense has been so prevalent at sundry times in these kingdoms; but I cannot go into that matter till I have made the force of nonsense in general a little better understood, and showed from Machiavel how by two kinds of perplexity, which he calls in the Italian "Nonsense to the *understanding*, and nonsense to the *conscience*," he could, for the use of the ambitious, make the terms *honour*, *justice*, and *truth*, mere words, and of no other signification, but what shall serve the self-interest of him who shall utter them for his own private emolument.

No. 4. WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1714.

—Nefas animam præferre pudori. Juv. Sat. viii. 83.
"—rather choose
To guard your honour, and your life to lose." Dryden.

After I had in my last lecture considered *high* nonsense and *low* nonsense, I proceeded in my discussion to a second division of it, from a manuscript of the great Machiavel, to wit, into nonsense to the *understanding*, and nonsense to the *conscience*. That famous politician avers, that to carry considerable points, especially in assemblies, (next to the hardness of caring for nothing else but carrying it,) the main matter is to find out persons whom he calls in the Italian *Almoxarifasge*, which, as far as we can reach it in the English, signifies "*Wrong* fellows;" men who have the same right from fortune to be orators and give their suffrage, but differ in the gifts of nature. These *wrong* fellows have in them something like *sense*, which is not *sense*, but enough to confound all the sense in the world. They are, from being incapable of conceiving right at first, also incapable of being set right after they have vented their perplexities. He recounts to you a famous instance of this among the *Guelfs* and *Ghibelins*, the parties of Italy. There was, said he, among them a person of the first quality, whom no one in the world ever did or could possibly like, that was in nature both in mind and body a puzzle, from head to foot hideously

awkward, from his first conception to the utmost extent of his judgment ridiculously absurd. This animal, the leader of the *Ghibelins*, used to put others upon saying what he thought fit, to interrupt business, or break into what he was ashamed, or believed improper to begin himself. This person was master of that nonsense which was called above "Nonsense to the *understanding*." What, he said, everybody could observe, had nothing in it, and at the very best, which happened but seldom, was but like the truth; but how to break in upon him perplexed all the great orators of the *Guelfs*. Thus he stood impregnable, and the leader, instead of having compunction for such a piece of humanity, to the disgrace of our nature, standing in an illustrious assembly, casting forth blunders and inconsistencies, used to sit sneering to observe how impregnable his fool was, and exulting in himself that it was not in the compass of all the sciences either wholly to aver he had uttered nothing to the purpose, or to bring him to it. Many others the chieftain of the *Ghibelins* had to support each other against the first assaults of sense and reason; and brought nonsense so far into fashion, that they who knew better would speak it by way of triumph over those who went upon the rules of logic. *Wrong* fellows were his orators; but this could not do only without persons who were as much masters of that kind of nonsense which my author calls "nonsense to the *conscience*."

Nonsense to the *conscience*, is when the party has arrived to such a disregard to reason and truth, as not to follow it, or acknowledge it when it presents itself to him. This is the hardest task in the world, and had very justly the greatest wages from the chieftain; for indeed, if we were to speak seriously, this is the lowest condition of life that can possibly be imagined; for it is literally giving up life as it is human, which descends to that of a beast when it is not conducted by reason, and still is worse when it is pushed against reason. Now all those parties of the species which we call *majorities*, when they do things upon the mere force of being such, are actuated by the force of nonsense of *conscience;* by which Machiavel meant that the doing anything with nonsense, that is, without *sense* of the *honour* and *justice* of it, was what he called pushing things by the nonsense of *conscience*. But that arch politician proceeds, in the manuscript I am speaking of, to observe that nonsense was not to be used but as an expe-

dient; for it would fail in the repetition of it, and the *understanding* would so goad the *conscience*, that no potentate has revenue enough to pay reasonable men for a long series of *nonsensical* service. They will, quoth he, occasionally, and now and then, give into an enormity, and pass by what they do not approve, and laugh at themselves for so doing: but there is something latent in the dignity of their nature, which will recoil, and raise in them an indignation against herding for ever with the half-witted and the absurd: and being conscious that their concurrence is an aggravated transgression, in that it is the support of those who in themselves are incapable either of the guilt or shame of what they are managed to promote.

My author further adds, that the use of nonsense of *conscience* will fail also in process of time, not only from the defection of the numbers of those who act under it, but also from the little effect it would soon have upon the world, besides those numbers; for which reason he advises, that now and then they should be put upon something that is good to satisfy the multitude. For, says that sagacious man, the people are always honest; you lead them into wrong things but as long as you keep up the appearance of right; for which reason he advises never to forbear the use at least of *Verisimilitudes;* and indeed, he says, it was by neglecting that, all the sensible men, both *Guelfs* and *Ghibelins*, came together out of mere shame; and receive of one another without making explanations or expostulations upon what had happened when they differed, when they could end in nothing but, how sillily you acted! how contemptibly you suffered!

The most excellent authors of this our age, as to proficiency in nonsense, are those who talk of faction, and pretend to tell others that they are spreaders of false fears and jealousies. The Examiner of the 26th says, "We have a faction in our bowels, who, when it comes to their turn to submit, make no difference between liberty and power, that all their business may be only to squabble about the profits." Now he says this either as an incendiary or an informer; if the latter, let him name who are in this faction; if he will not do that, we are to set down the word faction among the rest of his jargon of *high* nonsense, and dismiss him with an inclination only, not power, to do more mischief.

But as I conceive, he had a younger brother born to him the same day of my first appearance, and is named the Monitor. He begins with the old trade of the pickpockets, who commit a robbery and join in the cry after the offender. The purpose of his paper, if it is not to pass into the realms of *nonsense* also, is to lay a foundation for making exceptions against a certain prince's behaviour who is expected in England. He lays before us, "That the Duke of Guise was a hot and ambitious novice, who took ill courses and undid himself. Had the king, says he, with a timely severity, taken care to have caused those libels, however trifling and however insignificant, to be suppressed, or by solid reason and good evidence to have been detected and exposed, the fatal effects which they produced had been in a great measure avoided." Then for application he says of libelling, "Seeing then the same evil, and that with too much success, is already begun among us, and the same neglect of it appears in our government as did in France, thinking them not capable of doing so much mischief as they really did; why may we not apprehend consequences, though not so extraordinarily fatal, yet sufficiently dangerous, and such as call for a timely redress?" I find there is no help for it, this writer must be passed upon the foot of the *nonsensical* also. Does he tell a government they are guilty of neglect, and call any other men libellers? He must name his offenders, and bring them before justice, or he is one himself. It is strange want of skill (in the Examiner, and such imitators of him as this same Monitor begins to show himself) in the choice of tools, to make use of creatures that say things in which it would be a fault to tolerate them, if they were not employed by themselves.

But I shall take upon me to keep a strict eye upon their behaviour, and scribble as fast as they: for when they give up all rules of honour and conscience to hurt and betray the liberties of mankind, I shall sacrifice smaller considerations, and venture now and then to write nonsense for the good of my country.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE faction is humbly desired to read carefully the following Satyr against sedition in the Examiner, and amend their lives if they understand it.

"What a noble opportunity would the same Cervantes have, to improve his art, and carry this way of writing much further; were he now alive, and as conversant in our affairs, as in the humours of his own country! The same *martial* madness is broke out among us; a distemper more raging and violent, and productive of more ridiculous, and far more dangerous effects. Instead of touching here and there a weak head, or reaching only to a few frolicsome individuals, it has infected whole bodies and societies of warlike *enthusiasts:* the party is almost as strong as the delusion with which they are animated; and our *romantic* madmen march up and down in the troops and squadrons: the regularity and resemblance of their frenzy creates order and discipline. We have our *books* and *legends* of *chivalry*, containing the feats and adventures of *Errant Saints*, of *Holy Almanzors* and *Drawcansirs*, bound by strict vow, and assisted by *sages* and *magicians:* who destroyed nations, made whole kingdoms do homage and pay *tribute* to their mightiness; tamed the *beast*, and kept the great *whore* under; trod upon the necks of *kings*, and kicked *crowns* and *sceptres* before them; relieved the distressed by changing their condition; freed mankind for their own use; and turned the world, as artificers whirl about the *globe*, to prove the regularity of its motion. Some of these knights were by birth gentle and of low degree; so called from the *Pestle*, the *Golden Fleece*, the *Truncheon*, or the *Brazen Helmet:* others had been *pages*, *dwarfs*, and *squires*, and many of them were forced to go a great way in search of their parentage: and yet the honours they ac-

quired, the spoils they won, and the dominions they conquered, vastly surpassed the lesser acquisitions of a Mistress's *Scarf*, a Saladin's *Daughter*, a *Sett of* Armour, a *Cupboard of* Plate, won at some *Tournament;* a *Castle*, a *Palace*, or even than the rich possessions of the islands of *Pines*, *Battara*, or of *Forced-meat* balls."

LETTERS.

ADDISON TO MR. TONSON.

DEAR SIR, [Oxford,] Feb. 12th, [1695-6.]

I was yesterday with Dr. Hannes,[1] and communicated your request to him. I told him that Dr. Blackmore,[2] Mr. Adams,[3] Mr. Boyle,[4] and myself, had engaged in it, and that you had gained a kind of a promise from Dr. Gibbons,[5] so that he could not plead want of time. The Dr. seemed particularly solicitous about the company he was to appear in, and would fain hear all the names of the translators. In short, he told me that he did not know how to deny Mr. Tonson any request that he made, and therefore, if you would desire it, he would undertake the Last Muse. I would fain have you write to the Dr. and engage him in it, for his name would much credit the work amongst us,[6] and promote the sale. As for myself, if you remember, I told you that I did not like my Polymnia;[7] if therefore I can do you any service, I will if you please translate the eighth book, Urania, which if you will send me down you need not fear any delays in the translation. I was walking this morning

[1] Dr. Hannes was a practising physician at Oxford. He was a contributor to the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, (2 vols. 8vo, Oxon. 1692-99,) and published an account of the Dissection of the Duke of Gloucester, 1700, 4to.

[2] Author of the once celebrated epics, "The Creation," and "Prince Arthur." See note, p. 345.

[3] The Gents. Mag. 1831, in a note on this name, says, "there were three William Adams's, of Christ Church, M. A., respectively, in 1698, 1699, and 1704." But Addison no doubt means Geo. Adams, *Aedis Christi alumnus*, who contributed several poems to the 2nd vol. of the *Mus. Angl.*, among others one on James Harrington, of the same college, who died 1693.

[4] Charles Boyle, afterwards (1703) Earl of Orrery. He was admitted at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1690, and in 1695 distinguished himself in the celebrated controversy with Dr. Bentley, on the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris.

[5] William Gibbons, of St. John's College, M. D. 1683.

[6] *Us*, meaning Oxford. [7] The 7th book (or muse) of Herodotus

with Mr. Yalden,[1] and asked him when we might expect to see Ovid de Arte Amandi in English; he told me that he thought you had dropped the design since Mr. Dryden's translation of Virgil had been undertaken, but that he had done his part almost a year ago, and had it lying by him, &c. I am afraid he has done little of it. I believe a letter from you about it would set him at work. I will take care to convey my pieces of Herodotus to you.

I am, sir,
Your humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

Superscribed:

To Mr. Jacob Tonson, at the sign of the Judge's Head, near Temple Bar in Fleet Street, London.

ADDISON TO MR. TONSON.

DEAR SIR, [Oxford,] March 15th, [1695-6.]

I received your parcel about the beginning of last week, and not being able to find Dr. Hannes at home, have left his part with his servitor. I shall see him next week, and if I find it necessary will let you know what he says. I shall have but little business about the latter end of Lent, and then will set about my Muse,[2] which I will take care to finish by time.

I am, in haste,
Your humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

You shall have the Urania the beginning of this week.

[1] Rev. Thomas Yalden, afterwards D. D., and, in 1713, successor to Atterbury, as minister of Bridewell; author of an Ode on the Conquest of Namur, a poem on the Death of the Duke of Gloucester, a Hymn on Darkness, and various other poetical pieces. His translation of the Art of Love was published in the third and fourth volumes of Tonson's "Miscellany Poems." In 1723 he was taken up, with Lord Orrery and others, on suspicion of being concerned in the Atterbury plot to restore the Pretender.

[2] This has been thought to mean his contribution to the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, as in the postscript he alludes to his translation of *Urania*, the eighth Muse of Herodotus. But Tonson was not the publisher of the *Mus. Angl.*, nor did Addison contribute to it till a year or two later. He therefore probably alludes to his "Poem to his Majesty," presented to the Lord Keeper (Somers) in 1695, and printed that year by Tonson, as well separately in folio, as in the 4th vol. of the "Miscellany Poems," published in the same year.

ADDISON TO MR. TONSON.

DEAR SIR, [Oxford,] May 28th, [? 1695-6.]

I have been so very full of business since the receipt of your papers, that I could not possibly find time to translate them so soon as I desired. I have now almost finished them, and will send them up to you as soon as I have looked them over and got them transcribed; which I will do the sooner if you have present occasion for them. Mr. Clay tells me that he let you know the misfortune *Polymnia*[1] met with on the road, which I assure you happened by the negligence of the carrier, who inns at the Swan in Holborn. Your discourse with me about translating Ovid made such an impression on me at my first coming down from London, that I ventured on the second Book,[2] which I turned at my leisure hours, and will give you a sight of if you will put yourself to the trouble of reading it. He has so many silly stories with his good ones, that he is more tedious to translate than a better poet would be. But though I despair of serving you this way, I hope I may find out some other to show you how much I am

Your very humble servant,
J. ADDISON.[3]

ADDISON TO CHARLES MONTAGU, ESQ.,

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL, &c.[4]

[Oxford,] 1697.[5]

YOU whose ears are bedinned by such a mob of vile poets, will hardly complain that anything unusual has happened to

[1] This (the seventh book of Herodotus) appears to have been lost on the road.

[2] This is included among Addison's Poems. See our vol. i. page 87.

[3] The preceding three letters, which are without the year, but presumed to be about 1695-96, relate to an intended "joint stock" translation (between Boyle, Blackmore, Adams, Dr. Hannes, Dr. Gibbons, and Addison) of Herodotus, of which Addison was to be the manager and Tonson the publisher. The originals are in the possession of W. R. Baker, Esq., the lineal descendant of Tonson, and have been obligingly communicated for the purposes of the present edition.

[4] Afterwards Earl of Halifax, one of Addison's earliest patrons. See p. 377.

[5] The original of this letter is given in our vol. i. page 232. That and the *Tentamen de Poetis elegiacis*, (at the end of the present volume,) are

you, when you find my strains likewise maltreating a noble theme. How much the Britons excel in martial prowess is proved by the glory of our recent deeds, but that we do not shine in the more polished studies of peace, is evidenced by the verses which we have lately produced. Were it not that your friend Congreve has treated the subject with his usual poetic fire, we should have had little cause to rejoice in a peace so wretchedly sung by such worthless poets. But whilst I blame others, I seem to be forgetting myself; I who am perhaps causing you more annoyance by my Latin verses than they by their vernacular; excepting that the difference of the torture may afford some alleviation to your sufferings. Never indeed could I be induced to submit a poem written in my native language to the eyes of one like you, who deter all others from such attempts by your writing no less than you excite them by your favour.

The devoted admirer of your accomplishments,
JOSEPH ADDISON.

ADDISON TO LORD SOMERS.[1]

MY LORD, Paris, Sept. 1699.

I have now for some time lived on the effect of your Lordship's patronage, without presuming to return you my most humble thanks for it. But I find it no less difficult to suppress the sense I have of your Lordship's favour than I do to represent it as I ought. Gratitude for a kindness received is generally as troublesome to the benefactor as the importunity in soliciting it; and I hope your Lordship will pardon me if I offend in one of these respects, who had never any occasion or pretence to do it on the other. The only return I can make your Lordship will be to apply myself

said to be the only specimens of Addison's Latin prose compositions extant. The Gents. Mag. however brings to light another, which we annex at the end of the volume, leaving the question of authenticity to the reader's own judgment.

[1] In the Memoirs of Lord Somers, published in 1716, during the lifetime of Addison, the editor introduces the following note. "I believe the learned, ingenious, and polite Mr. Addison will not take it amiss to have it told, that his Lordship took him into his protection and favour, when he came first to Town; that he obtained a handsome pension for him, before he went to travel, and afterwards recommended him so powerfully to the Lord Halifax, that he passed through several profitable and honourable employments, till he was made as happy in his fortune as in his fame." *Memoirs of Lord Somers*, anno 1716, p 110.

entirely to my business, and to take such a care of my conversation that your favours may not seem misplaced on,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

To my Lord Chancellor.[1]

ADDISON TO MR. SANSOM.

Paris, Sept. 1699.

Analysis.[2] Addison thanks Mr. Sansom (of whom nothing further is known) for a letter of introduction to Mr. Breton, "whose conversation at Dover made his stay there very pleasant, and whose interest with the officers made his departure easy."

ADDISON TO CHARLES MONTAGU, ESQ.[3]

HONOURED SIR, Paris, Oct. 14, 1699.

I am *at present* in a place where nothing is mor usual than for mean people to press into the presence an conversation of great men, and where modesty is so ver scarce, that I think I have not seen a blush since my fir landing at Calais, which I hope may in some measure excu me for presuming to trouble you with a letter. *But* if I m not be allowed [to improve] a little [in the] confidence of the country, I am sure I receive in it *so many* effects of your favour in the civilities my Lord Ambassador has been pleased to show me, that I cannot but think it my duty to make you acquainted with them, *and return my most humble thanks.* I am sorry my travels have not yet fur-

[1] This is the earliest letter on record to his patron, Lord Somers, now best known to literature by the valuable collection of Tracts which bears his name. Addison had become acquainted with him by what Dr. Johnson designated "a kind of rhyming introduction." See vol. i. p. 3.

[2] A few early letters of comparatively little interest, and which have already been published by Miss Aikin, will be presented in the form of analysis. They could not well have been entirely omitted, as the facts and dates are a necessary link in tracing Addison's career.

[3] The original autograph letter, from which the above is printed, (and which is in the British Museum,) differs in the several passages printed in *Italics* from that given by Miss Aikin from a draft in the possession of Edward Tickell, Esq. The words between brackets are not in the original. Miss Aikin appears to have mistaken the date, which is written 8br, meaning *October*, not *August*.

nished me with anything else worth your knowledge. As for the present state of learning, there is *nothing published here which* has not [something] in it [of] an air of devotion. Dacier has been forced to prove his Plato a very good Christian, before he ventures *to translate him*, and has so far complied with the taste of the age, that his whole book is overrun with texts of Scripture, and the notion of pre-existence supposed to be stolen from two verses *out* of the Prophets. Nay, the humour is grown so universal, that it is got among the poets, who are every day publishing *Legends and Lives of Saints* in rhyme. My imperfect acquaintance with the French *language* makes me incapable of learning any *more* particular news of this *kind* so that I must end my letter, as I begun it, with my most humble acknowledgments for all your favours.

I am, honoured sir,
Your most obliged
And most obedient humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO COLONEL FROWDE.[1]

Paris, November, 1699.

Analysis. Expresses his pleasure at receiving a letter with the name of Colonel Frowde at the bottom ; especially because written in English, a language that had not been spoken to him for six weeks.—"I was sorry, however, to hear that you had bid farewell to poetry by the instigating contrivance of my brother Garr, the friend to strong drink, and enemy to the muses." "As for myself, I am so embarrassed with nouns and verbs, that I have no time to think of verse, but am forced to decline and conjugate words instead of putting them into rhyme."

[1] This gentleman, who was an Oxford friend, is supposed by Miss Aikin, from a note to this letter found in Nicholls' and Scott's editions of Swift, to have been at the time Comptroller of the Foreign department, at the Post-office But this appears to have been his father, who held that office from 1678 to 1688. Addison's friend was no doubt his eldest son, Philip Frowde, *Magd. Coll. superioris ordinis commensalis*, who was besides Addison's pupil and one of the contributors to the *Mus. Angl.* in 1699. Chalmers says he was distinguished by Addison, who took him under his protection. He wrote two tragedies, "*Philotas*," and "*The Fall of Jerusalem*," and died 1738. Swift's "stupid old Frowde" is he who sold *Pepper-harrow*, as he had threatened, March, 1712-13, to Lord Midleton, and died in 1736.

ADDISON TO MR. ADAMS.

DEAR SIR, Blois, December, 1699.

I have been lately very much indisposed with a fever, or I would have answered your letter sooner, but am at present very well recovered, notwithstanding I made use of one of the physicians of this place, who are as cheap as our English farriers, and generally as ignorant. I hope the news you sent me of Sir Edward Seymour's act will prove true, for here are a couple of English gentlemen that have turned off a fencing master on the strength of it. I have here sent you a scrip of Dr. Davenant's new book[2] as it came to me in a letter. It is levelled against the ministry, and makes a great noise in its own country, &c. To pass from statesmen to the cloth-hat you left with me: you must know that it has travelled many miles, and run through a great variety of adventures, since you saw it last. It was left at Orleans for above a week, and since that fell into the hands of a hackney-coachman that took a particular liking to our English manufacture, and would by no means part with it; but by many fair words and a few menaces I have at last recovered it out of his hands, though not without the entire loss of the hat-band. I hear there is at present a very great ferment in Maudlin College, which is worked up to a great height by Newnam ale and frequent canvassings. I suppose both parties, before they engage, will send into France for their foreign succours.—I am, &c.

J. ADDISON.

[1] Probably the Adams mentioned at p. 318, or Dr. Samuel Adams, of Alvescot, Oxford, who was at Magd. Coll. 1693, and wrote a Sermon on Rebellion, published 1716.

[2] Alluding perhaps to his "Essay on the probable method of making the people gainers in the balance of trade," London, 1699; or to his more popular work, published early in 1700, "A Discourse on Grants and Resumptions, showing how our ancestors proceeded with such ministers as had procured themselves grants of the crown revenue, &c., 8vo. Lond. 1700, and *several times reprinted.* Macky (in his Memoirs of his Secret Services, published 1733) describes these works of Dr. Charles Davenant as "so many libels on the ministry." Swift adds in MS., "*Davenant was ill used by most ministries. He ruined his own estate, which put him under the necessity of complying with the times.*"

ADDISON TO MR. CONGREVE.[1]

DEAR SIR, Blois, Dec. 1699.

I was very sorry to hear in your last letter that you were so terribly afflicted with the gout, though for your comfort I believe you are the first English poet that has been complimented with the distemper: I was myself at that time sick of a fever which I believe proceeded from the same cause; but at present I am so well recovered that I can scarce forbear beginning my letter with Tully's preface, "Si vales bene est, ego quidem valeo." You must excuse me for giving you a line of Latin now and then, since I find myself in some danger of losing the tongue, for I perceive a new language, like a new mistress, is apt to make a man forget all his old ones. I assure you I met with a very remarkable instance of this nature at Paris, in a poor Irishman that had lost the little English he had brought over with him without being able to learn any French in its stead. I asked him what language he spoke: he very innocently answered me, "No language, Monsieur:" which, as I afterwards found, were all the words he was master of in both tongues. I am at present in a town where all the languages in Europe are spoken except English, which is not to be heard I believe within fifty miles of the place. My greatest diversion is to run over in my thoughts the variety of noble scenes I was entertained with before I came hither. *I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landscapes than those about the king's houses, or with all your descriptions build a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am however so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods that give you a fine variety of savage prospects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks,*

[1] Congreve was one of Addison's early friends, and lived to receive the Dedication of the Drummer from Steele, after Addison's death. A great part of this letter is duplicate of that printed, fourteen years afterwards, in the Guardian, No. 101, (see our vol. iv. p. 182, 183,) which shows that Addison is likely to have kept copies of his letters for literary purposes. The duplicate portions are printed in Italics. The best Life of Congreve is in Coleridge's Northern Worthies, vol. iii. p. 288—304.

that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the meadows, walks, and canals, and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work, that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and meadows as when it is tossed up in such a variety of figures at Versailles. But I begin to talk like Dr. Lister.[1] *To pass therefore from works of nature to those of art; in my opinion the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him, for one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the other is wainscoted with looking-glass. The history of the present king, till the year* 16,[2] *is painted on the roof by Le Brun, so that his Majesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer than the first.* He is represented with all the terror and majesty that you can imagine, in every part of the picture, and sees his young face as perfectly drawn in the roof as his present one in the side. *The painter has represented his most Christian Majesty under the figure of Jupiter throwing thunderbolts all about the ceiling, and striking terror into the Danube and Rhine, that lie astonished and blasted with lightning a little above the cornice.* I believe by this time you are afraid I shall carry you from room to room and lead you through the whole palace; truly if I had not tired you already, I could not forbear showing you a stair-case that they say is the noblest in its kind: but after so tedious a letter I shall conclude with a petition to you, that you would deliver the enclosed to Mr. Montagu, for I am afraid of interrupting him with my impertinence when he is engaged in more serious affairs.

Tu faciles aditus et mollia tempora nôvis,

I am, &c.

J. Addison.

A very amusing letter, probably written at this period to Congreve, was given to Steele for his Tatler, No. 93, where it is dated Nov. 12th, 1709. (See our vol. ii. p. 24.)

[1] This eminent naturalist had just published his "Journey to Paris, in 1698," which went through three editions in the same year.

[2] Meaning the regnal year.

ADDISON TO CHARLES MONTAGU, ESQ.

Blois, December, 1699.

Analysis. With the exception of some complimentary phrases at the commencement, this letter is, literatim and verbatim, the same as that printed in Guardian, 101, under the date May 15th, N. S. (See our vol. iv. p. 183, 184.) It is therefore unnecessary to repeat it here.

ADDISON TO MONS. L'ESPAGNOL.

SIR, Blois, December, 1699.

I am always as slow in making an enemy as a friend, and am therefore very ready to come to an accommodation with you; but as for any satisfaction, I do not think it is due on either side when the affront is mutual.[1] You know very well, that, according to the opinion of the world, a man would as soon be called a knave as a fool, and I believe most people would be rather thought to want legs than brains. But I suppose whatever we said in the heat of discourse is not the real opinion we have of each other, since otherwise you would have scorned to subscribe yourself, as I do at present,

Sir, your very, &c.

To Monsieur L'Espagnol. J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO DR. NEWTON.[2]

Blois, December, 1699.

Analysis. This letter, after a few introductory compliments, repeats that in Guardian, 101, (vol. iv. p. 184,) from

[1] The subject of duelling is amusingly treated in a letter dated "From my own apartments, Nov. 11th, 1709," forming part of Tatler, No. 93. No doubt the adventure with Mons. L'Espagnol was in the writer's mind. Steele had previously in his Tatler, No. 25, published June 7th, 1709, written against duelling, bearing in mind, it is said, his own unfortunate affair in running a brother officer of the Coldstream Guards through the body.

[2] Miss Aikin is unable to identify this Dr. Newton, "his name not being among the Oxford graduates of the period, and no notice of him to be met with."—He was most probably Dr Henry Newton, (born 1651, died 1715,) English ambassador at Florence from 1704 to 1710, and much esteemed there as a scholar and a poet. His "Epistolæ, Orationes, et Carmina," were printed collectively in one vol. quarto at *Lucca*, 1710. In 1711 he was recalled to England by Geo. I. and made Judge of the Admiralty. He was member of our Royal Society, and of the Academies of Rome, Florence, &c.

the words "*I have already seen*," down to "*on those of other nations*," concluding with "Devotion and loyalty are everywhere at their greatest height, but learning seems to run very low, especially in all the younger people: for all the rising geniuses have turned their ambition another way, and endeavour to make their fortunes in the army. The belles-lettres in particular seem to be but short-lived in France. Every book that comes out has some pages to show how much its argument conduces to the honour of the holy church; and nothing is more usual than to hear them at the Sorbonne quote the depths of ecclesiastical history and the fathers in false Latin."[1]

ADDISON TO MR. STANYAN.[2]

DEAR SIR, Blois, February, 1700.

I thank you for the news and poetry you were pleased to send me, though I must confess I did not like either of them. The votes had too much fire in them and the verses none at all: however I hope the first will prove as harmless to the ministers of state as the others are to the knights of the toast. It is the first speech of Sir John Falstaff's that did not please me, but truly I think the merry knight is grown

[1] It will be seen that the principal letters written about this time, from Blois, are either wholly or substantially repeated in the Guardian, Nos. 101 to 104.

[2] According to Miss Aikin, Mr. Abraham Stanyan was at this period Secretary to the English Embassy at Paris. In the Kitcat Memoir however it is stated that his first official appointment was that of envoy extraordinary to the Swiss Cantons in 1707, while by a letter in the State Paper Office we find that he held this appointment as early as Sept. 1705. His brother, Temple Stanyan, was appointed, April 20th, 1717, one of the under secretaries to Addison, Thos. Tickell being the other. He was the author of an esteemed History of Greece, and the following amusing anecdote is told of him in the Biographia Britannica. "Mr. Temple Stanyan borrowed on some exigency a sum of money from Addison, with whom he lived in habits of friendship, conversing on all subjects with equal freedom; but from this time Mr. Stanyan agreed implicitly to everything Addison advanced, and never, as formerly, disputed his positions. This change of behaviour did not long escape the notice of so acute an observer, to whom it was by no means agreeable. It happened one day that a subject was started, on which they had before keenly controverted one another's notions; but now Mr. Stanyan entirely acquiesced in Mr. Addison's opinion, without offering one word in defence of his own. Addison was displeased, and vented his displeasure by saying, with some emotion, "Sir, either contradict me or pay me my money."

very dull since his being in the other world. I really think myself very much obliged to you for your directions, and if you would be a little particular in the names of the treaties that you mention, I should have reason to look upon your correspondence as the luckiest adventure I am like to meet with in all my travels. The place where I am at present, by reason of its situation on the Loire and its reputation for the language, is very much infested with fogs and German counts. These last are a kind of gentlemen that are just come wild out of their country, and more noisy and senseless than any I have yet had the honour to be acquainted with. They are at the Cabaret from morning to night, and I suppose come into France on no other account but to drink. To make some amends for all this, there is not a word of English spoken in the whole town, so that I shall be in danger of losing my mother-tongue, unless you give me leave to practise it on you sometimes in a letter. I might here be very troublesome to you with my acknowledgments, but I hope there is no need of any formal professions to assure you that I shall always be, dear sir, &c.

J. ADDISON.

To Abraham Stanyan, Esq.

ADDISON TO MR. STANYAN.

(No date, probably Blois, May, 1700.)

Analysis. This second letter to Mr. Stanyan is given by Miss Aikin as a fragment, the principal part of it being already printed in the Guardian, No. 104. After some allusions to Lent it proceeds, "News has been as scarce among us as fish, and I know you do not care much about mortification and repentance, which have been the only business of this place for several weeks past."—"Pleasant as the country is, I think of leaving it as soon as I have received directions from England, which I expect every post."

It may be amusing in this place to give the Abbe Philippeaux's account of Addison's mode of passing his time at Blois, taken from Spence's Anecdotes.[1]

[1] Spence's Anecdotes of Books and Men, edited by S. W. Singer, Esq., an entertaining book, which the publisher intends to include in his *Standard Library*.

"Mr. Addison staid above a year at Blois. He would rise as early as two and three in the height of summer, and lie a bed till between eleven and twelve in the depth of winter. He was untalkative whilst here, and often thoughtful; sometimes so lost in thought, that I have come into his room and staid five minutes there, before he has known anything of it. He had his masters, generally, at supper with him; kept very little company beside; and had no amour whilst here, that I know of; and I think I should have known it, if he had had any."

ADDISON TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.[1]

DEAR SIR, [Chateaudun,] July 23rd, [1700.]

I am now at Chateau-dun, where I shall expect your company or a letter from you with some impatience. Here is one of the prettiest views in the world, if that can tempt you, and a ruin of about four-score houses, which I know you would think a pleasanter prospect than the other, if it was not so modern. The inhabitants tell you the fire that has been the occasion of it was put out by a miracle; and that in its full rage it immediately ceased at the sight of Him that in His lifetime rebuked the winds and the waves with a look. He was brought hither in the disguise of a wafer, and was assisted, I don't question, with several tuns of water. It would have been a very fair occasion to have signalized your holy tear at Vendome, if the very sight of a single drop could have quenched such a terrible fire. This is all the news I can write you from this place, where I have been hitherto taken up with the company of strangers that lodge in the same inn. I shall hope to see you within about a week hence, though I desire you not to hasten against your own inclinations; for, as much as I esteem your company, I cannot desire it unless it be for your own convenience.

I am, dear sir,
Your very faithful humble servant,

Aux trois Rois à Chateaudun. J. ADDISON.[2]

[1] Husband of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. He appears to have travelled with Addison from Chateaudûn to Paris and Genoa.

[2] The originals of this and several other interesting letters of Addison were formerly in the possession of Sir Richard Phillips, the well-known bookseller, and are given in facsimile in his Addisoniana, 2 vols 12mo, 1805.

ADDISON TO BISHOP HOUGH.

My Lord, [Lyons, December, 1700.]

I received the honour of your Lordship's letter at Paris, and am since got as far as Lyons in my way for Italy. I am at present very well content to quit the French conversation, which, since the promotion of their young prince,[1] begins to grow insupportable. That which was before the vainest nation in the world is now worse than ever. There is scarce a man in it that does not give himself greater airs upon it, and look as well pleased as if he had received some considerable advancement in his own fortunes. The best company I have met with since my being in this country has been among the men of Letters, who are generally easy of access, especially the religious, who have a great deal of time on their hands, and are glad to pass some of it off in the society of strangers. Their learning for the most part lies among the old schoolmen. Their public disputes run upon the controversies between the Thomists and Scotists, which they manage with abundance of heat and false Latin. When I was at Paris I visited the Père Malebranche, who has a particular esteem for the English nation, where I believe he has more admirers than in his own. The French don't care for following him through his deep researches, and generally look upon all the new philosophy as visionary or irreligious. Malebranche himself told me that he was five and twenty years old before he had so much as heard of the name of Des Cartes. His book is now reprinted with many additions, among which he showed me a very pretty hypothesis of colours, which is different from that of Cartesius or Mr. Newton, though they may all three be true. He very much praised Mr. Newton's Mathematics, shook his head at the name of Hobbes, and told me he thought him a *pauvre esprit*. He was very solicitous about the English translation of his work, and was afraid it had been taken from an ill edition of it. Among other learned men I had the honour to be introduced to Mr. Boileau, who is now retouching his works and putting them out in a new impression. He is old[2] and a little deaf, but talks incomparably well in his

[1] Alluding to Philip, Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis the XIV., who was proclaimed King of Spain, Nov. 1700.

[2] Boileau was born in 1636, and would therefore be sixty-four. He

own calling. He heartily hates an ill poet, and throws himself into a passion when he talks of any one that has not a high respect for Homer and Virgil. I don't know whether there is more of old age or truth in his censures on the French writers, but he wonderfully decries the present, and extols very much his former contemporaries, especially his two intimate friends Arnaud and Racine. I asked him whether he thought Télémaque was not a good modern piece: he spoke of it with a great deal of esteem, and said that it gave us a better notion of Homer's way of writing than any translation of his works could do, but that it falls however infinitely short of the Odyssey, for Mentor, says he, is eternally preaching, but Ulysses shows us everything in his character and behaviour that the other is still pressing on us by his precepts and instructions. He said the punishment of bad kings was very well invented, and might compare with anything of that nature in the 6th Æneid, and that the deceit put on Télémaque's pilot to make him misguide his master is more artful and poetical than the death of Palinurus. I mention his discourse on this author because it is at present the book that is everywhere talked of, and has a great many partisans for and against it in this country. I found him as warm in crying up this man and the good poets in general, as he has been in censuring the bad ones of his time, as we commonly observe that the man who makes the best friend is the worst enemy. He talked very much of Corneille, allowing him to be an excellent poet, but at the same time none of the best tragic writers, for that he declaimed too frequently, and made very fine descriptions often when there was no occasion for them. Aristotle, says he, proposes two passions that are proper to be raised by tragedy, terror and pity, but Corneille endeavours at a new one, which is admiration. He instanced in his Pompey, (which he told us the late Duke of Condé thought the best tragedy that was ever written,) where in the first scene the king of Egypt runs into a very pompous and long description of the battle of Pharsalia, though he was then in a great hurry of affairs and had not himself been present at it. I hope your Lordship will excuse me for this kind of intelligence, for in so

is said to have conceived a high idea of the English genius for poetry, on perusing the Musæ Anglicanæ, of which the new volume, then recently published, was presented to him by Addison.

beaten a road as that of France it is impossible to talk of anything new unless we may be allowed to speak of particular persons, that are always changing, and may therefore furnish different matter for as many travellers as pass through the country.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's, &c.

J. ADDISON.

To the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF MANCHESTER.

[Italy, February, 1701.]

Analysis. Congratulating his Lordship on his promotion to the office of principal Secretary of State,[1] with thanks for kind mention of him to Lord Halifax, and offering his services abroad.

ADDISON TO LORD HALIFAX.[2]

[Italy,] March, 1701.

Analysis. An apology for having "a long time denied myself the honour of writing to your Lordship," &c.—"As I

[1] The appointment was gazetted, January 4, 1701, thus: "Charles (Montagu) Earl of Manchester, *vice* Lord Jersey." We therefore presume this letter to have been written in the following month. The Earl of Manchester had previously been ambassador to France, and resided in Paris during Addison's visit. Macky describes him as of "greater application than capacity, of good address, but no elocution; very honest and a lover of his constitution." It was in compliment to the lady of this nobleman that Addison composed the well-known lines engraved on his toasting-glass at the Kit-cat club, and printed at our page 228. It was a rule of the club that each member, on his admission, should name the lady of his choice and write a verse to her beauty.

[2] In this year (April, 1701) Charles Montagu, Lord Halifax, (who had been elected a peer in 1700,) was impeached by the Commons in Parliament, for procuring exorbitant grants from the crown to his own use; and further charged with cutting down and wasting the timbers in his Majesty's forests, and with holding several offices in the exchequer that were inconsistent and designed as checks upon each other. The Commons had addressed the king to remove him from his councils and presence for ever. These were the causes of his retiring, although he was favoured by the king and justified by the peers. At this period also Mr. Addison addressed to him his celebrated "Epistle," a noble proof of his gratitude and good feeling. For further notice of Lord Halifax see p. 377.

first of all undertook my travels by your Lordship's encouragement, I have endeavoured to pursue them in such a manner, as might make me best answer your expectations.—I could almost wish that it was less for my advantage than it is to be entirely devoted to your Lordship, that I might not seem to speak so much out of interest as inclination; for I must confess, the more I see of mankind the more I learn to value an extraordinary character, which makes me more ambitious than ever of showing myself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c."]

ADDISON TO MR. [WORTLEY] MONTAGU.[1]

DEAR SIR, [Rome,] August 7, [1701.]

I hope this will find you safe at Geneva, and that the adventure of the rivulet which you have so well celebrated in your last, has been the worst you have met with in your journey thither. I cannot but envy your being among the Alps, where you may see frost and snow in the dog-days. We are here quite burnt up, and are at least ten degrees nearer the sun then when you left us. I am very well satisfied it was in August that Virgil wrote his,

O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi, &c.

Our days at present, like those in the first chapter of Genesis, consist only of the evening and the morning; for the Roman noons are as silent as the midnights *of* other countries. But, among all these inconveniencies, the greatest I suffer is from your departure, which is more afflicting to me than the canicule. I am forced, for want of better company, to converse *mostly* with pictures, statues, and medals. For you must know I deal very much in ancient coins, and can count out a sum in sesterces with as much

[1] The original holograph is in the Bodleian Library (in Ballard's MSS. vol. xx. page 24). It is without place, but presumed to be written from Rome in 1701. Although this letter has been printed in five different collections, 1800, (Gents. Mag. 1791, Addisoniana, 1803, Seward's Anecdotes, Drake's Essays, 1805, and Miss Aikin, 1843,) no one seems to have followed the original, which not only has the superscription to Montagu, but also has the name of *Alston* after Sir Thomas. The Gents. Mag. describes it erroneously as addressed to Dr. Chartlett, (whose letters in the Bodleian were published by Aubrey,) and Miss Aikin prints it as a letter "without date of place or address, but manifestly written from Rome, and no doubt genuine."

ease as in pounds sterling. I am a great critic in rust, and can tell the age of it at first sight. I am only in some danger of losing my acquaintance with our English money; for at present I am much more used to the Roman.

If you glean up any of our country news, be so kind as to forward it this way. Pray give Mr. Dashwood's and my very humble service to Sir Thomas *Alston*, and accept of the same yourself, from, dear sir,

Your most affectionate,
Humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

My Lord Bernard, &c. give their service.

ADDISON TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

DEAR SIR, [Geneva,] December 9th, 1701.

I am just now arrived at Geneva by a very troublesome journey over the Alps, where I have been for some days together shivering among the eternal snows. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices, and you cannot imagine how much I am pleased with the sight of a plain, that is as agreeable to me at present as a shore was about a year ago after our tempest at Genoa. During my passage over the mountains I made a rhyming epistle to my Lord Halifax,[1] which perhaps I will trouble you with the sight of, if I do not find it to be nonsense upon a review. You will think it, I dare say, as extraordinary a thing to make a copy of verses in a voyage over the Alps as to write an heroic poem in a hackney coach,[2] and I believe I am the first that ever thought of Parnassus on Mount Cenis. At Florence, I had the honour to have about three days' conversation with the Duke of Shrewsbury,[3] which made me some amends for the

[1] See "A Letter from Italy, in the year 1701," vol. i. p. 29.

[2] Alluding to Sir Richard Blackmore, see note, p. 319 and 345.

[3] The Duke of Shrewsbury, at first a Tory but afterwards a Whig, had the year previously retired from political life in disgust, and refused to accept a post in the administration after the accession of Queen Anne. Many overtures were made to him without avail. From Rome, June 17th, 1701, he writes to Lord Somers, "Had I a son I would sooner breed him a cobbler than a courtier, and a hangman than a statesman." As Lord Halifax, Mr. Montagu, the Duke of Marlborough, and others of the Whig party, were anxious for the Duke's return to office, it is not improbable that Addison may have had this object in view in his "three days' conversation."

missing Sir Th. Alston's company, who had taken another road for Rome. I find I am very much obliged to yourself and him, but will not be so troublesome in my acknowledgments as I might justly be; I shall only assure you that I think Mr. Montagu's acquaintance the luckiest adventure that I could possibly have met with in my travels. I suppose you are in England as full of politics as we are of religion at Geneva, which I hope you will give me a little touch of in your letters. The rake Wood[1] is grown a man of a very regular life and conversation, and often begins our good friends' health in England. I am, dear sir,

Your most affectionate
Humble servant,
J. Addison.

I have taken care to manage myself according to your kind intimations.

ADDISON TO CHAMBERLAIN DASHWOOD, ESQ.

Geneva, July, 1702.

Analysis. Acknowledging the receipt of a very pretty snuff-box.—"You know Mr. Bays recommends snuff as a great provocation to wit, but you may produce this letter as a standing evidence against him. I have, since the beginning of it, taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude that wit and tobacco are not inseparable, or to make a pun of it, though a man may be master of a snuff box,

'Non cuicunque datum est habere Nasum.'"

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.[2]

Sir, [Vienna,] November, 1702.

That I may be as troublesome to you in prose as in verse, I take the liberty to send you the beginning of a work

[1] Mr. Wood is again mentioned at page 344.

[2] This letter is referred to in Mr. Tickell's preface as indicating when and where Addison's Dialogue on Medals was first cast into form. Mr. George Stepney, then British envoy at the court of Vienna, was at Trinity College, Cambridge, (1689,) at the same time as Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, his friend and patron, and was one of the contributors to Tonson's "Miscellany Poems," in 1695. He died in 1707, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a fine monument was erected to him,

that I told you I had some design of publishing at my return into England. I have wrote it since my being at Vienna, in hopes that it might have the advantage of your correction. I cannot hope that one who is so well acquainted with the persons of our present modern princes, should find any pleasure in a discourse on the faces of such as made a figure in the world above a thousand years ago. You will see however that I have endeavoured to treat my subject, that is in itself very bare of ornaments, as divertingly as I could. I have proposed to myself such a way of instructing as that in the dialogues on the Plurality of Worlds. The very owning of this design will I believe look like a piece of vanity, though I know I am guilty of a much greater in offering what I have wrote to your perusal.

I am, sir, &c.

To Mr. Stepney, Envoy at the Court of Vienna.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

[Dresden,] Jan. 3rd, 1702-3.

Analysis. A complimentary letter acknowledging the pleasure derived from his correspondence.—"Since our leaving Prague we have seen nothing but a great variety of winter pieces, so that all the account I can give you of the country is that it abounds very much in snow"—"scarce anything we meet with, except our sheets and napkins, that is not white."

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF WINCHELSEA.[1]

[Hamburgh,] March, 1702-3.

Analysis. Describing Hamburgh as a place of commerce and drinking. "Their chief commodity, at least that with which I am best acquainted, is Rhenish wine. This

of which the pompous inscription is recorded by Dr. Johnson. Macky (in his Memoirs of Secret Service, published 1733) speaks highly of Stepney's qualifications, calling him "one of the best poets now in England, perhaps equal to any that ever was,"—on which Dean Swift, in a MS. note, observes, "*scarcely third-rate.*"

[1] This nobleman (then the Hon. Charles Finch) was at All Souls, Oxford, in 1788, while Addison was at Queen's. Addison seems to have known what kind of letter would be most congenial to the tastes of Lord Winchelsea, if we may judge by the following character given of him in Macky's Memoirs. "He hath neither genius nor gusto for business, loves hunting and a bottle, was an opposer (to his power) of the measures of

they have in such prodigious quantities that there is yet no sensible diminution of it, although Mr. Perrot and myself have been among them above a week.—The cellar is near the little English chapel, which your Lordship may well suppose is not altogether so much frequented by our countrymen as the other."

ADDISON TO MR. WYCHE.[1]

[Holland,] May, 1703.

Analysis. Complimentary and facetious in reference to Mr. Wyche's agreeable company and capital wine, which made Hamburgh the pleasantest State that he met with in his travels.—"My hand at present begins to grow steady enough for a letter, so that the properest use I can put it to is to thank the honest gentleman that set it a shaking." "I hope the two pair of legs that we left a swelling behind us are by this time come to their shapes again," &c.

ADDISON TO ALLEYN BATHURST,[2] ESQ. AT THE HAGUE.

[Leyden,] May, 1703.

Analysis. Complimentary on his political successes, and alluding to the attractions of the Hague.—"I do not suppose you are willing to exchange your assemblies for Anatomy Schools, and to quit your beauties of the Hague for the skeletons of Leyden.[3] When you have a mind to walk among

King William's reign, and is zealous for the monarchy and church to the highest degree. He loves *jests and puns*, and that sort of low wit, is of short stature, well shaped, with a very handsome countenance, not thirty years old." *To which Swift adds*, in reference to his *jests and puns*. "*I never observed it;*" and then adds, "*being very poor, he complied too much with the party he hated.*"

[1] His Majesty's Resident at Hamburgh, which appointment he appears to have retained for many years. In a letter of Paul Methuen to the Commissioners of Trade, Dec. 14th, 1716-17, respecting the Herring-fishery, his name is spelt Wich. He was probably of the family of Sir Cyril Wyche, Knt. who in 1693 was Lord Justice of Ireland. Mr. Thackeray, in his Lectures on the English Humourists, gives the above letter *in extenso*.

[2] Created Baron Bathurst in 1711, when Queen Anne, to obtain a Tory majority in the Upper House, made twelve new peers in one day. He was nephew of the celebrated Dean Bathurst, and studied at Trinity College, Oxford, while his uncle was President there, in 1700 and after.

[3] The Anatomical Museum at Leyden is perhaps the finest in Europe. Sandifort's great work, the Museum Anatomicum, 4 vols. large fo.io, represents but a portion of it.

dead men's bones, honour me with a line, and I will not fail to meet you."

Thursday morning.

ADDISON TO MR. TONSON.[1]

SIR, [Leyden,] Thursday morning, [May, 1703.]

I have shown your letter to Mr. Conningham. He will speak to the bookseller about the Tableaux des Muses, but cannot possibly meet at Leyden so soon as you mention, expecting a letter by every post from England. I should have answered your letter sooner had I not been two days at Rotterdam, whence I returned yesterday with Colonel Stanhope, whom I found unexpectedly at Pennington's. If I can possibly, I will come and see you to-morrow at Amsterdam for a day. As I dined[2] with my Lord Cutts the other day, I talked of your Cæsar, and let him know that two German generals had subscribed. He asked me who had the taking of the subscriptions, and told me he believed he could assist you if they were not full.

I am, sir,
Your very humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

To Mr. Tonson, at Mr. Moor's, the English house near the Fish-market, Amsterdam.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET[3] TO MR. TONSON.

[London,] Friday night, 10 o'clock, [April or May, 1703.]

MR. MANWARING[4] told me you had now received a letter from Mr. Addison, wherein he seems to embrace the proposal, but

[1] We assign May, 1703, as the date of this letter, because it appears, from the Kit-cat Memoir, that Tonson was then in Amsterdam.

[2] Alluding to Clarke's Cæsar, then preparing, but not published till 712,—one of the most splendid editions of a Latin classic ever printed

[3] Charles Seymour, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset, of whom many amusing anecdotes are told. His two youngest daughters were alternately obliged to stand and watch him during his afternoon siesta. On one occasion, Lady Charlotte, being fatigued, sat down, when the Duke awaking unexpectedly, expressed his surprise at her disobedience, and declared he should remember her want of decorum in his will. He left this daughter £20,000 less than the other. Macky says he had "good judgment," to which Swift adds, "*not a grain, hardly common sense.*"

[4] Meaning Arthur Maynwaring, Esq., author of "The Medley," dis-

desires to know the particulars, so if you please to come to me to-morrow morning about nine or ten o'clock, we will more fully discourse the whole matter together, that you may be able at your arrival in Holland to settle all things with him. I could wish he would come over by the return of this convoy, but more of this when we meet. In the mean time, believe me

Your very humble servant,

SOMERSET.

For Mr. Jacob Tonson, at Gray's Inn.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET TO MR. TONSON.

London, June the 4th, 1703.

I RECEIVED yours of the 21st of May yesterday, and am very glad, after so long a time, you are at last safely arrived with the Duke of Grafton at the Hague. As to what you write of Mr. Addison, I shall be very glad to see him here in England, that we may more fully discourse together of that matter, but at the same time I should have been much better satisfied had he made his own proposals, that he then would have been on more certain terms of what he was to depend on, especially since he did not intend to leave Holland so soon on any other account; therefore I think I ought to enter into that affair more freely and more plainly, and tell you what I propose, and what I hope he will comply with: viz. I desire he may be more on the account of a companion in my son's[1] travels than as a governor, and as such I shall account him: my meaning is, that neither lodging, travelling, or diet shall cost him sixpence, and over and above that, my son shall present him at the year's end with a hundred guineas,[2] as long as he is pleased to continue in that service to my son, by taking great care of him, by his personal attendance and advice in what he finds necessary during his time of travelling. My intention is at present, to send him over before August next to the Hague, there to remain for one year, from

tinguished as a wit and a politician, and one of the most accredited critics of the time. He was a contributor to Tonson's "Miscellany Poems," in the 5th vol. of which is his translation of the First Book of the Iliad. He began life as a Tory and died a Whig, (in 1712,) and was for some time secretary to the Duchess of Marlborough. See Oldmixon's Memoir of him prefixed to the collected edition of his Works, 8vo, 1715; also a Memoir and portrait of him in the Kit-cat collection; and some account of him and many of his letters in Coxe's Life of Marlborough.

[1] His son, Algernon, Earl of Hertford, was then nineteen years of age. Addison was thirty-one.

[2] Addison, previously to the death of King William, had enjoyed a pension of £300. This had been stopped, and his political friends were not in power; the Duke, as we here see, offered a hundred guineas and maintenance.

thence to go to all the courts of Germany, and to stay some time at the court of Hanover, as we shall then agree. The only reason for his stay at the Hague is to perform all his exercises, and when he is perfect in that, then to go next wherever Mr. Addison shall advise, to whom I shall entirely depend on in all that he thinks may be most for his education. When we are agreed on what terms may be most agreeable to him, I dare say he shall find all things as he can desire. This I thought fit for saving of time to enter into now, for many reasons, that we may the sooner and the better know each other's thoughts, being fully resolved to send him over by the end of next month: so I must desire him to be plain with me, as he will find by this that I am with him, because it will be a very great loss to me not to know his mind sooner than he proposes to come over. I need not tell you the reason, it being so plain for you to guess, and the main of all, which is the conditions, as I have mentioned, may be as well treated on by letter as if he was here. So I do desire his speedy answer, for to tell you plainly, I am solicited every day on this subject, many being offered to me, and I cannot tell them that I am engaged positively, because Mr. Addison is my desire and inclination by the character I have heard of him. Dear Jacob, forgive this trouble, and believe that I am, with sincerity,

Your very humble servant,

SOMERSET.

ADDISON TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

[Amsterdam, June 16th, 1703.]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

By a letter that Mr. Tonson has shown me, I find that I am very much obliged to your Grace for the kind opinion that you are pleased to entertain of me. I should be extremely glad of an opportunity of deserving it, and am therefore very ready to close with the proposal that is there made me of accompanying my Lord Marquess of Hertford in his travels, and doing his Lordship all the services that I am capable of. I have lately received one or two advantageous offers of the same nature, but as I should be very ambitious of executing any of your Grace's commands, so I cannot think of taking the like employment from any other hands. As for the recompence that is proposed to me, I must take the liberty to assure your Grace that I should not see my account in it, but in the hopes that I have to recommend myself to your Grace's favour and approbation. I am glad your Grace has intimated that you would oblige me to attend my Lord only

from year to year, for in a twelvemonth it may be easily seen whether I can be of any advantage to his Lordship. I am sure, if my utmost endeavours can do anything, I shall not fail to answer your Grace's expectations. About a fortnight hence I hope to have the honour of waiting on your Grace, unless I receive any commands to the contrary.

I am, &c.

J. ADDISON.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET TO MR. TONSON.

London, June the 22nd, 1703.

YOUR letter of the 16th with one from Mr. Addison came safe to me. You say he will give me an account of his readiness of complying with my proposal. I will set down his own words, which are these: "As for the recompence that is proposed to me, I must confess I can by no means see my account in it," &c. All the other parts of his letter are compliments to me which he thought he was bound in good breeding to write, and as such I have taken them and no otherwise; and now I leave you to judge how ready he is to comply with my proposal. Therefore I have wrote by this first post to prevent his coming to England on my account, and have told him plainly that now I must look for another, which I cannot be long a finding. I am very sorry that I have given you so much trouble in it, but I know that you are good, and will forgive it in one that is so much

Your friend and humble servant,

SOMERSET.

Our club[1] is dissolved till you revive it again, which we are impatient of.

ADDISON TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

[Amsterdam,] July, 1703.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

Since my return from a journey that I was obliged to make into North Holland I have received the honour of your Grace's letter, which has hindered my immediate going to England. I am sorry to find that I have not made use of such expressions as were proper to represent the sense I have of the honour your Grace designed me, and should be extremely glad of any occasion that may happen in which I might show how proud I should be of obeying

[1] Alluding to the Kit-cat club, of which Tonson was the "key-stone," and probably the founder.

your commands, and most particularly if during my stay here I could be any-way serviceable to my Lord Hertford.

I am, &c.

J ADDISON.

ADDISON TO BISHOP HOUGH.

MY LORD, Amsterdam, August 24th, N. S. [1703.]

I have a long time denied myself the honour of writing to your Lordship, because I would not presume to trouble you with any of my private disappointments, and at the same time did not think proper to give you a detail of a voyage, that I hope to present to your Lordship, with a general relation of, at my return to England. To finish the misfortunes that I have met with during my travels, I have, since my coming into Holland, received the news of my father's death, which is indeed the most melancholy news that I ever yet received. What makes it the more so is, that I am informed he was so unhappy as to do some things, a little before he died, which were not agreeable to your Lordship. I have seen too many instances of your Lordship's great humanity to doubt, that you will forgive anything which might seem disobliging, in one that had his spirits very much broken by age, sickness, and afflictions. But, at the same time, I hope that the information I have received on this subject, is not well grounded, because in a letter, not long before his death, he commanded me to preserve always a just sense of duty and gratitude for the Bishop of Lichfield, who had been so great a benefactor to his family in general, and myself in particular.[1] This advice, though it was not necessary, may show, however, the due respect he had for your Lordship; as it was given at a time, when men seldom disguise their sentiments. I must desire your Lordship to pardon the trouble of this letter, which I never should have taken the liberty to have written, had it not been to

[1] "It seems that the dean had objected to, and entered a protest against, some measures of the Chapter, in the time of his predecessor, Dr. W. Lloyd; and perhaps the bishop might have lately assented to the opinion of his predecessor, and have differed from that of the dean upon them; but Mr. Addison must have been right in supposing, that he had been misinformed as to the bishop, who, being a man of the utmost candour and liberality, could not have been offended on account of a mere difference of opinion in a matter of this kind." *Wilmot's Life of Hough*, p. 347.

vindicate one of the best of fathers, and that to your Lordship, whom, of all the world, I would not have possessed with an ill opinion of one I am so nearly related to. If I can serve your Lordship in this country, I should be ever proud to receive any of your commands at Mr. Moor's in Amsterdam.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most dutiful and
Most obedient servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO MR. WOOD (AT GENEVA).

[The Hague,] September, 1703.

Analysis. Complimenting him "on a very pleasant letter to Lord Effingham," (which his Lordship had shown him,) advising him not to persist in his intended tour to Italy and the Passes of the Alps.—"Think but on Mount Cenis, and, as you have not the brains of a kite, I am sure it will deter you from so rash an undertaking."—"I have lately received my book of travels from Mr. Fisher. It has taken a longer tour than its author since it went out of your hands, and made a greater voyage than that which it describes. But after having passed through Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and made a trip to England, it is at last sent me to the Hague."

ADDISON TO MR. WYCHE (AT HAMBURGH).

[Amsterdam,] September, 1703.

Analysis. Announcing the death of Mr. Addison's father,[1] since which "engaged in so much noise and company; that it was impossible for me to think of rhyming in it, unless I had been possessed of such a muse as Dr. Blackmore's,[2] that could make a couple of heroic poems in a hackney coach and a coffee-house."

[1] Dr. Lancelot Addison, Dean of Lichfield and Archdeacon of Coventry, who died April 20, 1703.

[2] Sir Richard Blackmore, M. D., physician to King William and Queen Anne, a most prolific writer of Epics, which he was said to have penned to some extent in his carriage, in the course of his professional visits. His "Creation," in seven books, is his principal poem, and went through several editions; but although praised by Addison and Dr. Johnson, has long since passed into oblivion. Sir Richard was the common butt of the wits, and the present allusion to him is evidently ironical.

STEELE TO ADDISON.

SIR, 1705.

You will be surprised, in the midst of a daily and familiar conversation, with an address which bears so distant an air as a public dedication: but to put you out of the pain which I know this will give you, I assure you I do not design in it, what would be very needless, a panegyric on yourself, or, what perhaps is very necessary, a defence of the Play.[1] In the one I should discover too much the concern of an author, in the other too little the freedom of a friend.

My purpose in this application is only to show the esteem I have for you, and that I look upon my intimacy with you as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life. At the same time, I hope I make the town no ill compliment for their kind acceptance of this comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far raised my opinion of it, as to make me think it no improper memorial of an inviolable friendship.

I should not offer it to you as such, had I not been very careful to avoid everything that might look ill-natured, immoral, or prejudicial to what the better part of mankind hold sacred and honourable.

Poetry, under such restraints, is an obliging service to human society; especially when it is used, like your admirable vein, to recommend more useful qualities in yourself, or immortalize characters truly heroic in others.

I am here in danger of breaking my promise to you, therefore shall take the only opportunity that can offer itself of resisting my own inclinations, by complying with yours.

I am, sir,
Your most faithful humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

There is a gap here of more than two years in the series of Addison's letters. During this period, by the influence of his friend and patron Lord Halifax, he was brought into public employment as Commissioner of appeal in the excise, and "officially encouraged" by Lord Godolphin to commemorate the battle of Blenheim, which Marlborough had just won. This produced his celebrated poem 'The Campaign,' which gave him great popularity and paved his way to further advancement. In 1705 he employed himself in the publica-

[1] This letter was prefixed to "The Tender Husband," which was first acted in 1704, but not printed till 1705.

tion of his Travels, which he dedicated in chaste and elegant language, in the form of a letter, to Lord Somers (printed in our vol. i. p. 356). The Whigs being now in power, Lord Halifax was sent on a mission to Hanover, to present the garter to the Electoral Prince, (George I.,) and selected Addison to accompany him, as is shown in the next letter.

[1] A very amusing burlesque Table of Contents was made to Addison's Travels by some Tory wit of the day, and was prefixed to some copies of the edition printed in 1705, (which had been bought up for the purpose,) with a new title-page, dated 1706. The circumstance is not mentioned by any of his biographers.

We annex a few extracts:

How the outside of a church may sometimes look much whiter and fresher than the inside, 27.

Little images make up the equipage of those that are larger, 28.

Bridges at Venice are without any fence, which would be a great inconveniency to a city less sober, 85.

A dog that has his nose held in the vapour of the Grotto del Cane dies in a very little time; but if carried into the open air, or thrown into the neighbouring lake, he immediately recovers, 230.

Water is of great use when a fire chances to break out, 413.

The holiday clothes of the people of Bern go from father to son, and are seldom worn out till the second or third generation; so that it is a common thing to see a countryman in the doublet and breeches of his great grandfather, 503.

Politics seem to have run very high at this period, and the same kind of practical wit was resorted to by the Whig party against the Tories. Mr. William Bromley (afterwards Speaker) had published, in 1692, *a Grand Tour of France and Italy*, which the Whig party (it was supposed one of the ministry) reprinted in 1705, at the time he first stood for the speakership, with the addition of a Table of Contents, turning all his observations into ridicule. His own account of the matter is given in the Bibliotheca Parriana, pp. 702-3, printed from the fly-leaves of a copy supposed by Dr. Parr to be unique.

We annex a few extracts:

Eight pictures take up less room than sixteen of the same size, 14.

Barren mountains covered with posies, 29.

The author compared with our Saviour, and wants of his height a hand's breadth by measure, 107.

Banners displayed to keep a dead cardinal from being fly-blown, 126.

Three hundred penitent whores in a monastery at Florence; a cheap way of providing for daughters, 227.

Ten persons in a government like a decemvirate, 234.

An university in which degrees are taken, 249.

LORD HALIFAX TO MR. ROBETHON.[1]

SIR, Hague, May 7th, 1706.

I have received the favour of your letter of the 30th, and should have returned my most humble acknowledgments for the great honour his electoral Highness and the electoral prince have done me, by the next post, had it not gone away earlier than I imagined. I have undertaken this journey, merely to pay my duty and respect to their electoral Highnesses. I knew myself very unfit for any foreign business; but I would not refuse a commission (though never so improper for myself) that might put me in a capacity of serving them. Sir, I beg the favour of you, that you would present my most humble duty to their electoral Highnesses, and to the electoral prince, with the utmost respect; and assure them, that as I have been devoted to their interest in England, I am now come abroad, only in hopes I may be some way useful to them. I bring them the greatest proofs that the Queen and the nation can give them, of their affection and zeal, to preserve and maintain the succession in that illustrious family: and I hope the negotiation that my Lord Marlborough is now carrying on in this place, will add a greater strength to our laws. Mr. Vauburgh[2] is not yet come over; and I came away in such a hurry, that I left several things to follow me. When they arrive, I will set forward for Hanover. I have excused myself from bringing any young noblemen with me, but my Lord Dorset is left to my care, and I shall bring him with me. Monsieur Narifeau and Mr. Addison, two gentlemen of learning and business, give me their company, and I bring no more servants or liveries than I have at London. I am, &c.

HALIFAX.

"I am overjoyed that I shall have again the honour to renew our acquaintance; and you needed no recommendation to put an entire confidence in Mr. Robethon."

ADDISON TO MR. LEWIS.[3]

SIR, [Hague,] July 26th, 1706.

I thank you for yours of the 2nd, which I received at the Duke of Marlborough's camp.[4] Mr. Cardonnel will give

[1] Private secretary to King William, and afterwards to George I., whom he accompanied into England. Several letters between Addison and this gentleman will be found under the date of 1714.

[2] Vauburgh had recently been appointed Clarenceux king at arms, and though not in the suite of Lord Halifax, must have been present at the Ceremonial.

[3] Probably Erasmus Lewis, afterwards secretary to Lord Dartmouth. There is a letter from Mr. Cardonnel to Mr. Lewis, dated May 22, 1705, in the Marlborough Despatches, vol. ii. p. 51.

[4] Then at *Helchin*, near the Hague.

you a better account of all transactions here, than I can do. The Duke of Marlborough received a letter from Prince Eugene, on Saturday last, that confirms his passing the Adige and gives great hopes of further successes.[1] He tells his Grace that the Duke of Orleans was arrived in those parts to command the French army, if he had resolution enough to enter on such a post, when his army was in such a situation. The Duke of Vendome, they say this morning, is got among the French troops, on this side. A trumpet from the enemy says, that three lieutenant-generals are broken for misbehaviour at Ramillies. Their names are, Counts Guiscard, d'Artagnan, and Monsieur d'Etain. All agree here, that the last battle was gained purely by the conduct of our general.

"I am, sir, &c.

J. ADDISON."

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

SIR, Whitehall, Sept. 3rd, 1706.

I beg leave to congratulate you upon your removal to a province[2] that requires all those great abilities for which you are so deservedly celebrated, and at the same time to renew to you my assurances of an eternal gratitude and esteem. Though I have forbore troubling you with professions of this nature, I have often had an opportunity of mentioning my obligations to you, and the great respect I shall always have for so extraordinary a character; as well in other countries as in England. I shall take the liberty to trouble you with the news of the town and office, since I am better settled in my correspondences than I was formerly, and may now look upon you to be in our neighbourhood. The Union at present takes up all public discourse, and it is thought will certainly be concluded at last, notwithstanding the late popular commotions. Our Barbadoes fleet is arrived under convoy of two men-of-war, and I hear Sir Bevil Granville died on board one of them on his return from his government. We have just now received a Lisbon mail, and as I am very much straitened in time, I send you an extract of a letter I received thence.

I am with great respect, sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

[1] Printed in the Marlborough Despatches, vol. iii. p. 28.

[2] He had just been appointed Ambassador to the States-General.

I am desired by one Mr. Johnson, an English bookseller at the Hague, to recommend him to your custom. He is a very understanding man, and the Lord Halifax's and Somerset's agent for books.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

SIR, Cock-Pit, Nov. 8th, 1706.

We hear that on the Fast-day appointed in Scotland to beg a blessing on the proceedings in parliament relating to a Union, that several of the clergy took occasion to show their aversion to it. Mr. Loggan, an eminent divine in Edinburgh, had for his text the 11th verse of the 3rd of the Revelations, "Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Another, they say, desired the Lord in his prayer, that as he had formerly made their nation one of the heads of Europe, he would not now make it one of the tails. But as it is natural for a turbulent, discontented party to make more noise than those who are pleased with the ordinary course of affairs, though they are much the fewer in number, so they tell us that not only in the parliament, but throughout the kingdom, the majority is for the Union.

I have seen a printed memorial, as it is called, that has been presented to the Duke of Burgundy, and by him, as I am certainly informed, laid before the king of France. It proposes for the recruiting the army, and raising money in the present exigencies, that all the superfluous lacqueys be immediately pressed for the army, which, by his calculation, will amount to threescore thousand. He then calculates the number of officers and pensions employed in the finances, taxes, posts, &c., which he reckons at fourscore thousand, half of which he would have suppressed, and their persons and pensions to be employed in the army. For a further supply of money he would have a coin of base alloy stamped, with which the king shall buy up all the works in gold and silver, in convents, palaces, &c., and turn them into current coin, which, by his computation, would bring in two-thirds of money more than there is now in the kingdom. One of these books has been sent into England, and they say makes a great noise in its own country.

A ship is come into Falmouth that left Lisbon ten days ago, (which is four days since our last packet came away,)

that says there were then upward of threescore transports and sixteen men-of-war; but that neither Sir Cloudesley Shovell nor my Lord Rivers was then arrived.

Since the writing of this I have received a long account[1] of the Scotch affairs, which I send by itself: so begging you will excuse this trouble,

I am, sir, &c.
J. Addison.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

Sir, Cock-Pit, Nov. 15th, 1706.

On Wednesday morning arrived a packet-boat from Lisbon, with letters of the 10th of Nov., N. S. They brought us the news of the safe arrival of all our descent fleet,[2] and that Sir Cloudesley Shovell and Lord Rivers dined at the consul's the day before, where they had a conference with the Secretary of State, but it was thought they would stay there no longer than to get forage and provisions, and refit their ships, which will take them up a month at least. Some letters say the Portuguese ministers were very importunate with them to employ all their forces on that side, and those who pretend to dive into affairs, think it is only out of a design to render them ineffectual; but by all our advices from Lisbon we have reason to think, that since they find the king of France is likely to fall, they would willingly come in for their share of the spoil, and consequently contribute what they can to it. Mr. Methuen,[3] I hear, declines his envoyship, and very much solicits leave to return into England; but if he may succeed his father in his embassy, it is not doubted but he will be content to stay there some time longer. On the 10th Nov. the Winchester man-of-war was sent express to Alicant from Lisbon to advise Lord Galway of the arrival of the fleet.

Mr. Crow, who was named for envoy to the king of Spain

[1] This "long account" has not been found. There is a short account in the next letter.

[2] This was the confederate fleet, commanded by Sir Cloudesley Shovell, having 10,000 troops on board, under Lord Rivers, intended for a descent on the coast of France. This, however, was deferred till the next year, when Sir Cloudesley attacked Toulon, and burnt and destroyed eight of the best French ships of war.—*Tindal*, vol. iv. 30.

[3] Paul Methuen, see p. 354.

on a negotiation of commerce, is now preparing for his government of Barbadoes, and that whole affair being put into the hands of Mr. Stanhope, who is now with King Charles, under the character of the Queen's envoy, it is supposed that several of his friends, who fancied he might be shocked by Crow's commission, have interposed in the affair.

Edinburgh, Nov. 8th. Letters of this date that came in this morning, gave an account of several heats and addresses against the incorporating Union. It looks very odd that there should be so great a majority in parliament against what seems to be the bent of the nation, and that they have taken no care to confront addresses on this occasion. The particulars of their transactions will I know be sent to you from other hands.

The bishopric of Winchester will not be disposed of, as it is said, till the next session of parliament is over; which may probably have a good effect on the bench of candidates for it.

I am much obliged to you for yours of the 23rd, and the place you give me in your memory; and shall ever be, with the greatest esteem, sir, &c.

J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

SIR, [Whitehall, Nov. 19th,] 1706.

Yesterday the Duke of Marlborough came to town,[1] and notwithstanding his Grace had deferred his arrival till the dusk of the evening, and endeavoured to enter as privately as possible, the common people of Southwark discovered him, and immediately giving the alarm to their brotherhood in the city, attended him with huzzas and acclamations to the court.

A credential is despatching from the queen to the king of Portugal, to engage his Majesty to treat with Earl Rivers[2] about the operations of the ensuing campaign on that side and in Valentia.

[1] He landed at Margate on the 16th of November, 1706, and reached London on the 18th. See Coxe's Marlborough, vol. ii. p. 24, edit. Bohn.

[2] Macky says he was a Colonel of Horse in King James's reign, and the first who joined King William at the Revolution; he attended the king in all his campaigns, and was Lieutenant-general of the army: "a gentleman of very good sense, and very cunning," &c. To which Swift adds, "*An arrant knave in common dealing and very prostitute.*"

We have a strong report in town of my Lord Keeper's being married to Mrs. Clavering; but I do not hear that his Lordship owns it.

There is to-night a general council held at Kensington, designed, as it is supposed, to prorogue the parliament a week longer.

Our last letters from Scotland give great hopes of their coming to a speedy and happy conclusion in the affair of the Union.[1]

We had yesterday a very joyful report in the city of the arrival of nine East-India ships at Kinsale in Ireland, upon which the stock of the new Company[2] rose very considerably; but I find that they have heard nothing of it at the Admiralty, so that it was probably an invention of the stock-jobbers.

We expect suddenly to hear of a governor of the Tower, Guernsey, and Sheerness, which are all three at present without a head.

Mr. Methuen, I am informed, will have the character, at least the appointments, of an ambassador; that being at present so expensive a post, that he could not think of entering upon it on the foot of an envoy.

I just now hear Major-General Withers is made governor of Sheerness; and I am told that Mr. Prior has been making an interest privately for the headship of Eton, in case Dr. Godolphin goes off in this removal of bishops.

We have no particulars of Scotch news, besides what are to be met with in the public prints.

I am, sir, &c.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

SIR, Whitehall, Dec. 3rd, 1706.

My Lord Sunderland was this night sworn into the office of Secretary of State for the Southern Province, but it being very late, and his Lordship in a hurry of business and ceremony, he has not time to notify it to anybody, for which reason he has ordered me to present his very humble

[1] The Union was ratified by the first Scottish Parliament, Jan. 16, 1707, and celebrated in London, May 1, by a public thanksgiving.

[2] The New East-India Company was formed in 1698, and united with the old Company in 1702.

service to you, and to let you know that he will write to you with his own hand by the next post.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

SIR, [Whitehall,] December 10th, 1706.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter of the 14th, N. S., and for the favour you have shown to the person I recommended to you at the Hague. I hope I need not offer you all the services of my little post, whenever you think proper to employ me in any of them. I believe my Lord Halifax, with whom I have often had the honour to drink your health, hath let you know from his own hand, that he has been attacked by a fit of the gout, which is at present pretty well over. You may possibly have heard the late regulation of the Secretary of State: whoever enters on that office hereafter is to succeed the person that quits it in the same province, but at the same time to be reputed the junior secretary, which is the foot we are now upon. I hear Sir Philip Meadows, junior, is designed for Vienna: and that Mr. Methuen is the more unwilling to succeed his father[1] in Portugal, by reason the accounts that passed through his hands between England and Portugal are not so clear as might be wished. We expect alterations in your commission, and that two of the board, who at present do all the business of it, will be removed, to make room for Lord Stanford, and I do not hear the other. Lord Huntingtower has married Mrs. Heneage Candish without the consent or knowledge of his father the Earl of Dysart. This we look upon as an omen of union between the two nations.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

[1] Paul Methuen, negotiator of the celebrated Oporto wine treaty, which bears his name. It was passed in 1703. Macky says he was bred a common lawyer, was many years employed in the affairs of Portugal, which he understands very well. In King William's reign he was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and was very near being so in England. He is a man of intrigue, but very muddy in his conceptions. A tall black man fifty years old, &c. To which Swift adds, "*A profligate rogue, without religion or morality, but cunning enough, yet without abilities of any kind.*"

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

SIR, Whitehall, Dec. 13th, 1705.—(1706.)[1]

We had last night an express from Lisbon, that brought news of the death of the king of Portugal,[2] which comes to us from the ambassador and several other hands; though the Portuguese envoy has not yet received any advice of it, and has been just now with me, to know if the *facheuse nouvelle* be true. We hear there are three prevailing parties at present in that court, though I do not know how they are distinguished, but only in general that ours is the weakest of the three, though the common people in general are for us. It happens therefore very luckily that our fleet and army are on the spot, which cannot fail having a very good influence. Mr. Methuen, who has not yet received his instructions and credential of ambassador is now at Lisbon, and has done very good office in this nice conjuncture, though he has not acted as the queen's minister, but only as a friend to the service.

We had also late last night an express from Lord Galway and Mr. Stanhope. They tell us Carthagena was then likely to be besieged, and that they did not expect it should make any defence, as the event has sufficiently proved. They were in no pain for Alicant nor *for* their own army, having several mountains and difficult passes between them and the enemy. I must tell you as a secret that both Lord Galway and Stanhope make very pressing requests to be recalled, and I believe you will not think it impossible for them both to be really sick of an Austrian administration. Lord Galway has already heard that his commission was to supersede Lord Peterborough's, but that has had no effect on him, and I verily believe the other will persist in his desire of coming home, notwithstanding the addition of three pounds a day by virtue of his plenipotentiaryship for settling the commerce, &c. They are both of opinion that there are but two generals in the world fit to command in chief in those parts, and as one of them is engaged necessarily on this side of the world, they propose sending for the other out of Italy. I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

[1] This letter is endorsed 1705, but should evidently be 1706.

[2] Don Pedro II., who died Dec. 9th, 1706.

My Lord Sunderland orders me to give you his most humble service, and to let you know that he will be very much obliged to you if you will send him the news of your circular or what *else*.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

Lisbon, Dec. 17th, 1706.

On Tuesday last, Col. Worsley arrived here from Valencia, having been about 14 days in his passage, and brings the confirmation of the following account, viz.:

That in Cuença was taken a German regiment, a Spanish regiment, with a Neapolitan, besides a detachment of 600 men, of English, Dutch, and Portuguese.

In Elche was taken Brigadier Killegrew's dragoons, and a detachment of 400 foot, and as much corn as would have served the army all winter. There are at least 7000 recruits wanting in the English army, for our battalions there are reduced to 200 men, one with another.

It will be difficult to provide the army with horses where we go, though the king will take up all in the country.

We are preparing to sail for Alicant, where they expect us with the greatest impatience. Our arrival here has freed them of the enemy, who designed to have besieged Alicant and Valencia. The Portuguese own likewise that our presence has done them service *in* this juncture of the king's death; for they suppose there would have been otherwise some disorders. The new king says he will act as vigorously as his father.

The new king Don Juan is about 17 years old, and has confirmed all officers in their places; he is of a very mild disposition; and it is supposed will follow his father's counsels.

Lord Rivers continues here packing up straw, but it is said will sail hence the latter end of the month. The men and horses are in very good health. We have little news from Spain; some deserters tell us that the Duke of Anjou has cut down all the woods near Madrid, to raise money, and that the Duke of Berwick has been defeated near Alicant; but little credit is given to it. They are in great apprehensions at Cadiz, and fortify every place they can.

The Marquis de Montandre, who has been driven back

to Yarmouth, was last night sent for back to town: so that in all probability he will carry different instructions from those he has, to Earl Rivers, since the posture of affairs in Valencia is laid open by the last mail. Lord Galway seriously desires to retire, notwithstanding his commission is to take place of Lord Peterborough's, and Earl Rivers not having that interest with King Charles as one would wish.

I am, sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
December 20th, 1706. J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

SIR, Whitehall, December 27th, 1706.

Private letters from Scotland say that the two Glasgow men in custody at Edinburgh have confessed, in their examination who have been the great incendiaries in the late tumults of that kingdom, and that upon sending for them up, they have proved to be servants or retainers to the family of the D[uke] of H[amilton]. They tell us there has been a duel between the Duke of Argyle and Lord Crawford, in which both have been slightly wounded. They are both of the same side as to the Union, but the Duke of Argyle, being made captain of the troop of guards over the other's head, who is the lieutenant, it is supposed may have produced this misunderstanding. We believe the Union will quickly be finished on the Scotch side, the sixth and eighth Articles being passed through. Some apprehend great disputes on the twenty-second, that determines the numbers to sit in each House of Parliament, but the present members of the Scotch parliament being those who have the greatest concern in this Article, it is probable they would not have cleared the way to it, had they intended to have stopped there.

Last week Brigadier Meredith married one Mrs. Paul, a maiden lady of about eight thousand pounds fortune.

Brigadier Cadogan succeeds General Churchill in the Tower, and Lord Essex the Earl of Abingdon. General Churchill is appointed governor of the Isle of Guernsey.

I am, sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

Copy of a letter by the last Lisbon Mail.

SIR, Lisbon, Jan. 3rd, 1706-7.[1]

We are now likely to have more of Lord Rivers' company than was expected, and the last orders from England have put the officers very much out of humour; they were in hopes of seeing Valencia, but must now stay here, and it is feared will meet with great difficulties, this country not being able to supply them with carriages and mules sufficient for a march towards Madrid, which is the scheme laid. On the other hand, King Charles and Lord Galway[2] will be disappointed and pressed hard, and have wrote to Lord Rivers to desire him to come with all his forces thither. If the packet-boat from England had stayed but two days longer, the fleet had been gone.

On the 1st instant Don Juan was crowned king of Portugal in what they call here great pomp and solemnity. Some days since three of our men-of-war being sent out by Sir Cl[oudesley Shovell], the forts at the mouth of the river fired at them; however they kept on their course, and received all their fire, but returned none: upon this Sir Cloudesley sent to the king to know whether it was a declaration of war, but they excuse it, and have imprisoned a lieutenant of one of the forts, and the king promises he will stand by his father's alliances.

It is very probable that our forces received fresh orders for Valencia before they disembarked, there having been such despatched to them. Nobody here knows what to make of the firing on our men-of-war at Lisbon. The Duke of Cadaval is governor of the fort that played upon us, and probably will not be a little mortified to find his citadel of so little consequence for the safety of the town. Mr. Methuen presented a smart memorial, but was answered with a frivolous excuse, that the governor had orders not to let a certain Genoese vessel in port come out, and that not knowing her by

[1] This letter is endorsed, Jan. 10th, 1706.

[2] "Lord Galway (says Macky) is one of the finest gentlemen in the army, with a head fitted for the cabinet as well as the camp; is very modest, vigilant, and *sincere;* a man of *honour*, and *honesty;* without pride or affectation; &c." To which Swift, in reference to the words printed in Italics, observes, *In all directly otherwise;* and then adds, *A deceitful, hypocritical, factious knave, a damnable hypocrite of no religion.*

sight, he was resolved to stop all, that she might not escape him. Their secretary of state at the same time complained of our vessels, that they did not come to anchor under the fort upon their firing at them. It is probable the sub-governor will be sacrificed.

We talk of raising, some say three, and others six, new regiments.

I am, sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
J. Addison.

Whitehall, Jan. 10th, 1706.

ADDISON TO SWIFT.

Sir, [Whitehall,] Feb. 29th, 1707.

Mr. Frowde[1] tells me that you design me the honour of a visit to-morrow morning; but my Lord Sunderland having directed me to wait on him at nine o'clock, I shall take it as a particular favour if you will give me your company at the George, in Pall-Mall, about two in the afternoon, when I may hope to enjoy your conversation more at leisure, which I set a very great value upon.

I am, sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
J. Addison.

Mr. Steele and Frowde will dine with us.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

Sir, [Whitehall,] April 21st, [March 21st,] 1707.[2]

This morning the Duke of Marlborough, accompanied with his Duchess, set out for Margate, in order to take his voyage for Holland, the wind being fair.

Dr. Chetwood, by the Duke of Marlborough's recommendation, is made Dean of Gloucester.

I hear Colonel Hunter is to go deputy governor to Virginia, under the Lord Orkney.

[1] See note at p. 324.

[2] This letter is endorsed, April 21, but as the next says the Duke of Marlborough is still at Margate, its date should no doubt be March. We find also, by the Marlborough Despatches, that he was at St. James's March 20th, and at Margate on the 21st.

The Heralds have been before a Committee of Council, and received orders to adjust the arms of the two nations on the public seals, &c., to be made use of after the first of May.

Brigadier Palmes is to succeed Lieutenant-General Windham as colonel of that regiment.

The city is full of the talk of a peace, but I hear nothing of it at this end of the town.

Mr. Musgrave lost a thousand pounds very nicely in the House of Commons; for upon a division whether he should have five or six thousand pounds for an equivalent to his toll at Carlisle, the tellers gave it him by a single vote, but upon a review which was demanded by one Mr. Coatsworth, no friend to Mr. Musgrave, the single vote was against him.

I am, sir,
Your most humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

SIR, Whitehall, 25th March, 1707.

We expect a mail from Lisbon with great impatience, and have only heard from Valencia by way of Genoa, that money and provisions are there in great plenty. Our West India merchants are in great pain for the Leeward Islands, which are very naked and defenceless, and it is feared Du Quéne's squadron is designed for those parts, though it is more probable they have only the *convoying* of the galleons in view, having no land-men on board. The packet-boats from Ostend to Dover having hitherto fallen into the hands of privateers, a new method is proposed and under consideration for securing them. The Duke of Marlborough is still at Margate with the Duchess, and I hear intends to stay there till the wind changes, which has kept his Grace there already these four days.

I am, with great truth and respect,
Sir, your most humble, most faithful servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

SIR, [Whitehall,] March 28th, 1707.[1]

Yesterday the queen passed the Annuity Bill, and though several had given out that the fund it goes upon would never be filled up, the whole sum was subscribed to as fast as the names could be taken, and above a hundred thousand pounds returned. The fund is for £1,120,000, and the annuity at sixteen years' purchase for ninety-six years.

Last night the queen signed a proclamation for a General Thanksgiving to be observed on the 1st of May for the Union, and will herself celebrate it at St. Paul's.

A Commission is ordered to search into the losses sustained by the inhabitants of the Leeward Islands, that some reparation may be made them, and proper precautions taken for the future.

Her Majesty sends a letter to the republic of the Grisons, in confirmation of the treaty made with them by Mr. Stanyan and the emperor's envoy. The articles that concern her Majesty are the first and fourth, by which she engages to indemnify the Grisons from any losses they may sustain by the Germans in their march to protect them against the resentments of the French, to comprehend them in the treaty of peace, and do them good offices with the emperor.

There is a talk of Sir Thomas Hanmer to succeed Mr. Mansel, and the latter to be made a lord, with many other changes that the town usually makes at the end of a session of parliament.

I am, sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.

SIR, [Whitehall,] April 11th, [March 28th,] 1707.

The queen has sent a letter of reprimand to the Lower House of Convocation, for some intemperate behaviour that has lately passed among them, tending to the diminishing her Majesty's prerogative, as head of the Church,

[1] This letter is dated April 28th, but in a different hand, and therefore most probably the date of receipt. As it is coevally endorsed *March 28th 1707*, we so place it.

which her Majesty lets them know she pardons for this time, but will make use of other methods with them, in case they do the like for the future.

This morning the town was surprised with the news of a marriage solemnized last night at the Duke of Montagu's house, between Lord Hinchinbrook and the only daughter of Lady Anne Popham.

By our last letters from Valencia, we find the king of Spain's friends are all, except the Count de Noyalles, very much out of humour at his intended journey to Catalonia. I hear that Earl Rivers and Lord Essex talk of returning home, the command being in the hands of Lord Galway. They design to march towards Madrid by the way of Arragon, and by that means leave the Tajo on the left, the passing of which would be difficult and dangerous. Prince Lichtenstein, Count Oropeza, and the Count de Cardona, are the cabinet councillors. The great and only misfortune they have in the present favourable conjuncture, is the division among the general officers.

You will doubtless hear of our talked-of changes from other hands. I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF MANCHESTER.

MY LORD, Whitehall, Aug. 12th, 1707, O. S.

Mr. Walpole is lately arrived from Mr. Stanhope, and has brought with him the Treaty of Commerce, concluded with the king of Spain. I believe the Envoy will be here himself this winter, his presence being perhaps necessary, in case a certain earl should raise any uneasiness in the House of Lords. Our merchants are very angry at their late losses on the Russia fleet, and pretend the enemy must have had advices of the convoy's orders, to meet them in so critical a juncture; but it seems the orders were such as the merchants themselves desired. Our wagers on Toulon are sunk: but we still think the odds are for us. The Duke of Devonshire is dangerously ill of a retention of urine, which will prove fatal, unless very suddenly remedied. I am, &c.

J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF MANCHESTER

My Lord, Whitehall, August 18th, 1707.

We had yesterday a Lisbon mail, in which we received letters from Barcelona of June the 9th. They all tax very much the French generals, for not having made more use of their victory at Almanza, which, till the coming away of those letters, had been followed by very insignificant success. This had given our forces time to recover themselves, and to take all the necessary precautions for the defence of Catalonia, where the people appeared firm to the Austrian interest; and the more so, since they saw by the treatment of the Valencians and Arragonians, what they were to expect in case of conquest. The Lisbon letters give us hopes of retaking Moura and Serpa, though we are afraid our four English regiments may suffer much before them, not being seasoned to the heats of the country, which are at present in their greatest strength. The parliament of Ireland seems very much pleased with their new Lord-Lieutenant.[1]

I am, &c.

J. Addison.

ADDISON TO MR. COLE[2] (AT VENICE).

Sir, Whitehall, September 27th, 1707.

Mr. Stepney died yesterday at Chelsea, and will be buried in Westminster Abbey. I need not tell you how much he is lamented by everybody here. He has left Mr. Prior a legacy of 50 pounds; to my Lord Halifax a golden cup and a hundred tomes of his library, the rest of it is to go to Mr. Lewis; and a silver ewer and bason to Mr. Cardonnel.[3] His estate is divided between his two sisters. The best part of it lies in the treasury, which owes him seven thousand pounds. The Observator[4] is dead.

I am, &c.

J. Addison.

[1] The Right Honourable Thomas Lord Wharton.

[2] Christian Cole, "sometime Resident at Venice," who published "Memoirs of Affairs of State, from 1697 to 1708," in which this and other letters of Addison were first published.

[3] Lewis and Cardonnel are mentioned in note at page 319.

[4] Mr. John Tutchin, author of the Observator, petitioned, in the reign of James II., to be hanged. *Curll.*

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF MANCHESTER (AT PARIS).

My Lord, Whitehall, October 7th, 1707, O. S.

The Earl of Sunderland is now at Newmarket, and will return with her Majesty on Friday next. I have been with Sir Charles Hedges, to ask him for the draught of a treaty of commerce with the republic of Venice, but he does not remember that ever he had any such in his hands. I have therefore sent to Mr. Palmer on the same subject; who with two or three other Venetian merchants, brought me the project of a treaty, which they desired me to read to my Lord Sunderland, upon his return from Newmarket, in order to have it laid before the queen and cabinet, to be examined and transmitted to your Lordship, with proper instructions. In the mean time, I am ordered to send a copy of it to your Lordship, that you may please to consider it, and if you think fit, may have time to give your opinion on any part of it. Our forces designed for Portugal are ready to sail with the first fair wind, &c. I am, &c.

J. Addison.

ADDISON TO MR. COLE.

Sir, Whitehall, October 31st, 1707, O. S.

Yesterday we had news, that the body of Sir Cloudesley Shovell was found on the coast of Cornwall. The fishermen, who were searching among the wrecks, took a tin-box out of *the pocket of* one of the carcasses,[1] that was floating, and found in it *the* commission of an admiral; upon which, examining the body more narrowly, they saw it was poor Sir Cloudesley.[2] You may guess the condition of his unhappy

[1] Miss Aikin, following the Addisoniana, prints this, "out of one of the carcasses." The original reads, "out of *the pocket of*," as we have printed it.

[2] Sir Cloudesley Shovell was first cabin boy to Sir John Narborough, and passed through all the degrees of service till he became Admiral of the Blue. He married his master Sir John Narborough's widow; and, in the words of Macky, "proves a very grateful husband. No man understands the affairs of the navy better, or is beloved of the sailors so well as he.—He hath very good natural parts; familiar and plain in his conversation, dresses without affectation; a very large, fat, fair man, turned of fifty years old." Bp. Burnet terms him one of the greatest seamen of the age. He was returning with his fleet from the Mediterranean, when (on the 22nd of October) his ship was wrecked on the rocks, (westward of the Scilly Islands,) called *the Bishop and his Clerks*, and every soul perished. Several other vessels of the fleet were wrecked at the same time. The

wife, who lost, in the same ship with her husband, her two only sons by Sir John Narborough. We begin to despair of the two other men-of-war and the fire-ship that engaged among the *same* rocks. I am, &c.

J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO MR. STEPNEY.[1]

SIR, [Whitehall,] December 17th, 1707.

I send you enclosed a letter from my Lord Halifax, and thank you for all the kind ones received from your side.

This day Lord Sunderland had a son christened, the queen godmother, and the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Realton godfathers. They say Jack How, Mr. Blathwait, and Prior,[2] shake. The Duchess of Marlborough has invited Lady Peterborough to dine with her, and name her company, who are Dr. Garth, Lord Wharton, Lord Halifax, and Lord Sunderland. The Earl of Manchester will, I believe, have directions to call at Vienna, in his way to Venice. It was to-day proposed in the House of Commons, to let in French wine among us, but the proposal was received so warmly by one of the members, that it immediately fell, to our great mortification. I am, Your most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

admiral is by some said to have been thrown on shore alive, and to have been murdered by one of the islanders for the sake of a valuable ring. His body was stripped and buried in the sand; but afterwards discovered and brought into Plymouth, from whence it was conveyed into London, and buried in Westminster Abbey. See *Smollett's History of England*.

[1] This letter is endorsed Dec. 17th, 1797, but as Mr. Stepney died Sept. 26th, 1707, (see page 362,) and the Earl of Manchester had arrived in Venice July 1st, after visiting Vienna and Turin, the date must be incorrect.

[2] Prior, in an interesting letter to Sir Thos. Hanmer, dated June 24th, 1707, gives an account of his having accepted a secretaryship to the Bishop of Winchester, presumed to be a kind of sinecure, worth six hundred a year, and states his reasons for almost immediately resigning it. "The good nature of the town, at least that part of it that wished me no good, carried a glorious story—which might very easily have ruined me at court, from whence I had very good reason to expect some present favours, and might have hindered my return to business hereafter." In another part he says, "People do me a great deal of honour; they say when you and I had looked over this piece for six months, the man could write verse, but when we had forsaken him and he went over to St[eele] and Ad[dison] he could not write prose." *Sir Thos. Hanmer's Corr.*, p. 111

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF WARWICK.

[The following letters[1] were written by Mr. Addison, in 1708, to the young Earl of Warwick, who afterwards became his son-in-law. They are full of that good-nature and humour for which our author was so eminently distinguished, and though written down to the capacity of a child will no doubt be acceptable to the reader. They were first printed by Curll in 1719, and reprinted as authentic in the Gents. Magazine, 1778, in the Addisoniana, 1803, in Drake's Essays, 1805, in the Selections from the Gents. Mag. 4 vols. 8vo, 1809, and recently by Miss Aikin.]

MY DEAR LORD, [Sandy-End,[2]] May 20, 1708.

I have employed the whole neighbourhood in looking after birds' nests, and not altogether without success. My man found one last night; but it proved a hen's with fifteen eggs in it, covered with an old broody duck, which may satisfy your Lordship's curiosity a little, though I am afraid the eggs will be of little use to us. This morning I have news brought me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neighbours are very much divided in their opinions upon them: some say they are *a* sky-lark's; others will have them to be a canary-bird's; but I am much mistaken in the *colour and turn* of the eggs, if they are not full of tom-tits.

[1] Oldmixon says, "After Addison returned from his travels, (1704,) he took upon himself the care of the education of the young Earl of Warwick; and that gave him opportunity to render himself acceptable, by his services, to the Countess, that Lord's mother; though several years passed in great intimacy between them, before she could think of admitting him for her husband. The disparity in rank and fortune was a morsel of too hard digestion with her: but his patience and perseverance, and the many charming letters and poems he addressed to her, (not yet printed,) removed in time whatever difficulties the difference in their condition had thrown in his way." *Hist. of Eng.* (*Lond.* 1735,) p. 682. That Addison was at any time tutor to Edward Rich, Earl of Warwick, has been much doubted, and by some, and among them Dr. Drake, denied. Miss Aikin quotes Dr. Johnson as the principal authority for the assertion, not alluding to Oldmixon, who evidently speaks from a personal acquaintance with Addison, and published his biographical sketch of him more than forty years before Dr. Johnson wrote.

[2] Sandy-End is a Hamlet of Fulham.

If your Lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them; for, if the account they gave me of them be true, they cannot have above two days more to reckon.

Since I am so near your Lordship, methinks, after having passed the day among more severe studies, you may often take a trip hither, and relax yourself with these little curiosities of nature. I assure you, no less a man than Cicero commends the two great friends of his age, Scipio and Lælius, for entertaining themselves at their country-*house*, which stood on the sea-shore, with picking up cockle-shells, and looking after birds' nests. For which reason I shall conclude this learned letter with a saying of the same author in his treatise *of Friendship*: "Absint autem tristitia et in omni re severitas; habent illæ quidem gravitatem; sed amicitia debet esse lenior et remissior, et ad omnem suavitatem facilitatemque morum proclivior."[1] If your Lordship understands the elegance and sweetness of these words, you may assure yourself you are no ordinary Latinist, but if they have force enough to bring you to Sandy-End, I shall be very well pleased.

I am, my dear Lord,
Your Lordship's most affectionate,
And most *obedient servant*,
J. Addison.

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF WARWICK.

My dearest Lord, (Sandy-End,) May 27, 1708.

I cannot forbear being troublesome to your Lordship whilst I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is, to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a black-bird, a thrush, a robin-red-breast, and a bullfinch. There is a lark that, by way of overture, sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing, and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than

[1] *Translation.* Shun sadness and sternness on every occasion; for in these there is a kind of heaviness; friendship ought to be gentle and unrestrained, and inclined to the utmost suavity and good-nature.

Mrs. Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her divisions. If your Lordship will honour me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music, and more agreeable scenes, than ever you met with at the opera; and will conclude with a charming description of a nightingale, out of our friend Virgil:

"Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos *queritur* fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens, miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet."

"So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother-nightingale laments alone;
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence
By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains." DRYDEN.

Your Lordship's most obedient,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF WARWICK.

DEAR SIR, [Sandy-End,] May 30th, [1708.]

If you are at leisure I will desire you to inquire in any bookseller's shop[1] for a Statius, and to look in the beginning of the Achilleid for a bird's nest, which, if I am not mistaken, is very finely described. It comes in I think by way of simile towards the beginning of the book, where the poet compares Achilles's mother looking after a proper seat to conceal her son in, to a bird searching after a fit place for a nest. If you find it send it me, or bring it yourself, and as you acquit yourself of this you may perhaps be troubled with more poetical commissions from,

Sir, your most faithful,
Humble servant,
J. ADDISON.[2]

My hearty service to Dr. Swift. The next time you come bring a coach early that we may take the air in it.

[1] Statii Achill. lib. i. 212—217.

[2] This letter was first printed in "Smith's Literary Curiosities," (4to, *Henry G. Bohn*, 1836-41,) and was communicated to the publisher by the late Mr. Upcott. There is no doubt of its authenticity, and that it was addressed from Sandy-End to the young Earl of Warwick at the date specified.

ADDISON TO WORTLEY MONTAGU.

DEAR SIR, Whitehall, April 27th, 1708.

I am very much obliged to you for the honour of your letter, and am glad to hear that there is no occasion for acquainting you with the issuing out of the writs, which I hear will be on Thursday next.

I send you enclosed a print that is thought to be well written. I fancy it is Manwaring's. We hear that the Duke of Florence furnished the pope with the money that he contributed towards the intended expedition.[1] If so, his minister will be put hence very suddenly. You have doubtless heard of the affront offered your cousin Manchester[2] in searching his gondola for English cloth, which was found in some quantity aboard of it, by the corruption of his servants. It was done at the time when the Venetians had heard that the invasion had succeeded. Their ambassador is banished our court, and though he has desired audience to explain the matter, it is refused till your cousin Manchester has had the satisfaction he demands, which is, that the searchers stand in the pillory, and the cloth be put into the gondola on the place where it was taken out.[3]

[1] The Pretender's intended descent on Scotland.

[2] Then English ambassador at Venice.

[3] The circumstances of the affront are thus related in the Earl of Manchester's Memorial to the Republic of Venice, presented on the 29th of March, 1708: "On Monday last my Gondola, with two of my boatmen dressed in my ordinary and well-known livery, was attacked in coming from Malamocco by the officers of this Most Serene Republic, armed with fire-arms and steel weapons. These officers entered the boat by main force; and, after having done what they thought fit, they suffered the Gondola to run away." The conclusion of this affair will appear from the following passage of the Earl of Manchester's letter to the Earl of Sunderland, from Venice, September 7, 1708: "I can now acquaint your Lordship, that yesterday the men were brought through the place of St. Mark to the galley. The chief of them had a paper on his breast and back with the inscription, as it was agreed on. There were great numbers of people. This day they delivered the cloth to my boat, in the place whence they took it. I sent it immediately to the four hospitals, so all is passed to our entire satisfaction, and much to the honour of the Queen; and I have the good fortune to have the approbation of all people here in this affair. As soon as the men have made their submission, I intend to go to the college to get them released; one of the men being lame of the gout, he was carried in a chair, which made it more remarkable. They were eleven in all." Further particulars will be found in Cole's Memoirs of Affairs of State, pp. 520, &c.

I long for some of your conversation in country air, and am ever, with the greatest truth and esteem, sir,

Your, &c.,

J. ADDISON.

Steele shall write to you by the next post.

ADDISON TO WORTLEY MONTAGU.

DEAR SIR, Whitehall, May 1st, 1708.

I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind letter, but am afraid that the present posture of affairs in our office will not let me have the happiness I proposed to myself of passing part of the summer in your company. My brother Hopkins is aiming at the House of Commons, and therefore desired me to take out my month in the country as soon as I can, that he may be at leisure to push his interest there in its season.

At the same time I am very much disposed to go to the Bath, where I hope to put myself in good humour for the rest of the year, and gain as much benefit by the waters as a friend of mine did about a twelvemonth ago. I wish your inclination would determine you to the same place, or that, going thither or coming back, I might have the honour of waiting on you; for I hope you don't think it a compliment when I assure you that I value your conversation more than any man's living, and am with the greatest truth and esteem,

Sir, your most affectionate friend,

and most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

I think of setting out the latter end of the next week with Col. Frowde in a coach that we shall hire for ourselves to the Bath.

ADDISON TO AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

SIR, [Cockpit,] July 8th, 1708.

I am very much obliged to you for your two kind letters, and glad that all things are likely to go on to your satisfaction. I have just time to congratulate with you on our last great victory, and can add nothing to your account of it published this night by authority. The enclosed letter I received for you, but paid postage because it did not come

under my cover any otherwise, as you see. I have not made the use that I designed of your kind offer of lodgings on occasion; the same reason obliges me to be shorter in my letter to you than otherwise I might have been. I am, with the greatest sincerity,

Sir, your most affectionate
And most humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO [? AMBROSE PHILLIPS.][1]

DEAR SIR, July 15th, 1708.

The enclosed will, I hope, make amends for the cover to it. I send you with it a Ballad fresh from the Kit: but which has the good fortune to please the Wits. I am always in haste, but with great truth and esteem,

Sir, your most faithful
Humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF MANCHESTER.

MY LORD, Cockpit, July 23rd, 1708, O. S.

I make bold to congratulate your Lordship on the appearance of so honourable a conclusion, as your Lordship is putting to your dispute with the senate of Venice. I had the pleasure to-day of hearing your Lordship's conduct in this affair very much applauded by some of our first peers. We had an unlucky business, about two days ago, that befell the Muscovite ambassador, who was arrested going out of his house, and rudely treated by the bailiffs.[2] He was

[1] This letter has no superscription, and is merely endorsed, *Joseph Addison*, 1708, *resp. July* 18. It was presumed by its late possessor to have been addressed to Ambrose Phillips, but without any apparent authority. The endorsement is in the same hand-writing as the letter dated *Sept. 4th*, 1708, which is evidently not to Phillips, and like this may have been to Steele.

[2] The Russian ambassador appears to have demanded, in reparation of the indignity offered him, the lives of the bailiffs by whom his privileges had been violated; but this mode of adjudicating such matters not being according to English custom, he was obliged to content himself with apologies. The affront however caused so great a sensation in Russia, that it was deemed necessary to send an Ambassador Extraordinary (Lord Whitworth) to appease the Czar.

then upon his departure for his own country, and the sum under a hundred pounds that stopped him; and what makes the business the worse, he has been punctual in his payments, and had given order that this very sum should be paid the day after. However, as he is very well convinced that the government entirely disapproves such a proceeding, there are no ill consequences apprehended from it. Your Lordship knows that the privileges of ambassadors are under very little regulation in England, and I believe that a bill will be promoted in the next parliament for setting them upon a certain foot; at least, it is what we talk of in both offices on this occasion.

I am, my Lord, &c.
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO WORTLEY MONTAGU.

DEAR SIR, [Cockpit,] August 17th, 1708.

The last time I had the honour to see you, I was in so much haste that I could not tell you I had been talking of you tête à tête to my Lord Halifax that day, who expressed himself with a great deal of friendship and esteem. I have not yet made the grand experiments. We think here as you do in the country, that France is on her last legs. By a mail just now arrived, we hear that the Duke of Marlborough had made a movement to prevent the junction of the two armies under the Dukes of Vendome and Berwick. They give out that they will resign all rather than lose *Lille*, and they are of opinion at the army that we are at the point of a general action, which our friends are very eager upon. There has been an action between the Marshal de Villars and the Duke of Savoy, which the French tell to their advantage; but as soon as our letters come from Switzerland, we hope to have a better account of it: for the French letters own that, immediately after their pretended success, the Duke of Savoy took Exilles.

I am, dear sir, your most faithful,
And most humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON [? TO STEELE.[1]]

DEAR SIR, [Whitehall,] Sept. 4th, 1708.

I send you enclosed an extract of the news that arrived this morning. I am heartily sorry for your sufferings,[2] and hope Providence will extricate you at last to your satisfaction. Remember still . . . ne cede malis sed contrà audentior ito Quà sua te fortuna feret . . . . I wish it lay in my power to make your fortune to my wishes, and I am sure you would be as easy as any man in England. Pray let me know the meaning of an obscure expression in the beginning of your last letter, for you may assure yourself I shall not easily pardon you if you conceal any reasons from me why I should have more of your friendship than I am vain enough to think I have already. I despatched your letter to Geneva, but have one lying by me to Mr. Ambrose Philips, but do not know how to fill up the superscription; if you will do it and return it to me, I will hereafter forward it frank.

I am, with great truth and esteem,
Sir, your most obedient and most faithful servant,

Endorsed Resp. Sept. 8. J. ADDISON.

STEELE TO MR. KEALLY[3] [DUBLIN].

DEAR SIR, [London,] Jan. 20th, 1709.

I have your very kind letter of the 1st instant, and am sorry you had not intelligence sooner of Mr. Addison's being Secretary of

[1] The original of this letter is now in the possession of Richard Monckton Milnes, Esq., M. P., and has been obligingly communicated to the publisher, for the purposes of the present edition. It is without address, but judging from the date and the contents, it seems very likely to have been to Steele. But as Steele slept at Addison's on the 3rd inst., and appears to have been in daily communication with him, such a letter at the date is somewhat unlikely. The difference however between old and new style may reconcile the difficulty.

[2] Mr. Steele appears to have been in great difficulties about this time. He writes, Nov. 26th, 1708, to his lady, "I am, by applying to my adversary, prepared for ending my present calamity; but was denied by my friend (probably Addison)." And on Nov. 30th, "I am making it my business to find out Mr. Huggins, in order to withdraw his officer. Be of good cheer; for I find friendship among the lowest when disappointed by the the highest." It was Mrs. Vandeput his landlady who was then suing him, and "honest Glover" who lent him the money. It appears that he had in the previous year paid Mr. Addison a thousand pounds, borrowed of him some time before, but no doubt by bond on which he was liable for the interest. *Steele's Epist. Corr.*, p. 144, 169, 170, 208.

[3] In Steele's Correspondence this gentleman is in one instance addressed

State for Ireland.[1] The same messenger who carried an account of it to the Lords Justices, had a letter for you in Dublin, wherein I told you the happiness your old acquaintance proposed to himself in your friendship and conversation. I have communicated your friendly design to the secretary, relating to his being chosen a member. He gives you his hearty thanks, and desired me to tell you that he believed that matter already provided for.

Since he had the honour to be named himself for this post in Ireland, a brother of his[2] has been chosen by the directors of the East India Company Governor of Fort St. George, in the room of Mr. Pitt.

I had hopes of succeeding him in this office; but things are ordered otherwise, in favour of the North Britons, one of whom[3] is come into that employment very suddenly. In the mean time something additional will be given to, dear sir,

Your most affectionate friend,
and humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

JEAN LE CLERC[4] TO ADDISON.

SIR, Amsterdam, February 12th, 1709.

I did myself the honour to write to you at the beginning of the present year, to beg you would be so good as to inform me of a particular affair, of which it behoved me to get the earliest intelligence; and yet I have no answer from you. I have only been in-

as Joseph Keally, Esq., Dublin, and in one of Addison's letters he is addressed, Joseph Keally, Esq., of Keally Mount, Kilkenny. In the Historical Register, Sep. 25, 1714, we find Thomas Keighly, Joseph Addison, Henry Boyle, Dr. Wm. King, Abp. of Dublin, Sir Geo. Ashe, Bp. of Clogher, all apparently of the same party, nominated members of the Privy Council in Ireland.

[1] Addison had just been appointed chief secretary to Lord Wharton. Steele writes to his lady, Dec. 6, 1708, "Your rival Addison will be removed, and if I can succeed him in his office, (Under Secretary of State,) it will answer all purposes." And on the 14th Dec. he writes, "Mr. Addison is just now gone to Lord Wharton; and I wait his return to know my own next steps. My heart is as much disturbed as yours can be on the same occasion, &c." *Steele's Epist. Corr.*, p. 171, &c.

[2] Mr. Gulston Addison, an eminent merchant residing at Fort St. George, was, on the 20th Dec. 1709, appointed Governor and Director of that place, in the room of Thos. Pitt, Esq. See note p. 429.

[3] The North Briton who succeeded him in Lord Sunderland's office as Under Secretary of State, was Robert Pringle, Esq.

[4] A celebrated scholar and critic, editor of Livy and other classics, author of several considerable works in divinity, and conductor of the *Bibliothèque Universllee ; choisie;* and others, amounting to 83 vols. He resided for some time in England, and spoke the language well.

formed that you have resigned the post you lately held, in order to go over to Ireland as secretary to Lord Wharton. I wish you joy upon this event, presuming that the latter employ is preferable to the former; though I am very sensible that I shall be a loser by your removal. Still I wish you all manner of satisfaction in your new offices; and heartily pray that God may crown all your enterprises with success. The favour I begged of you was to send me the family name and titles of my Lord Halifax; and to ask himself, if you thought proper, whether he would permit me to dedicate my "Livy" to him. As you had signified to me by Mr. Philips that you had forgot the sheet which I wanted in Mr. Rymer's collection, I had sent you word that it is the sheet 10 T, or the four pages immediately preceding the index of names in the first tome. If you have got it since, be so good as to send it to Messrs. Toutton and Stuiguer, carefully folded up and directed to me. I suppose this letter will find you still at London, because it is reported that Lord Wharton will not set out till toward the month of April. There is nothing new here in the republic of letters worth your notice. The Jesuits of Paris have passed a severe censure on father Hardouin's opinions, and obliged him to retract them in a very ignominious manner. We shall see what will be the consequence. I should be glad I could be of any service to you here; you would then see how sincerely I am, sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

J. Le Clerc.

ADDISON TO SAM. STEBBING, SOMERSET HERALD.

Sir, [Whitehall,] April 2nd, 1709.

My Lord Wharton likes the coat very well, and would have you finish a dozen, or a dozen and a half, so soon as possible. I shall go out of town on Wednesday or Thursday next at farthest, and will take them with me.

Your most humble servant,

J. Addison.

ADDISON TO AMBROSE PHILLIPS.[1]

Dear Sir, [Whitehall,] April 5th, 1709.

I am just hurrying out of town, but must first of all thank you for your Winter Piece, which is admirable, but

[1] An amusing anecdote relating to this period is told of Phillips, Steele,

must not end so. I think you should find out some moral topic, or reflection, or compliment, to Lord Dorset for your conclusion, and lay out your whole strength upon a poem which I foresee will be a very shining one.

You will easily find some subject to launch out upon, and if it has any correspondence with the climate, as the poetry of that country, the language, the difference of manners in the people, or the like, so much the better. You see I cannot hinder the impertinence of a friend from breaking out when there is no occasion for it. I must beg my most humble and hearty respects to Mr. Pulteney. I will write to him at length as soon as I get to Ireland. In the mean time you may let him know that it was no small pleasure to me in my new post that the first thing I did in it was to forward a business which had a relation to him. Mr. Spanheim, in conjunction with the rest of the foreign ministry, gave in their thoughts relating to the Privilege Act. They chiefly concerned their domestics as I am informed, and have produced a clause that they shall be free from impressment and arrests, provided the foreign ministers send a list of their domestics' names from time to time into the secretary's office, by them to be transmitted to the sheriffs. It was also to be enacted, that all disputes of this nature should be referred to the Lord Chancellor and Lords Justices, but this Monsieur Spanheim objected to, and desired they might come under the jurisdiction of the Secretaries of State, who may be the most proper judges of the laws of nations.

I am, very abruptly, but
Entirely yours,
J. ADDISON.

Endorsed by Ambrose Phillips, Resp. May 25.

and Savage, which may not inappropriately be introduced here. "These three celebrated characters, after spending an evening together at a tavern in Gerrard Street, Soho, sallied out some time after midnight, in high glee and spirits. They were accosted by a tradesman, at the top of Hedge Lane, who, after begging their pardon for addressing them on the subject, told them, that 'at the top of the lane he had seen two or three suspicious looking fellows, who appeared to be bailiffs, so that if any of them were apprehensive of danger, he would advise them to take a different route.' "Not one of them waited to thank the man, but flew off different ways; each conscious, from the embarrassment of his own affairs, that such a circumstance was very likely to happen to himself." *Addisoniana.*

ADDISON TO SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, April 22nd, 1709.

I am in a very great hurry of business, but cannot forbear thanking you for your letter at Chester, which was the only entertainment I met with in that place. I hope to see you very suddenly, and will wait on our friend the Bishop of Clogher,[1] as soon as I can possibly. I have had just time to tell him *en passant*, that you were well. I long to see you; and am,

Dear sir,
Your most faithful and most obedient servant,
J. ADDISON.

We arrived yesterday at Dublin.

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.[2]

MY LORD, Dublin Castle, May 7th, 1709.

I am glad of any occasion of paying my duty to your Lordship, and therefore cannot but lay hold of this, in transmitting to your Lordship our Lord-Lieutenant's[3] speech at the opening of the parliament with a couple of addresses from the House of Commons upon that occasion. Your Lordship will see by them that all parties here set out in good humour, which is entirely owing to his Excellency's conduct, who has addressed himself to all sorts of men, since his arrival here, with unspeakable application. They were under great apprehensions, at his first coming, that he would

[1] Dr. St. George Ashe, Bp. of Clogher in 1697, translated to Derry in 1717, in which year he married Dean Swift to Mrs. Johnson. Both he and his brother, the Rev. Dillon Ashe, were celebrated punsters.

[2] Macky says of him, "He is a gentleman of great natural parts, learning, and dexterity in business; one of the fittest ministers in the world to help a prince through a war, having a very projecting head. His quick rise made him haughty, and by some thought violent; and, what helped to pull him down, he could not endure an equal in business. My Lord Sunderland helped to establish him with the king, and he endeavouring afterwards to throw his Lordship out of the administration, made that Lord join to trip up his heels.—"He is a great encourager of learning and learned men, is the patron of the Muses, of very agreeable conversation, a short, fair man, not forty years old." To which Swift adds, "*His encouragements were only good words and dinners. I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to taste what was said by another.*"

[3] Lord Wharton.

drive directly at repealing the test, and had formed themselves into a very strong body for its defence; but as their minds are at present pretty quiet upon that head, they appear willing to enter into all other measures that he would have them. Had he proceeded otherwise, it is easy to see that all things would have been thrown into the utmost confusion, and a stop put to all public business. His Excellency however gains ground daily, and I question not but in a new parliament, where parties are not settled and confirmed, he will be able to lead them into anything that will be for their real interest and advantage.

I have the happiness every day to drink your Lordship's health in very good wine[1] and with very honest gentlemen, and am ever with the greatest respect,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient
And most humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, June 25th, 1709.

I am heartily glad to hear you are so near us. If you will deliver the enclosed to the captain of the Wolf, I dare say he will accommodate you with all in his power. If he has left Chester, I have sent you a bill according to the Bishop of Clogher's desire, of whom I have a thousand good things to say. I do not ask your excuse about the yacht, because I do not want it, as you shall hear at Dublin: if I did, I should think myself inexcusable. I long to talk over all affairs with you; and am ever,

Dear sir,
Yours most entirely,
J. ADDISON.

P. S. The yacht will come over with the acts of parliament and a convoy about a week hence, which opportunity you may lay hold of, if you do not like the Wolf. I will give orders accordingly.

[1] Addison's habitual taciturnity and fondness for the bottle are well known. There is a story, not yet forgotten, that the profligate Duke of Wharton once at table plied Addison so briskly with wine, in order to make him talk, that he could not retain it in his stomach. His Grace is said to have observed, that "he could get wine but not wit out of him."

ADDISON TO SWIFT.

[Dublin,] 9 o'clock, Monday morning, [July, 1709.]

DEAR SIR,

I think it very hard I should be in the same kingdom with Dr. Swift, and not have the happiness of his company once in three days. The Bishop of Clogher intends to call on you this morning, as will your humble servant on my return from Chapel-Izzard, whither I am just now going.

Your humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

THE EARL OF HALIFAX TO SWIFT.

SIR, [London,] October 6, 1709.

Our[1] friend Mr. Addison telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away without telling you how much I am concerned to find them returned without you. I am quite ashamed for myself and my friends, to see you left in a place so incapable of tasting you; and to see so much merit and so great qualities unrewarded by those who are sensible of them. Mr. Addison and I are entered into a new confederacy never to give over the pursuit, nor to cease reminding those who can serve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to shine in.

Dr. South holds out still, but he cannot be immortal. The situation of his prebend would make me doubly concerned in serving you; and upon all occasions that shall offer, I will be your constant solicitor, your sincere admirer, and your unalterable friend.

I am your most humble
And obedient servant,
HALIFAX.[2]

[1] The Addisoniana has "*My* friend," but gives no authority for the variation, which in the MS. is "our."

[2] This letter from Lord Halifax, the celebrated and almost professed patron of learning, is a curiosity in its way, being a perfect model of a courtier's correspondence with a man of letters—condescending, obliging, and probably utterly unmeaning. On the back of the letter Dr. Swift wrote, "I kept this letter as a true original of courtiers and court-promises," and, in the first leaf of a small printed book, entitled, "*Poesies Chretiennes de Mons. Jollivet*," he wrote these words; "Given me by my Lord Halifax, May 3, 1709. I begged it of him, and desired him to remember it was the only favour I ever received from him or his party"—A fac-simile of part of this letter is in Smith's Literary Curiosities, 4to, Bohn.

SIR RICHARD STEELE TO SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Lord Sunderland's Office, Oct. 8, 1709.

Mr. Secretary Addison went this morning out of town, and left behind him an agreeable command for me: viz. to forward the enclosed,[1] which Lord Halifax sent him for you. I assure you no man could say more in praise of another, than he did in your behalf at that noble Lord's table on Wednesday last. I doubt not but you will find by the enclosed the effect it had upon him. No opportunity is omitted among powerful men, to upbraid them for your stay in Ireland. The company that day at dinner were, Lord Edward Russel, Lord Essex, Mr. Maynwaring, Mr. Addison, and myself. I have heard such things said of that same bishop of Clogher with you, that I have often said he must be entered *ad eundem* in our House of Lords. Mr. Philips dined with me yesterday; he is still a shepherd, and walks very lonely through this unthinking crowd in London. I wonder you do not write sometimes to me.

The town is in great expectation from Bickerstaffe,[2] what passed at the election for his first table,[3] being to be published this day se'nnight. I have not seen Ben Tooke[4] a great while, but long to usher you and yours into the world. Not that there can be anything added by me to your fame, but to walk bare-headed before you.

I am, sir, your most obedient
And most humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

ADDISON TO AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

DEAR SIR, London, March 10th, [1710?]

By a letter that I received from you about a week ago, I find that one I left for you at Harwich to be put into the packet did not come to your hands. I told you in it that your two Pastorals, with the translation of an Ode out of Horace by myself, did not come soon enough to be inserted in Tonson's last Miscellany, which was published some time before I came to England. Your first Pastoral is very much

[1] Referring to the preceding letter.

[2] The name affixed by Steele to his papers in the Tatler, of which Swift wrote Nos. 66, 67, 74, and 81.

[3] He alludes to the choosing of the worthies for the "Table of Fame;" an allegory which appeared in the Tatler, No. 76. The paper was written by Steele and Addison, but from its being mentioned here, it seems probable Swift had some hand in its original concoction; and, accordingly it has always made a part of his works.

[4] Swift's bookseller.

esteemed by all I have shown it to, though the best judges are of opinion you should only imitate Spenser in his beauties, and never in the rhyme of the verse, for there they think it looks more like a bodge than an imitation, as in that line,

"Since changed to heaviness is all my glee."

I am wonderfully pleased with your little essay of Pastoral in your last, and think you very just in the theory as well as in the practical part. Our poetry in England at present runs all into lampoon, which has seldom anything of true satire in it besides rhyme and ill-nature. Mr. Rowe has promised the town a farce this winter, but it does not yet appear. He has too on the stocks a tragedy on Penelope's Lovers, where Ulysses is to be the hero. Mr. Dennis has a tragedy that is now in its first run of acting. It is called Liberty Asserted, and has the Whigs for its patrons and supporters. I am much obliged to you for your sending my letters after me, and should be glad if you could find out any way of making me serviceable to you here, who should be very much pleased to let you see how much I am

Your most affectionate
Humble servant,
J. Addison.

Pray give my humble services to Mr. Thompson and Mr. Pulteney if he is still with you. Jacob Tonson told me he should write to him speedily.

ADDISON TO SWIFT.

Dear Sir, St. James's Place, April 11th, 1710.

I have run so much in debt with you, that I do not know how to excuse myself, and therefore shall throw myself wholly upon your good nature; and promise, if you will pardon what is past, to be more punctual with you for the future. I hope to have the happiness of waiting on you very suddenly at Dublin, and do not at all regret the leaving of England, while I am going to a place where I shall have the satisfaction and honour of Dr. Swift's conversation. I shall not trouble you with any occurrences here, because I hope to have the pleasure of talking over all affairs with you very suddenly. We hope to be at Holyhead by the 30th instant.

Lady Wharton stays in England. I suppose you know that I obeyed yours and the Bishop of Clogher's commands, in relation to Mr. Smith; for I desired Mrs. Dawson to acquaint you with it. I must beg my most humble duty to the Bishop of Clogher. I heartily long to eat a dish of bacon and beans in the best company in the world. Mr. Steele and I often drink your health.

I am forced to give myself airs of a punctual correspondence with you in discourse with your friends at St. James' coffee-house, who are always asking me questions about you, when they have a mind to pay their court to me, if I may use so magnificent a phrase. Pray, dear Doctor, continue your friendship towards me, who love and esteem you, if possible, as much as you deserve.

I am ever, dear sir, yours entirely,

J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO JOSEPH KEALLY, ESQ.[1]
OF KEALLY MOUNT, KILKENNY.

DEAR SIR, St. James's Place, April 13th, 1710.

I hope this will find you in perfect health and happiness, where you wish to be. I shall, I believe, be following you the latter end of this month, and shall defer giving you an account of anything here, that I may have the pleasure of talking all when we meet. Lady Wharton was speaking to me, two mornings ago, with great esteem of you, and tells me that my Lord is fully determined to put you into the Appeals when in Ireland, which I did not think fit to make the least doubt of. Let me beg you to sound Baldwin to the bottom; for I shall be pressed in point of time, and am afraid I must be forced to get my Lord Lieutenant to give him the grant anew, that it may be again restored to me, or to somebody in trust for me. I beg my most hearty respects to dear Fitzgerald. I have not been able to meet Lord Somers at home since you went from hence. As soon as I do, I shall not fail mentioning you to him, as I ought.

We are here in a great puzzle of politics. Little Ben[2]

[1] Of this letter only the last five lines are given by Miss Aikin, copied no doubt from Steele's Correspondence, where they originally appeared as though complete. We print from the original Autograph.

[2] Alluding to Benjamin Hoadly, afterwards (in 1715) Bishop of Bangor, and successively of Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester. He had

winks, speaks half sentences, and grows more mysterious than ever. Dick Steele is entirely yours. Lord Halifax, after having talked of you in a very friendly manner, desired me to give you his humble service when I write to you.

I am ever, dear sir,
Your most faithful obedient servant,
J. Addison.

Mr. Campbell will tell you the little news that is stirring.

The following deserves a place here for its humour, as well as because it alludes to Addison.

SIR ANDREW FOUNTAINE TO SWIFT.

[London,] June 27, 1710.

I neither can nor will have patience any longer; and Swift, you are a confounded son of a ——. May your half-acre turn to a bog, and may your willows perish; may the worms eat your Plato, and may Parvisol[1] break your snuff-box. What! because there is never bishop in England with half the wit of St. George Ashe, nor ever a secretary of state with a quarter of Addison's good sense; therefore you cannot write to those that love you, as well as any Clogher or Addison of them all. You have lost your reputation here, and that of your bastard the "Tatler" is going too; and there is no way left to recover either, but your writing. Well! 'tis no matter; I'll e'en leave London. Kingsmill is dead, and you don't write to me. Adieu.

ADDISON TO AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

Dear Sir, [Dublin Castle, August, 1710.]

I am very much obliged to you for sending me my letters from Mr. Vandewaters, but more for the copy of your Pastoral. I have read it over with abundance of pleasure, and like extremely well the alterations you have made in it. You have an admirable hand at a sheep-crook, though I must confess the conclusion of your poem would have pleased me better had it not been for that very reason that it was the conclusion of it. I hope you will follow the ex-

recently so much distinguished himself by his controversy with Bramhall and Atterbury, that the House of Commons addressed her Majesty to bestow on him some dignity in the church, but he obtained no preferment during her reign.

[1] The Dean's steward.

ample of your Spencer and Virgil in making your Pastorals the prelude of something greater. He that can bewail Stella's death in so good a copy of verses, would be able to anatomize her after it in a better. I intend for England within a day or two, and should be very glad if I could be any way serviceable to you there.

Your faithful humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO AMBROSE PHILLIPS.[1]

DEAR SIR, [London,] April 25, 1710.

Upon the receipt of your first letter I consulted with Mr. Pulteney, who is very much your friend, and extremely desirous to serve you, but as the province to which Muscovy belongs is under Mr. Boyle,[2] he did not think it proper for me to move any one else in that affair, designing to mention you to the Secretary, who you know is his intimate friend, upon the first favourable opportunity. Since that I have received your second, and have got Mr. Hopkins to join with me in the affair of Geneva to my Lord Sunderland, but his Lordship tells us that Dayrolles has been named to that post for some time. I knew the Marquis du Caen applied to the Duke of Marlborough upon the same account. I have been several times to speak to my Lord Somers upon this occasion, but could not find him at home till about three days ago, and then he was just going out with Lord Orford. However I took his Lordship aside, and upon my telling him your desire in regard to Geneva, his Lordship promised that he would move in it. I told him at the same time what I had heard of Dayrolles, and that probably you would be very well pleased to succeed Dayrolles at the Hague. I likewise told his Lordship of the vacancy that might possibly happen in Muscovy, and begged his Lordship to turn it in his thoughts to your advantage. He was very particularly attentive to me, and by the very kind manner that he received what I had to say, and that he formerly has spoken to me of you, I promise myself that something may rise out of it for your good. I intend to mention you once more to his Lord-

[1] Printed from the original autograph in the possession of John Scott Esq.

[2] Henry Boyle, (afterwards Lord Carleton,) then Secretary of State.

ship before I go for Ireland, and I believe it would not be amiss for you to ground a letter of thanks upon the gracious hearing he has already given me. I must beg you to present my most humble respects to Mr. Pulteney, and I hope you have already let him know how much I love and honour him. Farewell, dear Phillips, and believe me to be, more than I am able to express,

Your most affectionate and
Most faithful humble servant,
J. Addison.

Dick Steele and I remember you once a day. Little Thompson is the same excellent youth he was.

ADDISON TO MR. STEBBING [SOMERSET HERALD].

Sir, [London,] April 25th, 1710.

If you can possibly prepare six coats of arms for my Lord-Lieutenant by to-morrow night and send them to me, I will send you your money by the bearer. I desire you at the same time to let me know what was the number of those I had of you last year, and to make these after the same draught writing over the title *His Excellency Thomas* Earl of Wharton, &c., instead of *the most high and mighty Prince*, which was in the last. If I could have any to-night, it would be much better.

I am, sir,
Your most humble servant,
J. Addison.

ADDISON TO MR. KEALLY.

Dear Sir, St. James's Place, April 27th, 1710.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter, and glad to hear of your safe arrival in Ireland, where I hope to be with you very suddenly. Lord-Lieutenant is gone for Winchendon this afternoon; and on Sunday morning I shall set out for Chester, in order to meet his Excellency there. Lord-Lieutenant has been forced to stay here two or three days longer than ordinary, at the desire of Lords Treasurer and Sunderland; who thought his presence necessary for the settling of affairs among some great men: and it is with a good deal of pleasure that I hear this day he has perfectly

well succeeded in his negotiations. I dare say you were as much alarmed in Ireland as we were here upon the late motion at court; but, as that affair is managed, it is likely to turn very much to the advantage of our friends.

I am very much obliged to Mr. Campbell for his good offices with Baldwin, but could heartily wish that matter concluded before my arrival, because, at the end of next month, his bond with Dawson will take place. If he is unreasonable, I will get my Lord-Lieutenant to replace him in the office, and immediately afterwards supersede him for somebody, whom I will name in trust.

Let me beg the favour of you to let the Attorney and Solicitor-General know, that I laid both their letters before my Lord-Lieutenant; but I believe it was too late; and cannot imagine that the gentlemen in Ireland will be angry at my Lord-Lieutenant for not doing what was out of his power, especially since they are to have their money's worth in arms, which will be made much better here, according to the opinion of everybody, than they could have been in Ireland.

I am ever, dear sir,
Your most faithful and most obedient servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, June 3rd, 1710.

I am just now come from Finglass, where I have been drinking your health, and talking of you, with one who loves and admires you better than any man in the world, except your humble servant. We both agree in a request, that you will set out for Dublin as soon as possible. To tell you truly, I find the place disagreeable, and cannot imagine why it should appear so now more than it did last year. You know I look upon everything that is like a compliment as a breach of friendship; and therefore shall only tell you, that I long to see you; without assuring you, that I love your company and value your conversation more than any man's, or that I am, with the most inviolable sincerity and esteem, dear sir,

Your most faithful, most humble,
And most obedient servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO LORD SUNDERLAND.

My Lord, Dublin Castle, June 16th, 1710.

The committee for drawing up an address to her Majesty, in relation to the arms, having prepared one, that in the judgment of the House was something too rude and pressing, it was re-committed. Upon which, the enclosed was brought in yesterday morning, and agreed to by the House, with some few alterations that were not material.

This day the little bill was carried to the Lords, who ordered it a second reading, notwithstanding the Lords Abercorn, Charlemont, Barrymore, Kinsale, and the Bishops of Dromore and Killala opposed it; and that there was a standing order on their books against ever giving such a bill a second reading.

We now look on the business of the session to be over.

I am with the greatest respect,
My Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and
most humble servant,
J. Addison.

Yesterday was a great trial of an election which lasted till midnight, and went in favour of the Whig party with so great a majority that the others would not ask a division.

ADDISON TO A LADY (HIS PATRONESS).[1]

Madam,

It would be ridiculous in me, after the late intimation you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer

[1] Printed from the Gentleman's Mag. vol. xxxii. (1762) p. 180, 181. Miss Aikin, in her Memoir of Addison, treats this singular letter as a "palpable fiction," and merely refers to its existence without adducing any portion of it. She says it was printed in *Rede's Anecdotes*, (8*vo*, *London*, 1799,) apparently not aware that it had appeared many years previously, and in a somewhat more authentic form, in the *Gents. Mag. April*, 1762. Dr. Nathan Drake printed it in his Essay on Addison, (Essays, vol. i. 1805,) also from Rede, equally unaware that it had been given at an earlier date and with material variations. He accompanies it with the following remarks, which clearly imply his belief in its genuineness. "The following letter, written by our author on receiving certain hints, which it was impossible to misunderstand, from a married lady, the wife of his friend, will bear ample testimony to the purity of his conduct, and to his powers of resisting one of the strongest temptations to which our nature is subject. A character so pre-eminently good and

an ignorance of your sentiments, *opposite soever as* an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. This expression, *Madam*, I am *highly* sensible, may appear *a little too coarse* in the mouth of a polite man; but I hope is no disgrace to the *behaviour of* a sincere one. *When we are to talk upon* matters of importance, delicacy *must* give way to truth, and ceremony be sacrificed to candour: an honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind, which is above the practice of deceit, can never stoop *to a willingness to flatter*. Give me leave, Madam, to remark that the connexion subsisting between your husband and myself, is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness, or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, *Madam*, that were I capable of such an action, *at the time* that my behaviour might be rewarded by your passion, I must be despised by your reason; and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I *must* be hated as a man.

Highly sensible, *Madam*, of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my *reputation* may be for ever lost. You have passions, you say, Madam; *but* give me leave to answer, *that* you have understanding also: you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to *wake* it, *above* an unwarranted indulgence of them; and let me entreat you, for your own sake, *that no giddy impulse of an ill-placed inclination may* induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your honour and repugnant to your virtue.

I, Madam, am far from being insensible, I too have passions, and *could* my situation, a few years ago, allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should have legally solicited that happiness which you are now ready to bestow. I had the honour, Madam, of supping at Mr. D ——'s, where I first saw

wise must necessarily attach and preserve a multitude of friends; and accordingly few persons have been more revered and beloved by the great, the learned, and the virtuous, than the subject of our biography."—We give both versions, indicating some of the variations by Italics, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. It may be that one copy is printed from the draft, and the other from the letter itself, or that Rede's somewhat altered form is merely his own improvement upon what he found in the *Gents. Mag.*, but if so, he has taken great liberties without any apparent reason.

you, and shall make no scruple in declaring, that I never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, or a manner so excessively engaging, but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side; and though I burned with a flame as strong as ever *filled* human breast, I laboured to *suppress, or at least studied to* conceal it.

Time and absence at length abated an *unhoping* passion, and your marriage with my patron *and my friend* effectually cured it. Do not *now, I beseech you*, Madam, re-kindle that *fire which I must never think to fan;* do not *now, I beseech you*, destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste, or blast your own honour, which has been hitherto *spotless and* unsullied. My best esteem is *ever* yours; but should I promise more? Consider, *I conjure you*, the fatal necessity I *am* under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous, and in any other commands dispose of

Your most humble and devoted,

J. A.

ADDISON TO A LADY (HIS PATRONESS).

Variation, from Rede's Anecdotes.

"MADAM,

It would be ridiculous in me, after the late intimation you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer an ignorance o your sentiments, *however opposite* an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. This expression I am sensible may appear *inconsistent* in the mouth of a polite man, but I hope *it* is no disgrace to a sincere one. *In* matters of importance, delicacy *ought to* give way to truth, and ceremony *must* be sacrificed to candour. An honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind, which is above the practice of deceit, can never stoop to *be guilty of flattery upon such a point.*

"Give me leave, Madam, to remark, that the connexion subsisting between your husband and myself, is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness, or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, that, were I capable of such an action, *how much soever* my behaviour might be rewarded by your passion, I must be despised by your reason; and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I *should* be hated as a man. Highly sensible of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my *peace and honour* may be for ever lost. You have passions, you say, Madam; give me leave to answer, you have understanding also: you have a heart susceptible of the

tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to *awaken* it, *beyond* an *unwarrantable* indulgence of them; and let me entreat you, for your own sake, *to resist any* giddy impulse *or* ill-placed inclination *which shall* induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your *own* honour, and repugnant to your virtue.

"I *too*, Madam, am far from being insensible, I too have passions, and *would* my situation, a few years ago, *have* allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should legally have solicited that happiness, which you are now ready to bestow. I had the honour of supping at Mr. D——'s, where I first saw you, and *I* shall make no scruple in declaring, that I never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, nor a manner so excessively engaging, but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side, *although* I burnt with a flame as strong as ever *fired the* human breast. I laboured to conceal it. Time and absence at length abated *a hopeless* passion, and your marriage with my patron effectually cured it. Do not, Madam, *endeavour to* rekindle that *flame;* do not destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste, *and* blast your own honour, which has been hitherto unsullied. My best esteem is yours; but should I promise more, consider the fatal necessity I *should be* under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous. In any other commands, dispose of,

Madam,
Your humble servant."[1]
J. A.

ADDISON TO SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, July 23rd, 1710.

About two days ago I received the enclosed, that is sealed up, and yesterday that of my friend Steele, which, requiring a speedy answer, I have sent you express. In the mean time I have let him know, that you are out of town, and that he may expect your answer by the next post. I fancy he had my Lord Halifax's authority for writing. I hope this will bring you to town. For your amusement by the way, I have sent you some of this day's news; to which I must add, that Drs. Bysse[2] and Robinson[3] are likely to be the bishops of Bristol and St. David's: that our politicians are startled at the breaking off the negotiations, and fall of

[1] *Vide* Rede's Anecdotes, 8vo, Lond. 1799, p. 6, 7, 8.
[2] Philip, first made Bishop of St. David's, and then of Hereford.
[3] John; he was consecrated Bishop of Bristol, Nov. 19th, 1710, and translated to the see of London in March, 1713-14.

stocks; insomuch that it is thought they will not venture at dissolving the parliament in such a crisis.

I am ever, dear sir, yours entirely,

J. ADDISON.

Mr. Steele desires me to seal yours before I deliver it; but this you will excuse in one who wishes you as well as he or anybody living can do.

ADDISON TO MR. DES MAIZEAUX.[1]

SIR, Dublin Castle, August 1st, 1710.

I did not care for answering your letter, till I could do it, in some measure, to your satisfaction. I have at last watched a convenient season to move my Lord-Lieutenant for your licence of absence, which he has granted till December next. I am afraid I shall not then be in a capacity to serve you any further in this particular; but if I am, you may depend upon it. I heartily wish you joy of your new post, and am ever, sir,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

SWIFT TO ADDISON.

SIR, Dublin, August, 1710.

I believe you had the displeasure of much ill news almost as soon as you landed. Even the moderate Tories here are in pain at these revolutions, being what will certainly affect the Duke of Marlborough, and consequently the success of the war.

I am convinced that whatever government come over, you will find all marks of kindness from any parliament here with respect to your employment; the Tories contending with the Whigs which should speak best of you. . . . . In short, if you will come over again when you are at leisure, we will raise an army and make you king of Ireland. Can you think so meanly of a kingdom as not to be pleased that every creature in it who hath one grain of worth, has a veneration for you? I know there is nothing in this to make you add any value to yourself; but it ought to convince you that they are not an undistinguishing people. . . . . I long till you

[1] Des Maizeaux was a French Protestant clergyman of considerable literary talent, and spent the greater part of his life in this country. Between 1709 and 1745 he edited the works of Saint Evremond, Bayle, and others, in French, and wrote the lives of Hales and Chillingworth in English. Addison took him with him to Ireland.

have some good account of your Indian affairs, so as to make public business depend upon you, and not you upon it.

I read your character in Mrs. Manley's noble Memoirs of Europe.[1] It seems to me as if she had about two thousand epithets and fine words packed in a bag; and that she pulled them out by handfuls, and strewed them on her paper, where once in about five hundred times they happened to be right.

ADDISON TO MR. KEALLY.

SIR, Dublin Castle, 5th August, 1710.

My eyes being very much out of order, that I cannot use them by candle-light, I take the liberty to trouble you by another hand, and desire you will favour me with a line, to let me know the name of the person whom you employed in the business relating to Dr. Findlass; and whether there be any progress made in it, that I may take my measures accordingly. You will likewise very much oblige me, if you tell me your thoughts upon that matter how my correspondent may recover his debt the shortest way.

We are still in great uncertainties as to the dissolution of the English parliament, though all the public letters are positive it will be; but Mr. Denton, who brings the freshest news from London, makes us hope it will not be attempted. The bank have represented that they must shut up on the first issuing out of new writs; and Sir Francis Child, with the rest of the monied citizens on the Tories' side, have declared to the Duke of Shrewsbury, that they shall be ruined, if so great a blow be given to the public credit, as would inevitably follow upon a dissolution.

We hear from all parts of England, that the people daily recover their senses, and that the tide begins to turn so strongly, that it is hoped the next parliament will be of the same stamp with this, in case of a dissolution. If to-morrow's letters bring the news of it, several gentlemen will leave this country with the first fair wind, and among the rest, your humble servant.

[1] Alluding to Mrs. Manley's "Memoirs of Europe, towards the Close of the 8th Century," &c. London, 1710. She was also author of the scurrilous and once celebrated work, "Secret Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Quality of both Sexes, from the *New Atalantis*, an Island in the Mediterranean," London, 1709, a satire on those who had effected the Revolution. For this work she was prosecuted, and both printer and publisher seized by warrant from the Secretary of State's office.

I send you here the state of the Irish bills, that were transmitted to England. Those which have been reported and approved by the privy council there, are brought over by Mr. Denton, and have, all of them, had their first reading in our House of Commons; which is so very thin, that we have scarce been able to get together forty members.

I am ever, my dear sir,
Your most faithful, humble servant,
J. Addison.

My hearty respects to Mr. Fitzgerald.

ADDISON TO THE MARQUIS OF WHARTON.

My Lord, London, August 24th, 1710.

This morning I had the honour of a visit from Mr. Bertie, who, upon my acquainting him with your Lordship's concern for his brother's election, declared himself very much obliged to your Lordship; but said, his brother was so tired of sitting in the House, that he would not be in it again upon any consideration.

I hear from my Lord Dartmouth's[1] office, that all the particulars which I had in charge for your Lordship have been already complied with, except that about proroguing the parliament, which I have desired may be despatched forthwith to your Excellency, in case it is judged necessary.

The privy council was to meet this night, in order (as it was said yesterday) to place my Lord Peterborough[2] at the head of the admiralty, and to determine of the dissolution: but this morning I hear from very good hands, that there is advice of the Prince of Wales being ready to embark with a body of troops at Dunkirk, and that the admiralty is to attend the privy-council upon this occasion.

It is said the Duke of Queensborough has had intimation of such a designed invasion, about a month ago, from several parts of Scotland. This report, I believe, comes from Sir George Byng, and is of such a nature, that I should be cautious of mentioning it to anybody but your Excellency.

Among the prints which I send you by this post, the

[1] Lord Dartmouth had been appointed Secretary of State, June 15, 1710.

[2] This did not take place. *Gents. Mag.*

"Essay upon Credit"[1] is said to be written by Mr. Harley, and that of "Bickerstaff Detected,"[2] by Mr. Congreve. Dr. Garth, under whose hands I am at present, will not excuse me, if I do not present his most humble duty to your Lordship: the Doctor this morning showed me a copy of verses which he has made in praise of the lord treasurer.[3] The Lord Islay is lately returned from Scotland, and it is said the Duke of Argyle is expected every day from Flanders. I am, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient, and
Most humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO THE MARQUIS OF WHARTON.

[London,] August, 1710.

THE reports of the town (as to public affairs) are very various; what I have the honour to write to your Lordship, is the talk of the considerable people of the one side; but, as they are none of them in the secret, cannot be entirely depended upon.

The Duke of Queensborough, it is said, will be succeeded[4] by the Lord Marr, or, as others are positive, by the Duke of Shrewsbury. If the first happen, he is to be Lord High Steward of the Household; if the second, to be Lord High Chamberlain. The Duke of Queensborough declares he has heard nothing of his removal. I was yesterday above an hour in private at his office with the Lord Marr.

Mr. Boyle is to make way for Mr. St. John.[5]

The Duke of Somerset represents himself as actuated by

[1] Miss Aikin has "Cries," copying a mistake of the Addisoniana. The letter is correctly printed in the Gents. Mag. 1786, and again in 1803.

[2] This pamphlet has been sometimes ascribed to Rowe, but more commonly to Yalden.

[3] This "Epistle to Lord Godolphin" is printed with Garth's Poems. EDIT. Macky says of Lord Wharton; He is certainly one of the completest gentlemen in England, hath a very clear understanding, and manly expressions, with abundance of wit. He is brave in his person, much of a libertine, of a middle stature, fair complexion, and fifty years old. To which Swift adds; *The most universal villain I ever knew.*

[4] As one of the three principal Secretaries of State. That event did not take place.

[5] This conjecture was right. Henry Boyle (afterwards Lord Carleton) succeeded Harley, Feb. 15, 1708, and Henry St. John (afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke) replaced Mr. Boyle, Sept. 21, 1710.

personal piques, in what he has done, and has resolved to adhere to the Whiggish principles. It is generally said he is fallen off from the new ministers, and that he has recommended Whigs to all his boroughs.

The Duke of Newcastle is very well with Mr. Harley, for whom, they say, he had formerly a great friendship and esteem.

My Lord Somers is thought to have a great personal interest in her Majesty; but not sufficient to support his party; so that he seems to lie-by in expectation of proper opportunities.

Mr. Hampden refuses to be a commissioner of the treasury, unless the parliament might be continued: it was certainly offered him, and, as they say, by the queen herself, who, upon his answer relating to the parliament, told him, "she had not sent for him for his advice in that particular."

Mr. Benson, a reputed Whig, could not withstand the same temptation.

Sir Simon Harcourt, it is said, desires to be Attorney-General.[1] Lord Guernsey, or Baron Price, or both, are talked of to succeed the Lord Chancellor.[2] The Earl Rivers, after having received his arrears for the Spanish service, and equipage-money for his embassy, fell ill, and, as some say, will not recover in haste.

It is pretended by the Whigs, the Elector of Hanover has given assurances, that he will not accept the offer of general, and that he is very much displeased with the fashionable doctrine of *hereditary right*.

The Lord Rochester is by no means pleased with the new ministry, and lifted up his hands with some astonishment, upon hearing in what manner the late Lord Treasurer was dismissed. It is said the letter for that purpose was delivered to his Lordship by a groom, and that he was directed by it to break his staff, without giving himself the trouble of expostulation.[3]

I heard this morning from good hands, the Duke of Shrewsbury talks of laying down.[4] Sir Theodore Jansen has furnished the treasury with some money.

[1] And was successful.

[2] Neither of them succeeded. The seals were put in commission, Sept. 29; and given to Sir Simon Harcourt as Lord Keeper, Oct. 9.

[3] This is fully confirmed by Swift's Journal, Letters to Stella.

[4] He was then Lord Chamberlain.

The Tories having threatened to buy up the stocks, if they should fall, upon the Lord Treasurer's dismission, the Duke of Beaufort accordingly laid out about £5000, and was followed by two or three others with smaller sums; which lifted them up for one day; after which they fell again.

The Tories' address is said to be written by Mr. Hoadley; the Whigs' by Mr. Atterbury;[1] Petticum's letter by Mr. Walpole.

The clergy of the city of London are about presenting an address to her Majesty, which they say is finely penned by Dr. Atterbury; and some imagine it will immediately precede the dissolution. Collings the messenger is this evening arrived express from the Duke of Marlborough, with an account of the surrender of Bethune; and it is said that he brings further intelligence of the Duke's having received advices from Spain, just before he came away, of a second battle, wherein 12,000 men were killed, and King Charles obtained the victory.

ADDISON TO THE MARQUIS OF WHARTON.

My Lord, London, Oct. 17th, 1710.

I received the honour of your Lordship's of the 13th, and have sent the commissions mentioned in it according to your Lordship's commands; not hearing as yet of anything that hath passed, which should hinder your Lordship from signing them.

I must however acquaint your Lordship with a passage in one of Dawson's letters, dated the 3rd instant, which did not come to my hands till last night, having been sent after me to Malmsbury by mistake.

I had mentioned to him, as your Lordship had told me you would have it believed, and as you had yourself written the post before to some of your friends in Ireland, that you had signified to her Majesty your unwillingness to continue in that government when all your friends were dismissed, or to that purpose; but at the same time told him, that I believed your Lordship would not be out of it till some months after. In answer to that letter he writes to me in the following words: "You might be assured that whatever you wrote to

[1] So the original; but by a slip of the pen, undoubtedly; as the reverse is well known to have been the fact.

me was lodged in a safe hand; but what you desired should not be taken notice of, came over hither by twenty letters in the same post; and the Whitehall letters from both secretaries' offices, which came hither by the same packet with yours, positively mention my Lord-Lieutenant's resignation of his government to her Majesty on the 22nd of the last month; so that it is here no secret, and everybody says upon it that his Excellency cannot act any more on his commission, but that the government is absolutely in the hands of the Lords Justices, till a new governor is appointed."

I will not take any notice of the receipt of this letter till I hear further from your Lordship; having by the last post, and all along, written in the character of secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. Your Lordship is doubtless the best judge of this matter, how far the resignation went, and how far it was accepted; or whether it could be accepted effectually, but by superseding your Lordship's commission. I shall only take notice that your Lordship's letters to the Secretary of State, and to the Lords Justices in Ireland, the first relating to the horses that are wanting there, and the other to the draughting of 250 dragoons for the embarkation of them, bear date Sept. 23. The Irish gentlemen are positive that your Lordship will be succeeded by the Duke of Ormond,[1] though there goes a whisper among some of your Lordship's friends that my Lord Rivers is certainly designed for that government.

Nobody here knows what to think of the present state of affairs. Those who got the last parliament dissolved, are as much astonished, and they say troubled, for the glut of Tories that will be in the next, as the Whigs themselves.

I am, with great respect, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,
J. Addison.

ADDISON TO MR. KEALLY.

Dear Sir, [London,] December 21, 1710.

I am ashamed that I have not yet answered a kind letter that I received from you some time since; but, to tell you truly, I cannot write to you at present with the same pleasure as formerly. I had the honour to drink your health

[1] This took place: he was returned Lord-Lieutenant in 1710 and 11. About this time he began to be suspected of favouring the cause of the Pretender.

the other day with Lords Halifax, Castlecomer, Mr. Congreve, and Doppin, when everybody strove who should speak most in your praise. As for my own part, I look upon one of the greatest benefits of my place in Ireland to have been the opportunity it gave me of making so valuable a man my friend, and could heartily wish that it might ever lie in my power to deserve it by anything further than the most sincere esteem and hearty good wishes.

I cannot tell you any news that you may not see in the prints. Every person concerned in the high stations of the late ministers is threatened with an impeachment, particularly our late Lord-Lieutenant. I had the honour to be presented one morning by Mr. Southwell to the Duke of Ormond, who received me with that great goodness and condescension which are so natural to his Grace.

I am prepared for all changes; but if I continue in my Irish post, as I have reason to hope from what his Grace was pleased to say to me of his own accord, I intend to visit my friends in that kingdom next summer. Let me desire you to give my most hearty respects to dear Fitzgerald; and to believe me, with the most inviolable sincerity and esteem, dear sir,

Your most obedient and most faithful servant,

J. Addison.

ADDISON TO MR. KEALLY.

Dear Sir, [London,] Dec. 29th, 1710.

Since the receipt of your last kind letter, I have sent to Winchendon about Mr. Jephson's affair; but Lord Wharton is unluckily gone into the north, so that it is impossible to receive from him the letter you mention, though I remember very well it was the dean's desire; and if I am not mistaken, it was repeated more than once, that his kinsman should not suffer on his account, and lose the place he then solicited for, because he held another in the behalf of his son.

When the Duke of Ormond was made Lord-Lieutenant, his Grace did me the honour to tell me, with his wonted goodness and condescension, that he would be my friend in relation to my place in Ireland. Mr. Southwell has since told me, that I need not apprehend anything upon that account after the promise his Grace had made me; and at the

same time has given me his word to stand by me in that affair. Mr. Dawson has likewise told me, that he does not apprehend anything from my stay in England this summer.

If, after all, this my place is still in danger, I must suppose it comes from this side of the water; and if so, my presence here may be of more service to me than in Ireland. I have had incredible losses since I saw you last; but this I only communicate to yourself; for I know the most likely way to keep a place is, to appear not to want it.

I go for the Bath on Wednesday next, in hopes to remove an indisposition from my eyes; and shall make a trip from thence into Ireland, if I find it requisite. It is to this indisposition that I have desired Mr. Southwell and Dawson to attribute my not coming to my post so soon as I should otherwise have done.

Pray give my most hearty service to dear Robin and Charles Monck; and believe no man in the world more your well-wisher and truly affectionate humble servant, than, dear sir,

Yours entirely,

J. Addison.

ADDISON TO AMBROSE PHILLIPS.[1]

Dear Sir, [London,] Dec. 23rd, 1710.

Ever since I had the honour to receive your last letter, I have been looking for opportunities to forward the affair you mentioned in it; but every one I talk to on that subject, utters a great many praises and good wishes upon the occasion, but concludes with an inability to do anything for your service in the present conjuncture. You know very well that all my great friends are entirely out of favour. I have spoken to Dr. Swift (who is much caressed and invited almost every day to dinner by some or other of the new ministry) to recommend the affair either to Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John, which I verily believe might be effectual; and he has given me a kind of promise if he finds a favourable opportunity. I fancy if you writ such a letter to the Dr. as he might pro-

[1] This is the last letter we find to Ambrose Phillips, (excepting three lines at p. 428,) but we see by an entry, Sep. 14, 1711, in Swift's Journal to Stella, that Addison's intimacy with him still continued. "This evening I met Addison and Pastoral Phillips in the park, and supped with them at Addison's lodgings; we were very good company; and yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is. I sat with them till twelve."

duce on occasion, it would not be amiss. I have spoken to Colonel Worsley, who is in great credit and confidence with one of our first movers, but I am afraid he may think it proper to employ his whole interest for himself, notwithstanding he is very much your friend, and I believe would be glad to show himself such. I am heartily ashamed that when my inclinations are so strong my power should be so very inconsiderable; but you may be sure I will exert it to the utmost in all times and places that may give me a handle for your service.[1] My eyes have been very much out of order for some months, which has obliged me to favour them all I can, and by that means has prevented me from giving my friends the trouble of any letters that were not absolutely necessary for the promoting of their service or my own. I must beg you will not only excuse me yourself upon this account, but make it my excuse to Mr. Pulteney, who may ever lay a claim to my most humble services and good wishes, though I do not trouble him with any formal professions of them. I have often the pleasure to hear of his good health, and to find him mentioned with that honour and esteem which everybody must have for him that knows him. I will not trouble you with any accounts of public news, which the prints will acquaint you with better than I can do, but must beg leave to assure you that I very much regret the absence of such a friend, and that your business is likely still to detain you at so great a distance from one who values your friendship and conversation more than I dare tell you, lest you should suspect that sincerity with which I am always,

Dear sir, your most faithful friend
And most obedient servant,
J. ADDISON.

I often see Mr. Thomson, who is the same amiable youth as ever. Since the writing of this letter I have received your last with the little medal, for which my humble acknowledgments; and have talked with Swift, who approves what I have said relating to him. Steele, with his wife and daughters, are very much yours.

[1] When Addison was subsequently called to office, Phillips is said to have put the "strong inclinations" here proffered to the test, and to have been coldly answered. See note p. 371.

ADDISON TO MR. WORTLEY.

DEAR SIR, [London,] July 21st, 1711.

Being very well pleased with this day's Spectator,[1] I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of £2000 per annum, an estate in the Indies of £14,000, and what is worse than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this, and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too; to which I must add, that I have just resigned my fellowship, and that stocks sink every day. If you have any hints or subjects, pray send me up a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer, and perhaps would pass a month with you, if I know where. Lady Bellasis is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you.

I am, dear sir,
Yours eternally,
J. ADDISON.

MR. WORTLEY TO ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, Wortley,[2] July 28th, 1711.

Notwithstanding your disappointments, I had much rather be in your circumstances than my own. The strength of your constitution would make you happier than all who are not equal to you in that; though it contributed nothing towards those other advantages that place you in the first rank of men. Since my fortune fell to me, I had reason to fancy I should be reduced to a very small income. I immediately retrenched my expenses, and lived for six months on £50, as pleasantly as ever I did in my life, and could have lived for less than half that sum. I often entertained myself with the speech of Ofellus in the Second Satire of the Second Book; and still think no man of understanding can be many days unhappy, if he does not want health. At present, I take all the care I can to improve mine. This air is as proper for that as any I know; and we are so remote from all troublesome

[1] Spectator, No. 123, containing the story of Eudoxius and Leontine.

[2] Wortley, near Barnsley, in the West Riding of York, delightfully situated on the river Don and embosomed in fine woods: celebrated in the ancient poem of "the Dragon of Wantley."

neighbours and great towns, that a man can think of nothing long but country entertainments or his books; and, if you would change the course of your thoughts, you will scarce fail of effecting it here. I am in some fear I shall be forced to town for four or five days, and then we may come down together. If I stay I shall let you know it in a week or ten days, and hope to see you very soon.

You was never in possession of anything you lose but your places, and those you could not call your own. After I had read what you say about them, I could not take pleasure in the Spectator you sent, but thought it a very good one. In two months, or a little more, I think I must go the Newcastle journey. You told me you should like it; if you do not, perhaps we may contrive how you may pass your time here. I am not sure we shall easily have leave to lodge out of this house, but we may eat in the woods every day if you like it, and nobody here will expect any sort of ceremony.

I am, dear sir, &c.

MR. WORTLEY TO ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, Wortley, August 25th, 1711.

Hearing you are at the Bath, I am afraid you have almost laid aside the thoughts of this country. If you still intend to be here, I wish I knew the time, that I might delay or hasten my journey to Newcastle; which you please. I shall pass three months more in the north, and would stay your own time, if you come. I have now my choice of two or three pretty, but small, places, besides this house, which perhaps you may like the least. You are almost as near to this place as to London. I am afraid you will not meet with an opportunity of coming in a coach. But if you have not seen Worcester, Stafford, Nottingham, and Chatsworth, you may make your journey pleasant; and if you travel but eighteen or twenty miles a day, you will get here almost insensibly in five or six days, as you are taking the air. After you are a little beyond Gloucester, you will find a gravelly soil, as good in wet as in dry weather, which will not leave you till you are within fifteen miles of home. I can have one here that writes a better hand than your own secretary. But if you like him better, he would be no trouble to any here, though you should desire to live with my Lord. I must add to all this, that when the Bath season is quite over, so late as in October, you will in all likelihood have a better season for travelling than the summer. When I have said this in hopes of drawing you hither, I cannot but wish you may be as well where you are as I was once, and have no desire of changing the place.

I am, dear sir, &c.

MR. WORTLEY TO ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, Wortley, Oct. 8th, 1711.

I intend to set out this week for Durham, and to return hither about three weeks hence; I can scarce hope you will be for a long journey at this season; but if you should like a country life so well, I will stay here till January to attend you, and perhaps longer. There is a house within two miles of this place, which I am sure would please you as well as any in these parts. I design to lodge there for the advantage of shooting when I come back from Durham; but if you should not like it, I can find another. Lest this climate should not suit with you, I dare say nothing in praise of it; unless you think I speak well of it, in telling you I grow fat, and am very easy. It would however agree with me much better if you were in it. My most humble service to Mr. Steele, he knows I should have invited him often had he been at liberty to come.

I am, dear sir, &c.

ADDISON TO MR. WORTLEY.

DEAR SIR, Oct. 13th, 1711.

I am very much obliged to you for your last kind letter and invitation, which I heartily wish I could accept: but you know I have put my hand to the plough, and have already been absent from my work one entire month at the Bath. I hope you will not think of staying in the country so long as you mention. Sure it will be worth your while to hear the peace treated in the House of Commons, and as you have seen *mores hominum multorum et urbes*, I think you cannot have a better opportunity to show yourself. If you will be my lodger, I will take a house in the Square at Kensington, and furnish you a chamber; not forgetting a cook and other particulars. I send you enclosed a paper of Abel Roper's, which everybody looks upon as authentic: we talk of nothing but a peace. I am heartily glad you have your health, and question not but you would find the Kensington air as good as the Wortley. I am ever, with the greatest sincerity,

Dear sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

MR. WORTLEY TO ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, Newcastle, Nov. 1st, 1711.

Since I cannot have your company in the country, I shall leave it as soon as I can without damage to my affairs. I would have left this place early enough to meet you at Wortley, had you given me notice of your coming. Now you do not, I intend to continue here a fortnight longer; for I think it will be for my advantage if I stay a fortnight at Wortley, as it is likely I may; it will be near the middle of December before I get to Kensington, when I am very glad to hear I may be your lodger, if you will not be mine as I proposed. Should you like any other place out of town better than Kensington, I desire you will choose it, and I shall certainly be pleased with it.

The peace I should think will not be debated before Christmas; when it is, I fancy it will be accepted or refused by a very great majority, and the public would not suffer by the absence of all our friends put together. If I am mistaken in this, I desire you will let me know it. My opinion is, the nation must be ruined by such a peace as is talked of; notwithstanding I should pay for the war more than any man in the House, whose fortune is not above double to mine. That we may bear up the better under misfortunes, I hope you will be nice in the choice of a cook and other particulars.

I am, dear sir, &c.

THERE is a gap here in Addison's letters of nearly eighteen months, during all which period he was engaged in writing in the Spectator, &c. That he was then resident in London is seen by letters of Steele and others, in which he is mentioned. And that Addison and Steele were living on habits of great intimacy, appears by a singular letter communicated to Nichols by the Rev. David Scurlock, executor of Lady Trevor, Steele's last surviving daughter (*D'Israeli has quoted it in his Calamities of Authors*): "Steele and Addison wrote the Spectators, &c., chiefly in the room where I now write; they rented the house of my father, for occasional retirement, and kept a housekeeper between them. It happened that this housekeeper proved to be in a situation that could not escape the prying eye of slanderous observation; when Steele asked Addison very gravely, what they should do in such a dreadful predicament? 'Why,' says Addison, 'since it is now past remedy, there is nothing to be done but this; if it proves to be a black child, you shall take it; if a fair one, the care of it shall fall to my lot.'"

STEELE TO MR. LINTOTT.[1]

MR. LINTOTT, [Hampton Court,] Aug. 4th, 1712.

Mr. Addison desired me to tell you, that he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis, in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's Account.[2] When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings,[3] he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of. But when the papers above-mentioned were offered to be communicated to him, he said he could not, either in honour or conscience, be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it.

I am, sir,
Your very humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

STEELE TO MR. POPE.

Nov. 12th, 1712.

I HAVE read over your "Temple of Fame" twice; and cannot find anything amiss, of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to-morrow; after his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design,[4] which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further.

I am, your, &c.
RICHARD STEELE.

ADDISON TO MR. HUGHES.[5]

DEAR SIR, April 24th, 1713.

This is to acquaint you that I am forced to practise a great piece of self-denial. In short, I must deprive my play[6] of the noble ornament you designed for it. My friends, who all of them concur with me in admiring your beautiful copy

[1] This letter, written at the request of Mr. Addison, was transmitted by Lintott (the bookseller) to Mr. Dennis, who printed it in "Remarks upon several passages in the Preliminaries to the Dunciad, 1729."

[2] Of the Frenzy of Mr. John Dennis; a Narrative written by Mr. Pope. See his letter to Mr. Addison, July 20th, 1713.

[3] Remarks upon Cato.

[4] This was the "Guardian," in which Pope assisted.

[5] Printed from the original holograph, on the back of which is endorsed in an old hand, "These verses, with several others, were however prefixed to all the subsequent editions of Cato." To which may be added that none from "persons of quality" appeared among them.

[6] Cato.

of verses, are however of opinion, that it will draw upon me an imputation of vanity; and as my play has met with an unexpected reception, I must take particular care not to aggravate the envy and ill-nature that will rise in course upon me. Besides, to tell you truly, I have received other poems on the same occasion, and one or two from persons of quality, who will never pardon me if I do not give them a place at the same time that I print any other. I know your good sense and friendship towards me will not let you put a wrong interpretation on this matter, and I am sure I need not tell you with how much sincerity and esteem,

I am, sir,
Your most obliged and most
Faithful humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

MR. HUGHES TO ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, April 25th, 1713.

I am extremely obliged to you for your kind letter. The warm expressions of friendship in it give me a much more sensible pleasure than any I could receive from the approbation of my verses. I confess, when I wrote them, I had no thoughts of your printing them; and though nothing would flatter me so much in the making them public, as the satisfaction of seeing my name with yours, yet I am one of those friends who think your present resolution perfectly right, and entirely acquiesce in your reasons. I cannot but applaud at the same time your chaste enjoyment of fame, which I think equally above envy and incapable of any addition. I am, with all possible esteem,

Sir,
Your most affectionate and
Most obedient servant,
JOHN HUGHES.

SWIFT TO ADDISON.

SIR, May 13th, 1713.

I was told yesterday by several persons that Mr. Steele had reflected upon me in his "Guardian;" which I could hardly believe, until, sending for the paper of the day, I found he had, in several parts of it, insinuated with the utmost malice that I was author of the "Examiner,"[1] and abused me in the grossest manner

[1] In the Guardian, No. 53, Mr. Steele says, "Though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time *talking to the Examiner*; others, who have rallied me for the sins of my youth,

he could possibly invent, and set his name to what he had written. Now, sir, if I am not author of the "Examiner," how will Mr. Steele be able to defend himself from the imputation of the highest degree of baseness, ingratitude, and injustice? Is he so ignorant of my temper and of my style? Has he never heard that the author of the "Examiner" (to whom I am altogether a stranger)[1] did, a month or two ago, vindicate me from having any concern in it? Should not Mr. Steele have first expostulated with me as a friend? Have I deserved this usage from Mr. Steele, who knows very well that my Lord Treasurer[2] has kept him in his employment upon my entreaty and intercession?[3] My Lord Chancellor and Lord Bolingbroke will be witnesses how I was reproached by my Lord Treasurer, upon the ill returns Mr. Steele made to his Lordship's indulgence, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

tell me it is credibly reported that I have *formerly lain with the Examiner*, I have carried my point; and it is nothing to me whether the Examiner writes in the character of an *estranged friend*, or an *exasperated mistress*." By the first of these appellations Dr. Swift is to be understood; by the latter, Mrs. Manley, authoress of the *New Atalantis;* who likewise, in conjunction with Oldisworth, wrote in the Examiner, often under the direction, and with the assistance, of Swift, but oftener without leading strings. *Nichols.*

[1] The reader will please to recollect the received opinion, that Dr. Swift never wrote any Examiners after June 7th, 1711.

[2] Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

[3] "I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele; Steele will certainly lose his Gazetteer's place, all the world detesting this engaging in parties." *Swift's Journal to Stella, Sept.* 10, 1710.

"I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under secretary to Lord Dartmouth, two hours, talking politics, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamped paper: he has lost his place of Gazetteer, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a Tatler some months ago against Mr. Harley, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might save him in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley; and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him as the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with anything I said." Oct. 22, 1710. "I believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends Queen's Secretary at Geneva; and I will do it if I can; it is poor Pastoral Phillips." *Swift's Journal to Stella, Dec.* 15, 1710.

STEELE TO SWIFT.

SIR, Bloomsbury, May 26th, 1713.

I have received yours, and find it impossible for a man to judge in his own case. For an allusion to you, as one under the imputation of helping the "Examiner,"[1] and owning I was restrained out of respect to you, you tell Addison, under your hand, "you think me the vilest of mankind," and bid him tell me so. I am obliged to you for any kind things said in my behalf to the Treasurer; and assure you, when you were in Ireland, you were the constant subject of my talk to men in power at that time. As to the vilest of mankind, it would be a glorious world if I were: for I would not conceal my thoughts in favour of an injured man, though all the powers on earth gainsaid it, to be made the first man in the nation. This position I know will ever obstruct my way in the world; and I have conquered my desires accordingly. I have resolved to content myself with what I can get by my own industry, and the improvement of a small estate, without being anxious whether I am ever in a court again or not. I do assure you, I do not speak this calmly, after the ill usage in your letter to Addison, out of terror of your wit or my Lord Treasurer's power; but pure kindness to the agreeable qualities I once so passionately delighted in in you. You know, I know nobody; but one that talked after you, could tell, "Addison had bridled me in point of party." This was ill hinted, both with relation to him, and, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

I know no party; but the truth of the question is what I will support as well I can, when any man I honour is attacked.

SWIFT TO STEELE.

SIR, May 27th, 1713.

The reason I give you the trouble of this reply to your letter is because I am going in a very few days to Ireland; and although I intended to return towards winter, yet it may happen, from the common accidents of life, that I may never see you again.

In your yesterday's letter, you are pleased to take the complain-

[1] The curious reader will probably be convinced of three things: 1. That Steele's *estranged friend* was really an accomplice of the Examiner, and an actual writer in that paper, long after the time commonly supposed; 2. That Steele was not guilty of that ingratitude to Mr. Harley of which he has been accused; and, 3. That the disagreement of two such men as Swift and Steele is a melancholy proof of the lengths to which party madness will carry even the best of men. *Nichols in Steele's Corresp.*, 279. See also a long account of this affair in Nichol's edition of the Tatler, (No. 228,) vol. vi. p. 95, &c.

ing side, and think it hard I should write to Mr. Addison as I did only for an allusion. This allusion was only calling a clergyman of some little distinction an infidel; a clergyman who was your friend, who always loved you, who had endeavoured at least to serve you; and who, whenever he did write anything, made it sacred to himself never to fling out the least hint against you.

One thing you are pleased to fix on me, as what you are sure of: that the "Examiner" had talked after me, when he said, "Mr. Addison had bridled you in point of party." I do not read one in six of those papers, nor ever knew he had such a passage; and I am so ignorant of this, that I cannot tell what it means: whether that Mr. Addison kept you close to a party, or that he hindered you from writing about party. I never talked or writ to that author in my life; so that he could not have learned it from me. And in short, I solemnly affirm that, with relation to every friend I have, I am as innocent as it is possible for a human creature to be. And whether you believe me or not, I think, with submission, you ought to act as if you believed me, till you have demonstration to the contrary. I have all the ministry to be my witnesses that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party, whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them; for I think principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons.[1] In these last you and I differ; but in the other, I think, we agree: for I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly called a Whig.

As to the great man whose defence you undertake,[2] though I do not think so well of him as you do, yet I have been the cause of preventing five hundred hard things being said against him.

I am sensible I have talked too much when myself is the subject; therefore I conclude with sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and am, sir,

Yours, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

You cannot but remember, that, in the only thing I ever published with my name, I took care to celebrate you as much as I could,[3] and in as handsome a manner as I could, though it was in a letter to the present Lord Treasurer.

[1] Steele says, "I thought it was the shortest way to impartiality to put myself beyond further hopes or fears, by declaring myself at a time when the dispute is not about *persons* and parties, but things and causes." Tatler, No. 193.

[2] The Duke of Marlborough.

[3] In his "Proposal for correcting the English Tongue," Swift says, "I would willingly avoid repetition, having about a year ago communicated to the public much of what I had to offer upon this subject, by the hands of an ingenious gentleman, who for a long time did thrice a week divert or instruct the kingdom by his papers, and is supposed to pursue the same

POPE TO ADDISON.

SIR, July 20th,[1] 1713.

I am more joyed at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable upon those bats and beastly birds above mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of—envy and calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him.[2] But indeed your opinion, that it is entirely to be neglected, would have been my own, had it been my own case: but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry); he has written against everything the world has approved these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited upon his disapprobation. I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the critic that he deserves. I think in these days, one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other, that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves.

I am, your, &c.

A. POPE.

design at present, under the title of Spectator. This author, who hath tried the force and compass of our language with so much success, agrees entirely with me in most of my sentiments relating to it; so do the greatest part of the men of wit and learning, whom I have had the happiness to converse with."

[1] Curll gives the date of this letter, July 30th; in Pope's Works it is, 20th.

[2] "This related to the paper occasioned by Dennis's remarks upon Cato, called Dr. Norris's narrative of the frenzy of John Den . . ." *Curll.*

MR. HUGHES TO ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, October 6th, 1713.

I do not doubt but you know by this time that Mr. Steele has abruptly dropped the Guardian.[1] He has published this day a paper called the Englishman, which begins with an answer to the Examiner, written with great boldness and spirit, and shows that his thoughts are at present entirely on politics. Some of his friends are in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper should be discontinued which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party matters.

I know not whether any such paper as the Guardian may hereafter be attempted by other hands. I remember you were once pleased to ask me what I thought would be a good plan; and this unexpected occasion has given me a thought, which I beg to offer to your consideration; and because I cannot, at this distance, so well explain it to you in the compass of a letter, I enclose a slight sketch I have just begun of it to-day, only I must acquaint you that what I send is a sequel of a Paper which is to open the plan, and which describes a Society of learned men of various characters, who meet together to carry on a conversation on all kinds of subjects, and who empower the Secretary to draw up any of their discourses, or publish any of their writings under the title of *the Register*. By this means, I think, the Town might be sometimes entertained with dialogue, which would be a new way of writing, either related or set down in form, under the names of different speakers; and sometimes with Essays, or with Discourses in the person of the writer of the paper.

I choose to send you the second paper, though unfinished, because you will see an offer in it of a new invented character, with a cast of oddness in it, to draw attention, and to lay a foundation for a great variety of matter, and of adventures.

I wish I could tempt you, by any slight thought of mine, to take something of this kind into consideration: I should, on such conditions, be willing to furnish one paper in a week, on this, or any plan you shall think more proper, but without you I shall make no further use of it.

I shall only add, that it is my opinion, and I believe that of most others, that such a paper should be only three times a week: when it should begin, or whether at all, I submit to you, and shall be glad to be favoured with a few lines from you on this, directed to me in, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

[1] The last number of the Guardian was published, Oct. 1, 1713. No sooner was the Guardian closed, than our author was solicited by his friend, Mr. John Hughes, to unite with him in conducting another periodical paper, under the title of The Register. The present letter and its answer particularly relate to this design, which, when declined by Addison, was in some degree carried into execution by Mr. Hughes and Sir Richard Blackmore, in a paper under the title of the "Lay Monastery."

ADDISON TO MR. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Bilton,[1] Oct. 12th, 1713.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter and the specimen, which I read over with great pleasure. I think the title of *the Register* would be less assuming than that of *the Humanity Club;* but to tell you truly, I have been so taken up with thoughts of that nature for these two or three years last past, that I must now take some time *pour me délasser*, and lay in fuel for future work. In the mean time I should be glad if you would set such a project on foot, for I know nobody else capable of succeeding in it, and turning it to the good of mankind, since my friend has laid it down. I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself;[2] but he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him in this particular, will have no weight with him.

I beg you will present my most sincere respects to Sir Richard Blackmore, and that you will add my sister's,[3] who is now with me, and very much his humble servant. I wish I could see him and yourself in these parts, where I think of staying a month or two longer. I am always with the greatest truth and esteem, sir,

Your most faithful and
Most obedient servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO POPE.

Oct. 26th, 1713.

I WAS extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work you

[1] Near Rugby in Warwickshire.

[2] Mr. Addison (as the event showed) was too true a prophet; his friend "poor Dick," who was then member for Stockbridge, being expelled the House of Commons, March 15, 1713-14, for some libellous paragraphs in the "Englishman," and in another paper called the "Crisis."

[3] Dorothy, first married to Dr. Sartre, (a Frenchman,) Prebendary of Westminster, and afterwards to Daniel Combes, Esq. Swift (after dining with this lady and her first husband at his prebendal house, Oct. 25, 1710) says of her, "Addison's sister is a sort of wit, very like him. I am not fond of her," &c. See letter vii of his Journal to Stella. *Hughes*

mention[1] will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the proposals: and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition in having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this or any other instance. I question not but your translation will enrich our tongue and do honour to our country; for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least I know none of this age that is equal to it besides yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement.

I am, sir,
Your very humble and very obedient servant,
J. Addison.

ADDISON TO POPE.

Nov. 2nd, 1713.

I have received your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the prose[2] will require as much care as the poetry, but the variety will give yourself some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the nation for your admirers when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

[1] Alluding to his translation of the Iliad.
[2] Meaning the notes to his translation of Homer.

You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you: but I already fancy that we have lived many years together in an unreserved conversation, and that we may do so many more is the sincere wish of

Your, &c.

MR. HUGHES TO ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 5th, 1713.

I designed long ago to have acknowledged the favour of your kind letter, and at the same time to have acquainted you, that I had laid aside all thoughts of the design mentioned to you in my last. I had indeed been prompted to it by our very worthy friend Sir Richard Blackmore, who is apt to think, as you do, much too partially of my poor abilities. But when I perceived you were tired with an entertainment you had so long given the town with much better success than I could ever propose, I could not persuade myself to engage as a principal in an undertaking in which I was only willing to be an assistant. Sir Richard was however of opinion, that such a design ought not to be dropped, and therefore determined to make the experiment, which he believed might turn to the public good; and, by his commission, I send you the papers[1] which have been hitherto published, to which he adds his sincere respects to your sister.

You may believe, when this design was once set on foot, I could not be wholly unconcerned: I must therefore desire your indulgence to the third, sixth, and ninth papers, and the rest I am sure will entertain you very well. I do not own my part but to yourself; having so much business to attend at present, besides my ordinary affairs, that I am never sure of a day's time. I should have been very glad if I could have accepted of your kind invitation, and have waited on you in the country. No one has more entire esteem for your friendship, nor more longs for your return to the town, than, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

AT this period, March 18th, 1714, Steele was brought to trial before the House for his libels in the last number of the Englishman, and in his paper called the Crisis, in which he abjured the Pretender, and boldly advocated the cause of the House of Hanover. Addison sat near him and prompted

[1] These papers, which had now extended to 40 numbers, were collected into a volume, and published in 1714 under the title of "The Lay Monastery." The Friday's papers were by Mr. Hughes, the rest by Sir Richard Blackmore.

and assisted him in his defence. Steele is said to have spoken for three hours with temper, eloquence, and unconcern, which gave entire satisfaction to all who were not prepossessed against him. See Rapin, vol. iv. 343.

POPE TO THE HONOURABLE ——

SIR, June 8th, 171[illegible]

The question you ask in relation to Mr. Addison and Philips, I shall answer in a few words. Mr. Philips did express himself with much indignation against me at Button's coffee-house, (as I was told,) saying, that I was entered into a cabal with Dean Swift and others, to write against the Whig interest, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steele and Addison: but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face on this or any like occasion, though I was almost every night in the same room with him, nor ever offered me any indecorum. Mr. Addison came to me a night or two after Philips had talked in this idle manner, and assured me of his disbelief of what had been said, of the friendship we should always maintain, and desired I would say nothing further of it. My Lord Halifax did me the honour to stir in this matter, by speaking to several people to obviate a false aspersion, which might have done me no small prejudice with one party. However, Philips did all he could secretly, to continue the report with the Hanover club; and kept in his hands the subscriptions paid for me to him, as secretary to that club. The heads of it have since given him to understand that they take it ill; but upon the terms I ought to be with such a man, I would not ask him for this money, but commissioned one of the players, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the secret grounds of this malignity, they will make a very pleasant history when we meet. Mr. Congreve and some others have been much diverted with it, and most of the gentlemen of the Hanover club have made it the subject of their ridicule on their secretary. It is to the management of Philips that the world owes Mr. Gay's Pastorals. The ingenious author is extremely your servant, and would have complied with your kind invitation, but that he is just now appointed secretary to my Lord Clarendon, in his embassy to Hanover.

I am sensible of the zeal and friendship with which, I am sure, you will always defend your friend in his absence, from all those little tales and calumnies which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I shall never complain, while I am happy in such noble defenders, and in such contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill-nature ever increase, to the glory and pleasure of those they

would injure; may they represent me what they will, as long as *you* think me what I *am*.

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

A. POPE.

MR. JERVAS TO POPE.

August 20th, 1714.

I HAVE a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assured me, that he would make use not only of his interest, but of his art, to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animosity; but now all is safe, and you are escaped, even in his opinion. I promised in your name, like a good god-father, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend, merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head[1] shadowed and heightened carefully; and I enclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the busto? perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together with all sincerity, I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be.

Yours, &c.

POPE TO MR. JERVAS.

SIR, August 27th, 1714.

I am just arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there. Every one is much concerned for the queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the king.

[1] The portrait prefixed to the first edition of Pope's translation of the Iliad.

I admire your Whig principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians; I join in your wish for them.

Mr. Addison's verses on Liberty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion—

"O Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright!" &c.

What you mention of the friendly offer you endeavoured to do between Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a man I so highly value suspect my dispositions towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me; so I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals than to think me a party man, nor of my temper than to believe me capable of maligning or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to show him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who misinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that passed between Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me, in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party: nor did the Tory party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig party than the same liberty. A curse on the word party, which I have been forced to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign[1] may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honest and knave, fool and man of sense: these two sorts must always be enemies; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please and be friends. I am, sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

A. POPE.

[1] Unfortunately it did not put an end to party distinctions; but, by proscribing the Tories, heightened and continued the animosity of both parties. *Warton.*

ADDISON À MONS. D'ALMANZA,

Deputé des Catalans.

À St. James, le 12, 23, d'Août, 1714.

Je vous envoie par ordre des Seigneurs de la Régence un Extrait d'une Lettre[1] que j'ai reçû de My Lord Bolingbroke, par lequel vous verrez ce que leurs Excellences ont ordonné sur le Mémoire que vous avez presenté.

ADDISON.

ADDISON TO THE REV. MR. FLAMSTED, THE KING'S PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AT GREENWICH.

SIR, Aug. 25th, 1714.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind invitation; but, as my present office will determine upon his Majesty's arrival,[2] my attendance will not be necessary. I hope to wait on you soon, and to thank you for this great civility at a time when I may have the benefit of your conversation; being, with the highest esteem, sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.[3]

[1] The letter referred to is printed in Lamberty, Mem. vol. viii. p. 704. It is addressed to Mr. Prior, then our Plenipotentiary in Paris, and warns the French king, (Louis XIV.,) in rather strong language, not to persist in the reduction of Barcelona, the Catalans being under the protection of the English crown. See Rapin, vol. v. 398.

[2] Alluding to the expected arrival of George I. The Hanoverian accession was at the time a subject of engrossing interest. Flamsted, in a postscript, gives the following notice of it: "We reckon that the king is, by this day, in Holland, or will be to-morrow; he is to come ashore at Greenwich, to reside two nights in the queen's house, which is fitted up for him, and make his entry into London in his coaches. God send a happy arrival, and reign: for his accession to the crown has dissipated much of our fears, and he is impatiently expected.—J. F."

[3] The following anecdote, taken from the Addisoniana, is illustrative of this juncture. "Mr. Addison and Mr. Budgell had occasion to wait upon Lord Halifax, a little before they went to attend upon King George the First at Greenwich, at his first landing after his accession to the throne. Lord Halifax told them that he expected the white staff, and intended, as soon as he had got it, to recommend Mr. Addison to the king for one of the Secretaries of State. Mr. Addison told his Lordship that he did not aim at so high a post, and desired him to remember he was not a speaker in the House of Commons. Lord Halifax briskly replied, 'Come, prythee, Addison, no unseasonable modesty I made thee secretary to the regency

ADDISON TO THE COUNCIL OF TRADE.

St. James's, August 30th, 1714.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The Lords Justices have commanded me to acquaint you, that they desire you will attend them on Wednesday next before noon, prepared to give their Excellencies an account of Mr. Taverner, how he came to be employed, and how he was qualified for the service for which he was appointed, and that you will bring with you any books and papers you have by you, relating to that affair,

I am, gentlemen,
Your most obedient and most
Humble servant,
J. Addison.

ADDISON TO THE COUNCIL OF TRADE.

St. James's, September 1st, 1714.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I am commanded by the Lords Justices to acquaint you, that they desire you will receive informations from the fishing boroughs, whether such a survey be necessary as was proposed by Mr. Taverner, whether Mr. Nicholson may not properly be directed to procure such a survey to be made; if not, and that you think it necessary, you are then desired to recommend to their Excellencies a person fit for that service, according to the informations which you shall receive from the traders above mentioned.

I am, my Lords and gentlemen,
Your most obedient, humble servant,
J. Addison.

with this very view. Thou hast now the best right of any man in England to be Secretary of State; nay, it will be a sort of displacing thee not to make thee so. If thou couldst but get over that silly sheepishness of thine that makes thee sit in the House, and hear a fellow prate for half an hour together, who has not a tenth part of thy good sense, I should be glad to see it; but since I believe that is impossible, we must contrive as well as we can. Thy pen has already been an honour to thy country, and, I dare say, will be a credit to thy King.'"

ADDISON TO MONS. DE ROBETHON.[1]

SIR, St. James's, Sept. 4th, 1714.

I have been obliged to so close an attendance on the Lords Justices, and have had so very little time at my own disposal during my absence from their Excellencies, that I could not do myself the honour before now, to assure you of my respects, and to beg the continuance of that friendship which you formerly honoured me with at Hanover.[2] I cannot but extremely rejoice at the occasion, which will give me an opportunity of waiting on you in England, where you will find a whole nation in the highest joy, and thoroughly sensible of the great blessings which they promise themselves from his Majesty's accession to the throne.

I take the liberty to send you, enclosed, a poem written on this occasion by one of our most eminent hands, which is indeed a master-piece in its kind;[3] and, though very short, has touched upon all the topics which are most popular among us. I have likewise transmitted to you a copy of the preamble[4] to the Prince of Wales's patent, which was a very grateful task imposed on me by the Lords Justices.

[1] Hanoverian Secretary of State.

[2] Lord Godolphin conferred on Addison, as a reward for his poem entitled *The Campaign*, commemorative of the battle of Blenheim, the place of Commissioner of Appeals, in the room of the celebrated Locke, who had been appointed a Lord of Trade. The year following, Addison attended Lord Halifax to Hanover; and, in the next, was appointed secretary to Sir Charles Hedges, and was continued in that office by his successor, Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland.

[3] The poem alluded to is probably Tickell's "Royal Progress," praised in the Spectator.

[4] This preamble, being written by Addison, is annexed:

PREAMBLE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PATENT.

(*Drawn up by Addison.*)

GEORGE R. 1715.

His Majesty has been pleased to direct, that letters patents be prepared for granting to the Prince of Wales one hundred thousand pounds per annum, out of the civil list revenues, for the support of himself and his family; and likewise for granting fifty thousand pounds per annum, together with Somerset House, to the Princess of Wales, for her jointure, in case she shall survive the Prince; but it not being in His Majesty's power to extend this provision to the Princess beyond his own life, His Majesty hopes that you will think it reasonable to enable him to make this provision for the Princess certain and secure to her, during the term of her own life.

Their Excellencies have ordered that the Lords and others who meet his Majesty be out of mourning that day, as also their coaches; but all servants, except those of the city magistrates, to be in mourning. The shortness of the time which would not be sufficient for the making of new liveries, occasioned this last order.

The removal of the Lord Bolingbroke[1] has put a seasonable check to an interest that was making in many places for members in the next parliament, and was very much relished by the people, who ascribed to him, in a great measure, the decay of trade and public credit.

You will do me a very great honour if you can find terms submissive enough to make the humble offers of my duty acceptable to his Majesty. May God Almighty preserve his person, and continue him for many years the blessing of these kingdoms!

I am, with great esteem and respect,
Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,
J. Addison.

ADDISON TO MONS. DE ROBETHON.

Sir, St. James's, Sept. 11th, 1714.

Though I am not without hopes of seeing you in England before this letter comes to your hands, I cannot defer returning you my thanks for the honour of yours of the 17th, N. S., which I received this morning. I beg leave to send you the enclosed ceremonial for the king's entry, published by the Earl of Suffolk, Deputy Earl Marshal, as regulated by the Lords Justices and privy council.[2] The

[1] Addison was a sound Whig. Bolingbroke records, that, after the peace which followed the ever memorable battle of Blenheim, he engaged with Addison in a two hours' conversation, and their politics differed *toto cælo* from each other.

[2] Budgell has recorded that he attended Lord Halifax and Addison in a barge to Greenwich to meet George the First from Hanover. Halifax said he expected to have the Treasurer's staff, and to have great influence; that he would endeavour to avoid some of the errors of late reigns, and make his master a great king, and would recommend Addison to be a secretary of state. Addison, as Budgell says, blushed, and thanked him for such honourable friendship, but declared that his merits and ambition did not carry him to so high a place. Halifax was, however, circumvented in all his speculations: Walpole acquired more influence, or succeeded by intrigue; and the effects mortified Lord Halifax so acutely

Attorney-general is preparing a proclamation, reciting the rewards set on the Pretender by the late queen and parliament, with the security set for the payment, as established by a clause in an act passed since his Majesty's accession to the throne. As such a proclamation is very requisite, so, perhaps, it may come with a good grace from the Regents before his Majesty's arrival. It will, I believe, be fixed up in all the market-towns, especially among the highlands in Scotland, where there has been some meetings; but, by the care of the Regents, of no consequence.

I am, with great esteem and respect, sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

This letter will be delivered to you by Mr. Greenwood, who will acquaint you how highly sensible I am of the honour of your friendship.

POPE TO ADDISON.

October 10th, 1714.

I HAVE been acquainted by one of my friends,[1] who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleased to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolences have lost their effect? indeed it is neither for me nor my enemies to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service. I am only to get as much from the Whigs as I got from the Tories, that is to say, civility; being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you; for (to say the truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I can never believe that the author of Cato can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you: it is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer,[2]

that a pulmonary fever was the consequence, and death soon put quietus upon his Lordship's unsuccessful struggle for power.

[1] See a letter to Mr. Jervas, Aug. 27th, 1714.

[2] This must have been an embarrassing request to Addison, if at that time he had actually translated the first book of Homer. *Warton.*

which are in the hands of my Lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: it is therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice; and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.[1]

I have a further request which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is reprinting the Essay on Criticism, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of No. 253. The period in that paper, where you say, "I have admitted some strokes of ill nature into that Essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written; but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and you may be assured they shall be treated without mercy. Since we are upon proofs of sincerity, (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both, in each other's opinion,) give me leave to name another passage in the same Spectator, which I wish you would alter. It is, where you mention an observation upon Homer's verses of Sisyphus's stone, as never having been made before by any of the critics.[2] I happened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's, who treats very largely of those verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression when you see the passage, which you must needs have read, though it be since slipt out of your memory. I am,

With the utmost esteem, sir,
Your most humble and obedient servant,
A. Pope.

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

My Lord, [London,] Oct. 17th, 1714.

I find by your Lordship's discourse that you have your reasons for laying aside the thought of bringing me into a

[1] Instead of answering this letter, Addison took an opportunity of speaking to Pope, and informing him that he had already perused a translation of the first book of Homer, by Mr. Tickell,* and could not therefore peruse Pope's. On which Pope observed, that Mr. Tickell had certainly as good a right to translate Homer as he had, but that as he had only translated the first book, he hoped Mr. Addison would not object to peruse the second for him, to which Mr. Addison consented, and returned it in a few days, with very high commendation. *Vide* Spence's Anecdotes, p. 147, Singer's Edit.

[2] These words are since left out in Mr. Tickell's edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addison's life.

* "Watts the printer declared that a copy of the translation of the first book of the Iliad was in Tickell's hand-writing; but much corrected and interlined by Addison." *Addisoniana.*

part of Lowndes's[1] place; and as I hope they do not proceed from any change of good-will towards me, I do entirely acquiesce in them. I know that one in your Lordship's high station has several opportunities of showing favour to your dependants, as one of your generous temper does not want to be reminded of it, when any such offer. I must therefore beg your Lordship to believe that I think no more of what you were pleased to mention in relation to the Treasury, though the kind and condescending manner in which your Lordship was pleased to communicate yourself to me on that subject, shall always raise in me the most constant and unfeigned zeal for your honour and service.

I fancy if I had a friend to represent to his Majesty that I was sent abroad by King William, and taken off from all other pursuits, in order to be employed in His service,[2] that I had the honour to wait on your Lordship to Hanover, that the post I am now in is the gift of a particular Lord, [Sunderland,] in whose service I have been employed formerly, that it is a great fall in point of honour from being Secretary to the Regents, and that their request to his Majesty still subsists in my favour, with other intimations, that might perhaps be made to my advantage, I fancy I say that his Majesty, upon such a representation, would be inclined to bestow on me some mark of his favour. I protest to your Lordship I never gained to the value of five thousand pounds[3] by all the business I have yet been in, and of that very near a fourth

[1] Lowndes was secretary to the Lords of the Treasury.

[2] The post to which Addison here alludes was that of secretary to Lord Sunderland, who was then appointed to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, but never went to Dublin to assume the vice-regal dignity. Addison evidently deemed that appointment much inferior to that of being secretary to the Lords Regent of the kingdom till the arrival of the new king. As to his having been in Lord Sunderland's employ formerly, it has reference to his being his Lordship's secretary upon the Earl's succeeding Sir Charles Hedges, as Secretary of State, in 1706.

[3] This assertion is not reconcileable with the current assertion that in 1711, long prior to his marriage with the Countess of Warwick, Addison had given ten thousand pounds for the Bilton estate (unless he bought it upon mortgage, and paid for it as he grew richer). Miss Aikin thinks he may have been assisted by his brother Gulston. Oldmixon says Addison left by his will, in 1719, to his daughter and to Lady Warwick, his fortune, which was about twelve thousand pounds. His daughter, who resided at Bilton till her death, in 1797, enjoyed an income of more than twelve hundred pounds per annum.

part has been laid out in my elections.[1] I should not insist on this subject so long, were it not taken notice of by some of the late Lords Justices themselves, as well as many others, that his Majesty has yet done nothing for me, though it was once expected he would have done something more considerable for me than I can at present have the confidence to mention. As I have the honour to write to your Lordship, whose favour I have endeavoured to cultivate, and should be very ambitious of deserving, I will humbly propose it to your Lordship's thoughts, whether his Majesty might not be inclined, if I was mentioned to him, to put me in the Commission of Trade, or in some honorary post about the Prince, or by some other method to let the world see that I am not wholly disregarded by him. I am ashamed to talk so long of myself; but, if your Lordship will excuse me this time, I will never more err on this side. I shall only beg leave to add, that I mentioned your Lordship's kind intentions towards me only to two persons. One of them was Phillips,[2] whom I could not forbear acquainting, in the fulness of my heart, with the kindness you had designed both him and me, which I take notice of because I hope your Lordship will have him in your thoughts.

Though I put by several importunities which are made me to recommend persons and pretensions to your Lordship, there are some which I cannot resist, without declaring, what would go very much against me, that I have no credit with your Lordship. Of this kind is a request made me yesterday by Lady Irby, that I would mention her to your Lordship as one who might be made easy in her fortune, if your Lordship would be pleased to procure for her the place of a Bedchamber-woman to the Princess. I told her that places of that nature were out of your Lordship's province; but she tells me, as the proper persons are not yet named, to whom she would make her applications, and as my Lord

[1] Addison sat in the two last parliaments of Queen Anne. The Commons' Journals record that on a petition against his election for Lostwithiel, in 1708, he was found not duly elected; but by Lord Wharton's interest at the general election in 1710, he was chosen member for Malmesbury, and again in 1713 and 1714; indeed, as Swift wrote to Stella, so popular had Addison then become that, "if he had stood for the kingship, he would have been chosen."

[2] Ambrose Phillips.

Townshend has gained the same favour for Mrs. Selwyn, she hopes you will excuse her solicitation upon this occasion.

My Lord Dorchester, from whom I lately conveyed a letter to your Lordship, has likewise obliged me to speak in favour of Mr. Young, who married a sister of the Chetwynds, and formerly was a clerk under me in Ireland. He is now a man of estate, of honest principles, and has been very serviceable to Lord Dorchester in the elections at Salisbury.

I humbly beg leave to congratulate your Lordship upon the honours you have lately received, and whenever your Lordship will allow me to wait on you, I shall always value the honour of being admitted to your conversation more than any place that can be given me.[1]

I am, with the greatest respect,
My Lord, your Lordship's most devoted
And most obedient servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

MY LORD, [London,] October 24th, 1714.

Upon my coming home this evening, I found a letter left for me from your Lordship, which has raised in me a greater satisfaction and sense of gratitude than I am able to express. Nothing can be more acceptable to me than the place, which I hope your Lordship has procured for me, and particularly because it may put me in a way of improving myself under your Lordship's directions. I will not pretend to express my thanks to your Lordship upon this occasion, but should be glad to employ my whole life in it.

I am, with the greatest respect,
My Lord, your Lordship's most obedient
And most obliged humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

MY LORD, [London,] November 30th, 1714.

Finding that I have miscarried in my pretensions to the Board of Trade, I shall not trouble your Lordship with

[1] This curious letter which, strange to say, has not been printed by Miss Aikin, is in the British Museum, *Harl. MSS.* 7121.

my resentments of the unhandsome treatment I have met with from some of our new great men in every circumstance of that affair, but must beg leave to express my gratitude to your Lordship for the great favour you have shown me on this occasion, which I shall never forget.

Young Craggs[1] told me about a week ago, that his Majesty, though he did not think fit to gratify me in this particular, designed to give me a recompense for my service under the Lords Justices; in which case your Lordship will probably be consulted. Since I find I am never to rise above the station, in which I first entered upon public business, (for I begin to look upon myself like an old sergeant or corporal,) I would willingly turn my secretaryships, in which I have served five different masters, to the best advantage I can: and as your Lordship is the only patron I glory in and have a dependence on, I hope you will honour me with your countenance in this particular. If I am offered less than a thousand pounds, I shall beg leave not to accept it, since it will look more like a clerk's wages than a mark of His Majesty's favour. I verily believe that His Majesty may think I had fees and perquisites belonging to me under the Lords Justices, but though I was offered a present by the South-Sea Company, I never took that nor anything else for what I did, as knowing I had no right to it. Were I of another temper, my present place in Ireland[2] might be as profitable to me as some have represented it.

I humbly beg your Lordship's pardon for the trouble of

[1] Young Craggs was the son of a *barber*, who, by his merit, became Postmaster-general, home-agent to the Duke of Marlborough, and eventually Secretary of State; he was one of the first characters of the age, and had distinguished himself in the House of Commons. Addison, notwithstanding the discomfiture evinced in these letters, succeeded in procuring the appointment of a Lord Commissioner at the Board of Trade, which post he held till he was made Secretary of State, April 16th, 1717. But Addison was then fast sinking into a bad habit of body: his great cure was how to live, and he was then killing himself in drinking the widow Trueby's water, spoken of in "The Spectator." Unable to support the fatigues of his office, he resigned the seals in March, 1718, upon a pension from the king of fifteen hundred pounds per annum.

[2] Queen Anne, to whom Addison had been recommended by the Duchess of Marlborough, on his appointment to be Secretary for Ireland, augmented the salary annexed to the place of Keeper of the Records in Birmingham Tower, to three hundred pounds per annum, and bestowed it on him.

such a letter, and do assure your Lordship, that one of the greatest pleasures I shall receive in whatever I get from the government, will be its enabling me to promote your honour and interest more effectually. I am informed Mr. Yard, besides a place and an annual recompense for serving the Lords Justices [of Ireland] under King William, had considerable fees, and was never at the charge of getting himself elected into the House of Commons.

I am, with the greatest respect,
My Lord, your Lordship's most obedient
and most humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

I beg your Lordship will give me leave to add that I believe I am the first man that ever drew up a Prince of Wales's preamble without so much as a medal for my pains.[1]

ADDISON TO AMBROSE PHILLIPS.[2]

At Mrs. Mann's.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY, [No date] 1714.

If it be necessary I must beg of you once more to make my excuse, and I hope I shall not trouble you again on this occasion for the remaining part of the winter.

Yours entirely,
Friday night. J. ADDISON.

[1] We have been accustomed so much to delight ourselves with the elegant productions of Addison's genius, that we can scarcely consider him in any other light than as a man exclusively devoting himself to the pursuits of literature, the study of criticism, and the courtship of the Muses. But (as many of his letters evince) the unfortunate fact is, the greater part of his too short life of 47 years was passed amidst the storms of faction, the intrigues of party, and the pursuit of political advancement. —*Berkeley.*

[2] Ambrose Phillips, "one of the wits at Button's," and Addison's constant associate at that resort of the literati. In the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, being a Whig, he was secretary to the Hanover Club, a set of noblemen and gentlemen who had formed an association in honour of the succession, and in support of its principles, and who used particularly to distinguish in their toasts such of the fair sex as were most zealously attached to the illustrious House of Brunswick. Soon after the accession of George the First, Phillips was put into the commission of the peace; and, in 1717, appointed one of the Commissioners of the Lottery. Paul Whitehead relates that when Addison became Secretary of State, Phillips applied to him for some preferment, but was coolly an-

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.[1]

MY LORD, [No place or date.]

Your Lordship having given me leave to acquaint you with the names and pretensions of persons who are importunate with me to speak to your Lordship in their behalf, I shall make use of that liberty, when I believe it may be of use to your Lordship, or when I cannot possibly resist the solicitation. I presumed to write to your Lordship in favour of Mr. Hungerford, who purchased of me in the Commission of Appeals. All I ask is, that he may enjoy the fruits of his purchase: as for his recommending one to his place, I only hinted at it, if his coming into the House might be of service to your Lordship. I would not have spoken of Mr. Wroth, had not he assured me, that he was first recommended to your Lordship by my Lord Cooper.[2] He tells me since, that he had the honour to be schoolfellow to your Lordship, and I know has a most entire respect for you, and I believe is able to do his friends service.

The enclosed petition is of one, who is brother to a particular friend of mine at Oxford, and brought me a letter in his behalf from Mr. Boscawen. If your Lordship would be pleased to refer it to the Commissioners of Customs, it would give me an opportunity of obliging one, who may be of service to me, and perhaps be a piece of justice to one who seems to be a man of merit. I must beg your Lordship's patience for one more, at the request of my Lord and Lady Warwick, especially since I hear your Lordship has formerly promised to do something for him. His name is Edward Rich. He is to succeed to the title of the Earl of Warwick, should the young Lord have no heir of his own. He is in great want, writes an extraordinary good hand, and would be glad of a small place. He mentions in particular a king's

swered, that it was thought he was already provided for, by being made a justice for Westminster. To this observation Phillips with some indignation replied, "Though poetry was a trade he could not live by, yet he scorned to owe subsistence to another which he ought not to live by." Phillips will be long remembered by his adaptation from Racine of the tragedy of the "Distressed Mother." He died, struck with palsy, in Hanover Street, Hanover Square, June 18, 1749.

[1] From the Harl. MSS. (Brit. Mus.) 7121.

[2] William, first Earl Cowper, Lord High Chancellor of England; he died, Oct. 10th, 1723.

Tide-waiter. When your Lordship is at leisure, I should be glad of a moment's audience. In the mean time I cannot conclude my letter without returning your Lordship thanks for all the favours which have obliged me as long as I live to be in the most particular manner, and with the utmost gratitude and respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most devoted and
most obedient servant,
J. Addison.

Captain Addison[1] tells me that he presumed to put your Lordship in mind of himself, but as I hope to provide for him in Ireland, I will not trouble you on his account. I have another namesake, who is well turned for greater business, but if he could have a stamper's place, vacant by the death of one who was formerly my servant, it would be a very great favour. I beg your Lordship to pardon this freedom, and I promise to use it very sparingly hereafter.

ADDISON TO THE HON. MAJOR DUNBAR.[2]

Sir, Jan. 26th, 1715.

I find there is a very strong opposition formed against you; but I shall wait on my Lord-Lieutenant this morning,

[1] Dean Addison, who died, April 20, 1703, left four children: Joseph, the writer of these letters; Gulston, here spoken of as Captain Addison, who died Governor of Fort St. George, in the West Indies, and left his estate to our author; Dorothy, married to Mons. Sartre, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, (see note, p. 412,) to whom Addison bequeathed five hundred pounds, which she lived to enjoy till March 2, 1750. The "other namesake" was possibly Addison's brother Lancelot, who, Chalmers states, was fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and an able classical scholar.

[2] Lieutenant David Dunbar, for his services in reducing the French port of St. Christopher's, obtained a grant of the plantation of *Mons. Olivie*, 150 acres, dated March 8, 1704, and signed *Chr. Codrington*, governor; but it appears that he had not obtained, or at least not continued in possession of it, as a new grant was made to him, July 31, 1715, by the next governor, Sir Wm. Hamilton, which had to be confirmed by his Majesty. That he had some estate at St. Christopher's in 1706, is shown by his sale of "six niggers" to Mons. D'Iberville, the French general. The friendly offices in which Mr. Addison undertook to serve Major Dunbar, were to procure him possession of this plantation. Mr. Ker adds, "Now though Mr. Secretary Addison's endeavour to serve Mr. Dunbar will always be regarded by him as a signal proof of his disinterested friendship yet all the pains he took with Lord Sunder-

and lay your case before him as advantageously as I can, if he is not engaged in other company. I am afraid what you say of his Grace (the Duke of Marlborough) does not portend you any good.

And now, sir, believe me, when I assure you, I never did nor ever will, on any pretence whatsoever, take more than the stated and customary fees of my office. I might keep the contrary practice concealed from the world, were I capable of it, but I could not from myself. And I hope I shall always fear the reproaches of my own heart more than those of all mankind. In the mean time, if I can serve a gentleman of merit and such a character as you bear in the world, the satisfaction I meet with on such an occasion is always a sufficient and the only reward to

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. Addison.

ADDISON TO THE HON. MAJOR DUNBAR.

Sir, [February,] 1715.

I this morning urged to my Lord-Lieutenant everything you suggest in your letter, and what else came into my thoughts. He told me it stopped with the Secretary, and that he would still see what could be done in it. I spoke to Sir William St. Quentin, to remove all difficulties with the Secretary, and will again plead your cause with his Excellency to-morrow morning. If you send me word where I may wait on you about eleven o'clock in some bye coffee-house, I will inform you of the issue of this matter, if I find my Lord Sunderland at home, and will convince you that I was in earnest when I wrote to you before, by showing myself, sir,

Your most disinterested humble servant,

J. Addison.

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land, for that purpose, were rendered ineffectual by the strong opposition which, Mr. Addison writes, was formed against him by the Marlborough family, who never had the least regard to any merit, but where there was most money; which sordid, base principle will be as a rust or canker upon their memories to the latest posterity, and sink all their other actions into a deserved oblivion." *Ker's Memoirs*, part iii. p. 57—59 (published, 1726).

These two curious letters were first printed in a Life of Addison by C. J., 8vo, London, Curll, 1719. In 1726 they were republished, without any remark as to whence they were derived, in the Memoirs of John Ker, of Kersland, (who was evidently acquainted with Major Dunbar,) accompanied by the following panegyric of the disinterestedness and other virtues of Addison.

"I shall here conclude this part of my Papers, with recommending to all persons in places of the highest trust, the noble and *disinterested* example of the late Mr. Secretary *Addison*, whom it behoves all his successors to imitate; for, as it is skilfully observed by the writer of his Life,[1] page 9,

"In all his public stations and trusts he gained a wonderful applause. His great vivacity, penetration, learning, and observations rendered him perfectly master of the most important business of the state; neither was he wanting in despatch, which in him was so easy, that in many cases, what was a pleasure to Mr. *Addison* was almost insuperable to others.

"And what is a peculiar commendation of persons in such advantageous stations, his assiduity to serve his friends, and great disinterestedness in so doing, was very remarkable. I have authority to communicate to the world an instance of this nature, in the case of the Honourable Major *David Dunbar*, to whom Mr. *Addison* had done a very signal piece of service in the year 1715, when he was Secretary to the Earl of *Sunderland*, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. This favour, in the Major's estimation of it, deserved a very handsome return, and accordingly he sent the Secretary a *Bank-bill* for 300 guineas, which he would not by any means accept. I am further to inform the reader, that upon Mr. *Addison's* refusal of the bill, the Major purchased a *diamond ring* of the same value, and upon his tender of that present, it was rejected with some warmth.

"How heartily he espoused the Major's interest, will appear to his honour, from the two following letters; as well as the *honest reason* he gives for *not accepting* what the Major thought only an *equitable gratuity*.

"Thus it plainly appears, Mr. *Addison* gave a lustre to the places he enjoyed and the great personages he had the honour to serve; he managed his greatest charge with known ability; and resigned it only on account of his health, which it was a public misfortune he was ever without. If any objection has been made to his character, it has proceeded from over much modesty, a fault easily to be forgiven."

[1] I do not mean that paltry account of him written by Mr. *Tickell*, but the *Memoirs* of his *Life* and *Writings*, to which is annexed his *Will*, printed for Mr. *Curll* in the *Strand*

These letters have since been printed in the Gents. Magazine, 1786; Addisoniana, 1803; Drake's Essays, 1805; and recently by Miss Aikin. This lady doubts their genuineness, and cites as a principal reason that they have not the double year 1714-15. But this amounts to no proof whatever, as many of Addison's letters are in the same case.

ADDISON TO THE DUKE OF (GRAFTON).[1]

My Lord, [London,] April 28, 1715.

I can only acknowledge the receipt of your Grace's last letters, without being able to return any satisfactory answer to them, my Lord-Lieutenant not being yet well enough recovered to give any directions in public business. He has not found the desired effects from the country air and remedies which he has taken, so that he is at length prevailed upon to go to the Bath, which we hope will set him right, if we may believe the assurances given him by his physicians. Your Grace has, doubtless, heard many idle reports which have been industriously spread abroad with relation to his distemper, which is nothing else but the cholic occasioned by a too frequent use of vomits; to which the physicians add the drinking of small beer in too great quantities, when he has found himself a little heated. I hope before his Excellency sets out for the Bath, I shall receive directions upon your Grace's letters, which I shall always execute with the greatest pleasure and despatch, being with all possible respect, my Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient and
most humble servant,

(Endorsed) from G. Spencer, Esq. J. Addison.

[1] The original of this letter, (which is in the British Museum,) being without the name of the person to whom it is addressed, leaves it to conjecture whether it was *Ormond* or *Grafton*. We have no doubt the latter, as at this period he was of the Privy Council, and one of the Lords Justices of Ireland; and Ormond, besides that he was a known Jacobite, was in London on the 29th of April, 1715, his birthday, the celebration of which occasioned a riot. Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, is the Lord-Lieutenant whose illness Addison describes. The Earl never went to Ireland to assume the vice-regal dignity; and, though this has never been satisfactorily accounted for, the real causes were, in all probability, his Lordship's continued indisposition, and the death of Anne, Countess-dowager of Sunderland, his mother. Charles, Duke of Grafton, and Henry, Earl of Galway, were appointed Lords Justices of Ireland, Nov 1, 1715.

ADDISON TO "MY FRIEND" (TONSON).

MY FRIEND, Thursday, 28th August 1715.

I intend (God willing) to leave the country on Sunday next, with hopes of London next evening. I suppose by the news I receive by post that you are alive, but a certificate of your health under your own hand would have been most acceptable to,

Your old friend,

ROGER DE COVERLEY.

To Mr. Tonson, near Somerset House, Strand, London.

WE have no letters after this for nearly two years. Addison was married to the Countess of Warwick, August 2nd, 1716, and lost his Irish Secretaryship immediately after the resignation of Lord Sunderland's Vice-royalty. All we find to fill up the interregnum is a poem[1] on his marriage, said to be written by Tickell.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK, ON HER MARRIAGE TO MR. ADDISON, BY MR. TICKELL.

WARWICK! to whom is due alone
The heart and verse of Addison;
Whate'er was wrote of thee to him,
Must seem below the glorious theme;
To faults though mercifully blind,
Though candour sways his generous mind;
No vulgar muse thy praise must tell
To one who sings and loves so well.
Then give the word—At thy desire,
His hand to thee shall strike the lyre;
To distant times transmit thy name,
And pay thy love with deathless fame;
No less than deathless fame he owes
For all the bliss thy love bestows.
Ere Troy was built, a hundred dames
Set the contending world in flames,
And ruined empires with their eyes,
Whose story now forgotten lies.
A Helen, by great Homer's care,
Now seems the first that e'er was fair.

[1] From Curll's Life of Addison, 724. These verses are not given in Tickell's Works.

In all her charms the nymph appears,
Unsullied in three thousand years.
The sun himself, and starry throng,
Have glittered only twice as long.
Like fate thy lasting name shall bless
The poet, and the theme no less:
Thy matchless truth and form divine
Through many a circling age shall shine;
And future bards their flattered fair
To Venus or to thee compare.
Of right may'st thou the task impose,
To whom his boasted fame he owes.
Oft, as on Britain's crowded stage
He ravished and reformed the age,
We thought each heroine, there designed,
The work of his inventive mind.
But now the secret we descry;
Ask, if he dare the theft deny;
From thee he copied Martia's soul,
And Rosamunda's beauty stole.
So, when an angel's form to grace,
Some maid to Thornhill lends her face,
From heaven we think th' idea came,
Nor guess he meant a mortal dame.
But why should I, in lowly lays,
Relate his known, his meanest praise?
Warwick! sole pleasure of his breast!
Like thee, was ever woman blest?
To whom in nuptial bands are joined
The greatest heart, the greatest mind;
From vice no less than error free,
And true to honour, as to thee.
Just Heaven, that long with pleasure saw
How firm he kept to virtue's law
Thy beauty for his arms prepared,
And gives him now his full reward.

These verses are not in accordance with the sarcasm published in the Addisoniana, "that though Holland House was so large a mansion, it could not contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest—*Peace*."

Oldmixon, in a biography of Addison, which seems founded on a personal acquaintance with him, (Hist. of Eng. p. 682.) says in relation to his marriage with the Countess of Warwick, "Mr. Addison was ill almost all the time that he lived after he married the Countess of Warwick; and his marriage

had been too long depending to give him so fine a relish of its happiness as he conceived in the idea of it. He was so chagrined before he died, whatever was the occasion, that he had recourse to l'eau de Barbade for relief: it was thought the frequent use of it destroyed his life."

ADDISON'S CIRCULAR LETTER ON HIS APPOINTMENT AS SECRETARY OF STATE.

(*To which he was gazetted, April 16th.*)

SIR, Whitehall, April 17th, 1717.

The king having been pleased, upon Mr. Stanhope's being removed into the treasury, to honour me with the seals, and, at the same time, to assign the affairs of the southern province to my care, I take the first opportunity of acquainting you therewith, that you may please to transmit to me, from time to time, such occurrences in your parts as you shall judge to be for his Majesty's service, which I shall not fail to lay before his Majesty in order to receive his directions thereupon; and as to your own particular, I shall be glad of any occasion that may offer in the course of our correspondence, wherein I can be serviceable to you.

I am, sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

To Mr. Crawford.[1] J. ADDISON.

Your letters of the 3rd, 7th, 14th, 16th, 17th, and 21st instant have been put into my hands; but having not yet had an opportunity of receiving his Majesty's directions upon them, I can at present only acknowledge the receipt of them.

Memorandum.—The like letter was sent to Mr. Bubb, Mr. Dayrolles, Mr. Manning, Mr. Davenant, Mr. Cunningham, Lord Ambrose Wortley, Mr. Worsley.

UPON receipt of the news of Mr. Addison's appointment LADY WORTLEY MONTAGUE writes the following characteristic letter to Mr. Pope.[2]

[1] Mr. Crawford was then British Resident to the Court of France, and secretary to Lord Stair.

[2] The present is an extract from a much longer letter, but contains all that relates to Addison. For the entire letter see Lord Wharncliffe's edition of Montague, vol. ii. p. 280.

Constantinople, Sep. 1st, 1717.

I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared Secretary of State with the less surprise, in that I know that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and I really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be in prudence eligible for a man that is asthmatic; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you or somebody else frequently make mention. But no more on that subject. I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground classic; nor will you refuse our present Secretary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you may have to be dissatisfied with him in other respects. You are the three happiest poets I ever heard of: one a Secretary of State; the other enjoying leisure with dignity in his own lucrative employments; and you, though your religious profession is an obstacle to court promotion, and disqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the philosopher's stone; since, by making the Iliad pass through your poetical crucible into an English form without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham. I call this finding the philosopher's stone, since you alone found out the secret, and nobody else has got into it. Addison and Tickell tried it, but their experiments failed, and lost, if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in the trial; while you touched the mantle of the divine bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the Odyssey soon from your happy hand, and I think I shall follow with singular pleasure the traveller Ulysses, who was an observer of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better than the hot-headed Peleus, who bullied his general, cried for his mistress, and so on. It is true, the excellence of the Iliad does not depend upon his merit of dignity; but I wish nevertheless that Homer had chosen a hero somewhat less pettish and less fantastic: a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and consequently uninstructive; but it is also true, that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of humanity, he ought never to be represented as extremely absurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critic, so I take my leave of you for this time, and desire you will believe me, with the highest esteem,

Yours, &c.

Not long after the above was written, Lady Mary had sufficient reason to alter her opinion of Mr. Pope; and in a

letter from Florence to the Countess of———[1] she thus expresses herself upon this subject:

"The word malignity, and a passage in your letter, call to my mind the wicked *wasp* of Twickenham: his lies affect me now no more; they will be all as much despised as the story of the seraglio and the handkerchief, of which I am persuaded he was the only inventor. That man has a malignant and ungenerous heart; and he is base enough to assume the mask of a moralist in order to decry human nature, and to give a decent vent to his hatred of man and woman-kind."

ADDISON TO THE MAYOR OF DOVER.

SIR, Whitehall, April 20th, 1717.

Having received information, that Madam Tron, the Venetian Ambassadress, has been robbed by one of her domestic servants to a very great value in diamonds; and it being reasonable to suspect that the said servant may endeavour to take the first opportunity of going over sea with the said diamonds. This is to desire, in case any such person who shall answer the description herewith enclosed, and who cannot give a very satisfactory account of himself, shall be found in your port, in order to embark, you will cause him forthwith to be secured, together with his baggage, and to be kept in safe custody, till such time as you shall give me notice thereof, and receive further directions concerning him.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

Nicolo Manni,[2] aged about 40, a good personable man, about 6 feet high, of a long meagre visage, long nose, black eyes, and large black eye-brows, wears a light tied periwig, a grey cloth suit of clothes, trimmed with the same colour, with a great coat of cinnamon-coloured camblet, speaks French and Italian, and but very little English.

[1] Possibly Pomfret. See Montague's Letters by Lord Wharncliffe, vol. ii. p. 281.

[2] Nicolo Manni was apprehended in London, April 21st; upon which, on the 23rd, Temple Stanyan writes, by direction of Addison, to the various mayors, to save them the trouble of further inquiry.

ADDISON TO MR. BUBB[1] [DODINGTON].

SIR, Cockpit, April 22nd, 1717.

I am to desire you, in case any further conversation shall pass between you and Monsieur de Alberoni,[2] on the

[1] The celebrated time-serving, intriguing Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, whose Diary is one of our remarkable productions. At the date of this letter he was envoy extraordinary to the court of Spain. He began life an Irish fortune-hunter, held official employment, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, as interest directed, under the three Georges, and died possessed of great wealth in 1762. He used to wear an odd-looking wig, which Churchill has celebrated in verse, and Hogarth in his graphic "order of periwigs."

[2] Alberoni, the celebrated Cardinal, at this period prime minister of Spain, was the son of a gardener near Parma, and when a boy officiated as bell-ringer at the parish-church of his village. An interesting account of him is given in Seward's Anecdotes, (vol. iii. p. 254,) including three of his very spirited letters, in French, to Bubb; of which the following extracts will afford a fair specimen:

March 9th, 1717.

"Enfin, Monsieur Bubb, trouvez bon que je vous dise, que tous les Cabinets d'Europe ont perdu la tramontane, puisque la raison d'estat est abandoné aux caprices de quelques particuliers, lesquels sans rime et sans raison et peutêtre par des fins particuliers, coupent et rognent des Estats et des Royaumes comme s'ils étoient des fromages d' Hollande. Soyez persuade, Monsieur, que personne ne vous estime et ne vous honore plus que LE CARD. ALBERONI."

Madrid, April 5th, 1718.

"Il n'y a une seule Gazette qui me dise, que votre Ministere n'est plus Anglois mais Allemand, et qu'il est vendus laschement a la Cour de Vienne, et que par les brigues inconnus dans votre pays, on tache de faire donner le panneau la nation aussi. C'est une bonne marque de ce que je vous dise qu' apres de s'être espuisée l'Angleterre d' h mines et de l' argent pour acquerir à l'Archiduc des Estats et des Royaumes, on vient de lui payer une grosse somme.

"LE CARD. ALBERONI.

"La Reine vient d' accoucher d'une belle et charmante Princesse."

An amusing anecdote is told of Alberoni, which, as it relates to a place of which Addison has given a particular account in his travels, we will venture to annex. ALBERONI, at the age of seventy, intriguing as ever, had succeeded as he thought with the principal inhabitants of the little republic of SAN MARINO, in bringing it under the dominion of the Pope. The day was appointed for receiving allegiance in form, and Alberoni, in full state, with his suite rode up the mountain to the door of the principal church, and was conducted to his seat under a canopy, to hear High Mass and *Te Deum* sung. Unluckily for the Cardinal the mass began, as usual in that Republic, with the word *Libertas*, which had such an effect on the people, who just seemed to recollect that they were about to lose

subject of an accommodation between the Emperor and King of Spain, by the interposition of his Majesty, to send me an account of it on a separate letter, without mixing it with any other matters. I am sorry to find I am not like to enjoy your correspondence very long; but shall be very proud of your friendship and acquaintance upon your arrival in England, being with great esteem, sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO MR. CRAWFORD.

SIR, Whitehall, April 22nd, 1717.

By the last post I acknowledged your letters of the 3rd, 7th, 14th, 17th, and 21st, instant, to have been put into my hands; since which I have likewise received yours of the 28th, and have taken the first opportunity of laying them all before the Lords of the Committee, who are very well satisfied with your punctual accounts of what has passed in those parts; but, as to any particular directions upon them, I am to let you know they will be inserted in the instructions, which are now preparing for his Excellency, Lord Stair, as Ambassador. In the mean time you will continue to have an eye to the motions of that court, and especially with relation to the Czar during his stay in France.

I should be glad if you could send me a copy of the Manifesto lately published at Paris by the Pretender's friends, in the name of the King of Sweden.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

Mr. Crawford. J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO MR. DAVENANT.[1]

MR. DAVENANT, Cockpit, April 22nd, 1717.

I cannot let this post go out, without assuring you that you may command any good offices, which I am able to

it for ever, that they bundled the whole posse, Cardinal and attendants, out of the church and down the hill as fast as their legs could carry them.

[1] This is probably the son of Dr. Charles Davenant, mentioned at page 325, and who died Nov. 6th, 1714. Macky calls him "a very giddy-headed young fellow, with some art, about twenty-four years old;" to which Swift adds, "*He is not worth mentioning*"

do for you in my new station, which you may believe I did not enter upon without much reluctancy. I observe in your last letter a postscript in cypher, and must desire you to send me, in a particular letter, anything relating to that affair. I believe whatever success you have in it will be very acceptable in this place. I know you will not expect a long letter from me at present, so that I shall add no more, than that I am ever, &c.,

J. Addison.

ADDISON TO THE LORDS JUSTICES OF IRELAND.

[Whitehall,] April 23rd, 1717.

I am highly sensible of the honour your Excellencies do me by your kind letter of congratulation upon my coming into a troublesome post. I shall take a great deal of pleasure in it if it qualifies me to perform anything that may be agreeable to your Excellencies, because I know everything that is so will be for his Majesty's service. As many of the affairs of Ireland are to pass through my hands, I shall give them all the despatch possible, and be always glad of receiving any commands from your Excellencies, being, &c.,

J. Addison.

ADDISON TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.[1]

My Lord, Whitehall, 27th April, 1717.

The letter of yesterday's date to your Lordship, concerning the behaviour of some of the prisoners in Newgate, having been laid before the Lords of the Committee, I am directed to recommend it to your Lordship, that you will please to give such orders as you shall think proper for securing the said prisoners, that they may not be in a condition to attempt their escape, or to assault their keepers; and particularly as to Mr. Freeman, who seems to be principally concerned in the late outrage, it is the opinion of the Lords, that he should be kept in safer custody than before, and be treated suitably to his behaviour, so as to prevent any of the like attempts for the future, I am,

My Lord, your Lordship's
Most obedient and most humble servant,

J. Addison.

[1] Sir James Bateman.

TO THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF TRADE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

My Lords, Whitehall, April 30th, 1717.

The enclosed representation of the inhabitants of South Carolina having been presented to the King, I am commanded by his Majesty to transmit the same to your Lordships, that you may please to consider thereof, and report your opinion concerning the methods you shall judge proper for the relief of the inhabitants. I am, my Lords,

Your Lordships' most obedient and
Most humble servant,
J. Addison.

Endorsed—To report their opinion on the representation of the inhabitants of South Carolina.

Au Roi.

La très humble Representation des Habitans de la Caroline Meridionalle.

Sire,

Au commencement de l'année, 1715, les Indiens attaquérent les sujets de vôtre Majesté, detruisirent plusieurs beaux Etablissements, et tuérent environ deux cents personnes, et ceux qui eurent le malheur de tomber entre leurs mains, souffrirent les tourmens les plus cruels, avant que d'être mis à mort.

Mais outre la perte de tant d'hommes, qui est une des plus considerables pertes, que puisse faire une Colonie naissante, le dommage a été très grand, et se monte à cent et seize milles livres. Cette Province a de plus contracté, pour se defendre contre les Indiens, une dette de plus de cent mille livres, et est inevitablement obligée de depenser chaque année cinquante mille livres,—depense que les dits habitans ne sont nullement en état de soutenir.

Quoique les habitans de cette Colonie aient deja fait et fassent encore tous leurs efforts pour mettre fin à cette cruelle guerre, ayant deja detruit un grand nombre de leurs ennemis, cependant ils ne seront jamais en état de leur subjuguer entierement sans les secours de Vôtre Majesté; car si cette guerre tire en longueur, les grands taxes ruineront infalliblement cette Colonie, qui étoit il n'y a que long tems dans un état fleurissant; et nous esperons, avec la benediction de Dieu et la protection de Vôtre Majesté, qu'elle sera bientôt rétablie dans son premier état.

Les dits habitans supplient donc trés humblement Vôtre Majesté que, comme Elle a deja eu la bonté de leur envoyer des armes, Elle veuille bien encore suivant sa clemence et sa compassion naturelle, prendre pitié de leur malheureux état, en leur envoyant trois ou

quatre cents hommes, afin qu'ils puissent avec ce secours finir la guerre dans peu de tems.

Et ils prieront pour la conservation
Et prosperité de la Sacrée Personne
De Vôtre Majesté, &c.

ADDISON TO THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF TRADE.

My Lords, Whitehall, April 30th, 1717.

The enclosed extract of letters from Cadiz, containing some particulars which seem to affect our trade in those parts, having been laid before the Lords of the Committee, I am directed to transmit the same to your Lordships, that you may please to consider thereof, and report your opinion to his Majesty, what methods you shall judge most proper to remedy the inconveniences therein complained of.

I am, my Lords, your Lordships' most
obedient humble servant,
J. Addison.

An Extract of Letters from Cadiz, concerning Affairs of Trade there, from the 2nd to the 15th of March, N. S.

It is some time since that I acquainted you with the state of our case as to a Conservador. The king of Spain, according to our treaty, offers us one, but at the same time restrains it; so that no natural-born subject of His British Majesty, that hath naturalized himself and become a Spaniard, shall enjoy the benefit of it.

Our consul here, upon receipt of this Declaration, summoned all, as well those who were naturalized in Spain as those that were not, and proposed the terms on which His Majesty's subjects might enjoy a Conservador; but those who had naturalized themselves as Spaniards, being the major part in number, carried the vote not to accept a Conservador, unless they were admitted to the same privilege; which the king of Spain refusing, because they are his subjects, we that are subjects to His Britannic Majesty remain without the privilege granted us by the treaty, while the others enjoy all the liberties of natural-born Spaniards.

In the mean time, our consul summoning all and putting it to the vote, represents the matter to our envoy at Madrid, as the majority carries it, without distinguishing that this majority is from those that have naturalized themselves. Wherefore, as they are against a Conservador, except they are admitted into the benefit of it, and the king of Spain claiming them as his subjects, we are left to the common justice of the nation, and not capable of enjoying the benefit granted by our treaty. In this condition we must continue, and not enjoy the privileges that His Majesty of Great Britain's

subjects are entitled to by our late treaties, unless those who have naturalized themselves are exempted from having a vote amongst His British Majesty's subjects.

A few days since came here a new officer, Don Juze Patino, who has several posts, as Intendant-general of the kingdom of Andalusia; he is Superintendant of the Marine, and President of the Contraction-House of Seville.

The 9th of March, N. S., the governor of the city summoned all those, whose names you will find underneath, to attend the new Intendant: the governor made a short speech, telling us on what account we were summoned, and Don Juze Patino enlarged on that subject, that he was come with orders from his Catholic Majesty to make a new Book of Rates, and to lay on such duties afterwards, as might amount to the sum we now paid under several heads; and that those summons were, that every nation might have justice done them, and [we] were ordered to attend two officers of the Custom-House named in the list, and with them to settle the rates of the goods in each respective country; and when done, there should be another general meeting; and then the objections should be heard relating to that affair, and justice done to all. The Book of Rates being finished, he would then let us know how much per cent. we were to pay.

An account being given to the consul of what had passed, he summoned a meeting, and those that were naturalized being the majority, instead of Francis Trobridge, the person summoned in the list, Patrick White, an Irish Roman Catholic naturalized, was chosen in his place, and an English Protestant and faithful subject to his Majesty King George turned out.

The names of those present at the meeting:

Marquis de Ceba Grimaldi—Governor.

Don Juze Patino—Intendant-general.

Don Francisco de Varras—Superintendant of Sea Affairs.

Don Juan Dominzo Saporito—Commissioner of the Custom-House.

Don Nicolas Merida—Custom-House Officer.

Charles Russell, Francis Trobridge, } for the English—voted out, and Patrick White an Irish Roman Catholic in his place.

Guillherme Mace, } for the French.
Francis Sarsfeld, } An Irishman, but acts for the French.

Don Antonio Pardo, Don Andre Muguir, } for the Spaniards.

Henry de Roo, Christian Duysbourg, } for the Dutch.

Miguel Malstree, Pedro Luarce, } for the Flemings.

Joseph Micon Recano, for the Italians.

Don Juze Patino, as Superintendant of the Marine Affairs, has his thoughts at present chiefly employed in fitting out the flota, and the squadron that goes to assist the Venetians against the Turks. He has a project on foot for breeding up officers for the king's ships in a school, that is to have 250 young gentlemen, to learn the mathematics, with a salary of eleven ducats a month. This will in time be of great use; for it has been never practised in this country to have any captains or officers, that know anything of sea affairs, but left to the pilots, where houses are to be provided for stores for the men-of-war, so that their sea-officers may be in order; and they propose to have a fleet of 50 Men-of-War here.

ADDISON TO MR. DAYROLLES.[1]

SIR, Whitehall, May 6th, 1717.

I am glad to find by your letter of the 3rd instant, that you are recovered of your late indisposition. I did not fail to acquaint the king with the particular marks of esteem the council of Geneva showed upon your delivering His Majesty's letter to them, and you will take a further occasion of assuring them on His Majesty's part that he will omit no opportunity of making them a suitable return.

As to the late correspondence you have settled at Modena, it is very proper you should continue it so far as you find it useful for His Majesty's service, and that you should procure what further intelligence you can from those parts, with relation to the Pretender, or any of his adherents. I have ordered the king's speech this day to the parliament to be transmitted to you; by which you will see how far His Majesty has been pleased to communicate his intentions of do-

[1] "James Dayrolles was a Resident at the Hague from 1717 to his death, Jan. 2, 1739. Solomon Dayrolles, his nephew, commenced his diplomatic career under James first Earl of Waldegrave, when that nobleman was ambassador at Vienna. He was god-son of Philip, the distinguished Earl of Chesterfield, and was sworn a gentleman of the Privy Chamber to George the II. Feb. 27, 1740, in the room of Sir Philip Parker Long, deceased, and on the accession of George the III. was again appointed, Feb. 5, 1761. In 1745, being at that time secretary to Lord Chesterfield in Holland, Mr. Dayrolles was nominated to be secretary to his Lordship as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In May, 1747, he was promoted to be Resident in the United Provinces, and in Nov. 1751, Resident at Brussels, and here he continued until August, 1757. He died in March, 1786. The correspondence of James and Solomon Dayrolles, in which the above letter is contained, is in the British Museum, and fills 20 folio volumes. It also contains about a dozen letters of James Dayrolles to Addison, but they are not of sufficient interest to introduce here.

ing everything for the ease of the nation so far as it may be consistent with the public safety. The House immediately took His Majesty's speech into consideration, and unanimously resolved upon an address of thanks. You have a copy of the heads thereof enclosed.

I am, sir,
Your most obedient, humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO MR. CRAWFORD.

SIR, Whitehall, May 6th, 1717.

I have received your letters of the 1st, 5th, 8th, and 12th instant; but, as my Lord Stair is now so very near his departure hence, I am only, in the mean time, to desire you will continue to transmit hither such intelligence, as you shall judge may best deserve His Majesty's attention.

I have ordered the King's Speech this day to the Parliament to be transmitted to you; by which you will see how far his Majesty has been pleased to communicate his intentions of doing everything for the ease of the nation, so far as it may be consistent with the public safety. The House immediately took his Majesty's speech into consideration, and unanimously resolved upon an address of thanks. You have the heads thereof enclosed.

I am, &c.
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.[1]

MY LORD, Whitehall, May 6th, 1717.

His Majesty having received complaints from the court of Vienna, that your Lordship, in your travels through

[1] This eccentric nobleman is the "Mordanto" of Swift. "His activity of body and mind was incessantly hurrying him into suspicious designs and perils of a thousand kinds." He travelled with such speed that the ministers used to say they wrote at rather than to him, and he is said to have seen more princes and postillions than any other man in Europe. Macky, in his amusing Memoirs, observes of him, "He affects popularity and loves to preach in *Coffee-houses* and public places; is an open enemy to *revealed religion;* brave in his person; hath a good estate; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt, and very poor. A well-shaped thin man, with a very brisk look, near fifty years old." To which Swift adds, "*This character is for the most part true.*"

Italy, has talked *very* much against the interest of the Emperor, and spoken of his person in a reflecting manner; I am commanded to acquaint you, that his Majesty thinks such a way of talking *is* very improper, especially in the country *where* your Lordship is at present; since your Lordship knows very well, that his Majesty is in *good* friendship and alliance with the Emperor.

His Majesty is *further* of opinion, as well out of his consideration for your safety, as out of his regard for the Emperor, that your Lordship should not go into the kingdom of Naples, nor into any other of the Emperor's dominions in Italy; lest any misfortune should befall you *upon this* account, or any occasion be given for a new complaint.[1]

I am, &c.

J. Addison.

ADDISON TO THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Sir, Whitehall, May 8th, 1717.

I herewith enclose to you extracts of two letters from Lisbon, and desire you will give your opinion, how far His Majesty's ministers, residing abroad, are empowered to restrain British ships in foreign ports from trading with Sweden. I am, &c.

J. Addison.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Worsley, His Majesty's Envoy at the court of Portugal, dated April 2nd, N. S., 1717.

There are several merchantmen here and at St. Ubes, loaded with salt, and bound for the Baltic; they are consigned here to the Swedish Consul. I would have stopped them, but find, by the act of parliament for prohibiting commerce with Sweden, that commerce is only prohibited from Great Britain, so that English ships may trade with Sweden from any other foreign port.

Extract of a letter from Mr. William Poyntz, His Majesty's Consul at Lisbon, dated April 2nd, N. S. 1717.

There are arrived at St. Ubes, and at this place, 9 sail of British mer hant-ships from London and Newcastle, consigned to Mr.

[1] Before this letter had reached its destination Lord Peterborough had been arrested at Bologna, and imprisoned at Urbino for a month, on suspicion of a design to assassinate the Pretender. The little troop of horsemen which formed his suite seems to have alarmed the conclave. The Pope wriggled out of the consequences by explanations and apologies. The whole story is told by Rapin.

Joachim de Besche, the Swedish consul at this place. An account of the ships and masters' names I send you enclosed:

Arrived at St. Ubes the 5 following ships, viz.;
Feb. 13th. The John, John Wood, Master.
17th. The Owner's Supply, Roger Hooper, Master.
— The Olive Branch, W. Long, Master.
— The St. Laurence, Ant. Hooper, Master.
— The Prosperous, William Abbot, Master.
All from London.

Arrived at Lisbon the 4 following ships, viz.;
March 23rd. The Hester, Henry Newton, Master, } of 14 to 16
— The Harle, George Forster, Master, } guns each.
25th. The Wye Indian, Mat. Giles, Master.
— The Anne, Thos. Wrangham, Master.
All from Newcastle.

The ships have and are to take in their ladings of salt, and the masters own they are bound to Gottenburgh and other ports of the Baltic, but pretend they are to stop in some port of England, to receive orders from their owners or freighters in London about their proceeding immediately. Acquainted Mr. Worsley, His Majesty's Envoy, of the arrival of these ships, of which those at St. Ubes have been loaded some days, and only waited for a fair wind; so that I suppose they sailed the 30th or 31st of last month. Those in this harbour are but lately arrived, and have not yet begun to load. The John, John Wood, Master, who loaded at St. Ubes, put into this harbour below the castle of Belem the 30th of March, under pretence of stopping a leak. The Master came up to Town, and has been frequently with the Swedish consul. He gives out that he is to sail to-morrow. As His Majesty's Proclamation only prohibits trade to Sweden from his own dominions, and no war is yet declared, the envoy is of opinion he cannot stop the ships here in a regular manner. However, I thought it my duty to acquaint you of their designs, as far as I can learn, hoping it may be of use to His Majesty's service.

ADDISON TO THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF TRADE.

My Lords, Whitehall, May 11th, 1717.

The enclosed memorial of the Danish Envoy, relating to the pretensions of the Danes to the isle of St. Thomas and the little islands about it in America, having been laid before the King, His Majesty has commanded me to transmit the same to your Lordships, that you may please to take the

matter into your consideration, and report to His Majesty your opinion what is proper for him to do therein.

I am, my Lords,
Your Lordships' most obedient and humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

MEMORANDUM.

Memorial of the Danish Envoy.

La Compagnie Danoise des Indes Occidentales s'est depuis long tems appropriée non seulement l'isle de St. Thomas, mais aussi les petites isles pas inhabitées qui l'environnent; parmi lesquelles se trouvent deux, dont l'une s'appelle *l'isle de Krabbes*, ou *Krabben Island*, et l'autre, St. Jean. Ces isles sont accordées à la sus dite Compagnie, aussi bien que celle de St. Thomas, par un Octroi de sa Majesté le Roi de Danemarck. Et elle s'est toujours opposée, quand d'autres Nations s'en ont voulu emparer, quoique jusqu' ici Elle ait été empêchée, par plusieurs malheurs survenus, d'executer le dessein, qu' Elle a depuis une longue suite d'années de faire peupler ces isles.

Presentement Elle espere trouver des moyens de faire peupler au moins celle de St. Jean; mais les menaces des sujets Anglois de ces quartiers la, de ne vouloir laisser personne en possession paisible de cette isle, empêchent ceux qui s'y veulent rendre, de s'y établir. C'est pourquoi on demande qu'on veuille ôter cet obstacle, en ordonnant aux Gouverneurs Anglois de ne plus troubler la sus-mentionée Compagnie a cet egard, conformement à un Ordre donné, en 1672, au Colonel Stapelton, dont il se trouve une Copie ci-jointe.

Londres, le $\frac{2}{13}$ Mai, 1717.

CHARLES THE SECOND, &c.

Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well! Complaint having been made unto us in the name of our good brother, the king of Denmark, by his minister at present residing in our court, that certain orders have been given out by Sir Charles Wheeler, our late governor of the Leeward Caribbee Islands, prejudicial to our said good brother's right and jurisdiction in and upon the islands of St. Thomas, and to the peace and good neighbourhood between our subjects and the subjects of the said king of Denmark in those parts; we have thought fit hereby to let you know, that we disown the proceedings of the said Sir Charles Wheeler, in relation to the said island of St. Thomas; having given evidence of our dislike of his conduct, in that and other things, by recalling him from the government.

And in pursuance of our intentions to maintain a firm amity and good correspondence between the English and Danish subjects inhabiting and trading in and upon the colonies and islands in those parts, respectively belonging to us and our good brother the king of Denmark; we do further require and command you to forbear and

forbid the doing of anything that may give just cause of unkindness between us and our said good brother; but, on the contrary, that you show and exercise all acts of friendship to the inhabitants of the aforesaid island of St. Thomas, and all other the subjects of the said king of Denmark, in the West Indies; they, in the mean time, doing nothing contrary to our right in our colonies, islands, and plantations there, but continuing in a fair and friendly conversation with you and the rest of our governors and subjects in those parts. Whereof we not doubt but they have received particular commands from the said king of Denmark, and will punctually observe the same: And we bid you farewell.

Given at Our Court at Whitehall, the 23rd day of September, 1672, in the 19th year of Our reign.

By His Majesty's command.
H. COVENTRY.

To Colonel Stapelton, Governor of H. M. of Great Britain over the Leeward Islands.

ADDISON TO THE LORDS OF THE TREASURY.

MY LORDS, Whitehall, May 13th, 1717.

His Majesty having granted an augmentation of arms, as usual, to Signor Nicolo Tron, Ambassador in ordinary from the republic of Venice, Mr. Brand, his Majesty's writer and embellisher of letters to the Eastern Princes, was employed to write and embellish two Instruments on vellum, as he has heretofore done, relating to the said augmentation, the one being the patent for the ambassador himself, passed under the seal of Great Britain, and the other a duplicate thereof, to be registered in the College of Arms; and as I find that Mr. Brand has been usually paid for such extraordinary services, over and above his salary as embellisher of letters, I do therefore certify to your Lordships the performance of this service, and recommend Mr. Brand to your Lordships for such an allowance for each instrument, as he has formerly received in the like case.

I am likewise to acquaint your Lordships, that Mr. Methuen, while he was Secretary of State, having laid before the king a representation from the Officers of Arms, setting forth the trouble and expense they have and shall be at on this occasion, and therefore desiring some suitable allowance to be granted them, his Majesty was thereupon pleased t

signify his pleasure, that your Lordships should order the sum of ten pounds to be paid to Mr. Samuel Stebbing, Deputy Registrar, to be distributed to the Officers of Arms, according to the direction of the Deputy Earl Marshal.

I am, my Lords,
Your Lordships' most obedient and humble servant,
J. Addison.

ADDISON TO MR. CRAWFURD.

Sir, Whitehall, May 16th, 1717.

Since my last to you, I have received your letters of the 15th, 19th, and 22nd instant, which I have laid before the king, and am commanded to signify to you his Majesty's approbation of your zeal and diligence in the advices you have transmitted hither during my Lord Stair's absence. His Lordship being now on the road to Paris, you will be eased, in a great measure, upon his arrival there. However, as I question not but you will communicate to his Lordship whatever may have occurred to you for his Majesty's service, so I must recommend it to you to continue your wonted vigilance upon the present juncture of affairs, and still to correspond with me upon any proper occasion that may offer.

His Majesty having received information in letters from Geneva of the 17th instant, N. S., that four Englishmen of the Pretender's retinue, who came from Pesaro, passed by Chamberry, the week before, in their way to France, and that they appeared to be persons of quality, you will endeavour to procure some further intelligence concerning them.

I am, sir, your most faithful
and obedient servant,
J. Addison.

ADDISON TO THE LORDS OF THE TREASURY.

My Lords, Whitehall, May 18th, 1717.

A party of the foot-guards, being appointed, on the 10th of June last, to patrol about Newgate, in order to prevent any riots or tumults there, it happened that one Foden assaulting one Davis, a soldier of the said party, was accidentally killed by him; for which fact the said Davis has been tried; but, in regard that his imprisonment and trial have occasioned a greater expense than he is able to bear, and

likewise in consideration, that what he did was in the discharge of his duty; I am therefore commanded to signify his Majesty's pleasure to your Lordships, that you should please to give such directions as you shall think proper for paying to Mr. Bambridge, who solicited in Davis's behalf in the said trial, the sum of one and twenty pounds, fifteen shillings, and ten pence, in full of all demands on that occasion.

I am, my Lords, your Lordships'
Most obedient and most humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

ADDISON TO THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF TRADE.

MY LORDS, Whitehall, May 27th, 1717.

A petition having been presented to his Majesty by the merchants and other traders of the city of Bristol, complaining of the frequent piracies committed in the West Indies, and particularly in the seas about Jamaica, I am commanded to transmit the enclosed copy thereof to your Lordships, that you may please to consider thereof, and report to his Majesty what expedient you shall think proper for suppressing the pirates in those parts.

I am, my Lords, your Lordships'
Most obedient and most humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY IN COUNCIL,

The humble Petition of the Merchants, Masters of Ships, and other Traders of the City of Bristol,

SHEWETH—That for several months past, divers ships belonging to us, as also to others of your Majesty's subjects, have been attacked, rifled, and plundered, and their crews very barbarously used, by pirates upon the open seas in the West Indies, and particularly near the island of Jamaica, as may appear by the affidavits hereunto annexed; that the said pirates are still cruising (as your Petitioners are informed and believe) in those seas, and daily commit the like piracies and barbarities, insomuch that the trade to those parts is become extremely dangerous and precarious, and if not speedily protected, may be impracticable.

Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that your Majesty will be pleased, in your great wisdom, to appoint means for suppressing the said pirates, and for protecting the said trade.

AN

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